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RUSSIA'S GREATEST PAINTER—ILIA RÉPIN

By Christian Brinton

ONLY vaguely it is known outside of Russia that there is living and painting to-day in St. Petersburg one of the foremost of modern masters. Only dimly is it realized that in Ilia Répin the shifting pageant of Slavic life and scene finds one of its ablest interpreters. Yet for personal fervor, national feeling, or plastic vigor this forceful, veracious genius deserves to rank close beside Turgénev, Dostoévsky, and Tolstóy in prose and Chaykóvsky in music. The story of Répin's career and achievement is the story of Russia during the past two-score years. On his canvases glows the history of his country with all its possibilities, all its eager, baffled effort and sullen, misdirected power. His series of portraits constitutes a Pantheon of Russia's leading spirits; his naturalistic and mediæval compositions reflect with consummate conviction a troubled present and a sumptuous, barbaric past. The art of Répin is above everything a distinctly racial expression. It is to Russia, and Russia alone, that he has consecrated the clarity of his vision and the surety of his hand. And these gifts he has not dedicated to the narrow province of æsthetics, but to a broader, more beneficent humanity. At first his message seemed merciless in its unflinching truth, yet gradually it took on more and more outward radiance and inward beauty. Gradually the stern accuser who had so long continued taciturn and sardonic exhaled sympathy and fellowship. Though he seems to stand alone, Répin in essence belongs to that great succession of academic realists at whose head remained for so long the diminutive yet masterful Adolf von Menzel. Once the facts of life are at his command, Répin groups them with resistless scenic appeal. He composes as well as observes. His art is both individual and typical; it is both portraiture and panorama.

Early in November, a trifle over forty years ago, there knocked at the portals of the Imperial Academy of Arts in the city by the Neva a young Cossack from the Government of Khárkov. He was pale and shy of manner, with masses of brown hair clustering about brow and ears, and under his arm carried a portfolio of sketches. The lad had come all the way from Chugúyev, an isolated village amid the steppes of Little Russia, his entire capital consisting of fifty roubles and a consuming desire to become a painter. Born in 1844 of a martial father and a gentle, solicitous mother, Ilia Répin soon displayed a taste for graphic expression. When a mere child he used to draw pictures for his sister and her playmates as well as cut figures out of cardboard and model animals in wax. Though delicate, he was sent to the communal school and later to the near-by Topographical Institute, but on the closing of the latter was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to Bunákov, a local painter of sacred images. So rapid was the boy's progress that within three years he was able to support himself, receiving anywhere from two to five, and even twenty roubles for a religious subject or the portrait of some wealthy villager. It was while working in the church of Sirótin that Répin first heard of the eager, ambitious life of the capital with its possibilities so far beyond the limitations of provincial endeavor. Certain of his comrades told him not only of

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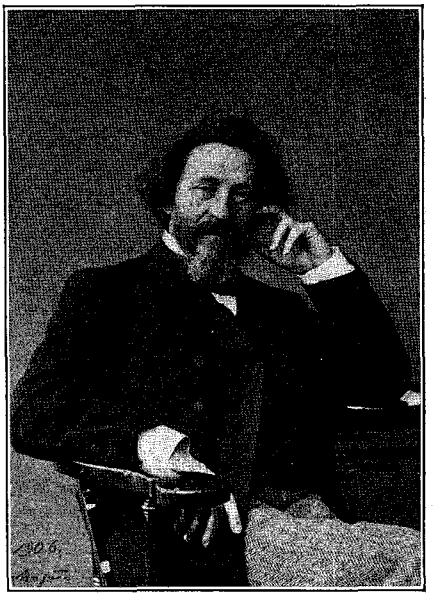
the Academy, but of Kramskóy, the leader of the new spirit, who had lately paid a visit to Ostrogórsk, bringing with him the fashions of St. Petersburg and the ferment of fresh social and æsthetic ideas. When, at nineteen, he finally stood facing the twin sphinxes that solemnly guard the temple of art on the Vassíly Óstrov, Répin realized that he must begin anew, that much he had so laboriously learned by himself must be forgotten. After spending a year in preliminary study, during which he met Kramskóy, who expounded to him with compelling magnetism the gospel of reality, Répin entered the Academy, naturally finding its stilted routine cold and listless beside the rigorous, wholesome creed of his earlier master.



Ilia Répin.

It would have been impossible for a young artist to have come to the capital at a more inspiring period. The era of reform which followed the liberation of the serfs was daily gathering impetus. Radiant ideas of freedom and progress permeated all classes of society. On every side were signs of regeneration, of a vast political and spiritual awakening. While the influence of such ardent apostles of the poor and the homely as Písemsky, Nekrásov, and Shchedrín found echo in the paintings of Pérov and Yarochénko, it was not, however, until the very month Ilia Répin journeyed northward from his distant home that the movement, so far as art was concerned, took specific shape. On November 9, 1863, under the leadership of Kramskóy, thirteen of the ablest students of the Academy rebelled against soulless officialism, left the institution, and formed themselves into an independent body. The little band struggled precariously along for a while, but by 1870 was strong enough to establish the Peredvízhnaya Vístavka, or Society of Wandering Exhibitions. It is to this society, with its hatred of classic and mythological themes and its frank love of refreshing outdoor scene, that Russian painting owes its present vitality. It was this clear-eyed, open-minded group of enthusiasts who first made it possible for the Slavic artist to go among the people, to listen to the secret song of the steppe.

Although he passed six years at the Academy, Répin was never in sympathy with its ideals, nor did he in any degree absorb its traditions. Beyond everything he strove to attain an explicit truthfulness of rendering. The grip of the external was already strong upon him, the magic of visible things exercised its own imperative appeal. So conspicuous was the young radical's talent that in 1869 he was awarded the small gold medal, and the following term, for his "Raising of Jairus's Daughter," obtained the large gold medal and the travelling scholarship. The summer after winning his academic laurels Répin went on a sketching trip down the Vólga—an event which, more than anything, opened his eyes to that serene beauty of nature and sorrowful lot of man which so long proved his inspiration. On his return, boldly and without prelude, Répin, at six and twenty, proceeded to paint what is generally acknowledged to be the first masterpiece of the modern Russian school.

It is difficult to realize the vast distance which separates the "Barge-towers of the Vólga" from all that went before. These shaggy, sun-scorched creatures who wearily drag their heavy grain ship along endless sandy flats signify something more than a mere band of *burláky*. Gathered from every corner of the empire, of different ages and different sizes, they are one in dumb resignation, in fruitless, despairing revolt,

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The Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan Mohammed IV.

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and in ceaseless, debasing effort. Each pulls on the same sagging line, this one stolidly, that one savagely, their feet deep in the mire, their eyes downcast or lifted toward the shimmering canopy of a blue, cloud-flecked sky. They are the eternal slaves of toil. Their melancholy, barbaric song and the steady rhythm of their straining bodies suggest a great symphony of suffering, a whole cycle of human endeavor which began long since and must continue forever. The effect of the canvas is that of fulfilling mastery. The composition is inevitable, each of the types is accurately individualized, and everywhere radiates the glory of the free outdoors, not the bitumen and brown sauce of the galleries. At one stroke Répin placed himself at the head of his colleagues; with a single picture he may be said to have discounted decades of rococo and romanticism. His triumph over formula was complete and his fame as sudden and widespread as that of the young officer who, years before, had penned with unconscious verity "The Cossacks" and "Sevástopol Sketches."

While his "Burláky" was being exhibited in St. Petersburg and Vienna, Répin had already begun a sojourn abroad which only served to intensify his love for his native land. The Continental museums, with their remote, grandiose appeal, held no message for his observant, nature-loving temperament. He succumbed neither to the mute antiquity of Rome nor to the gracious animation of Paris. All he cared for was the ferment of café and street life, but he could never forget those shabby, smoke-filled student rooms where political and artistic questions were discussed with sacred ardor, nor those far-off stretches of waving

Nicholas the Miracle Worker.

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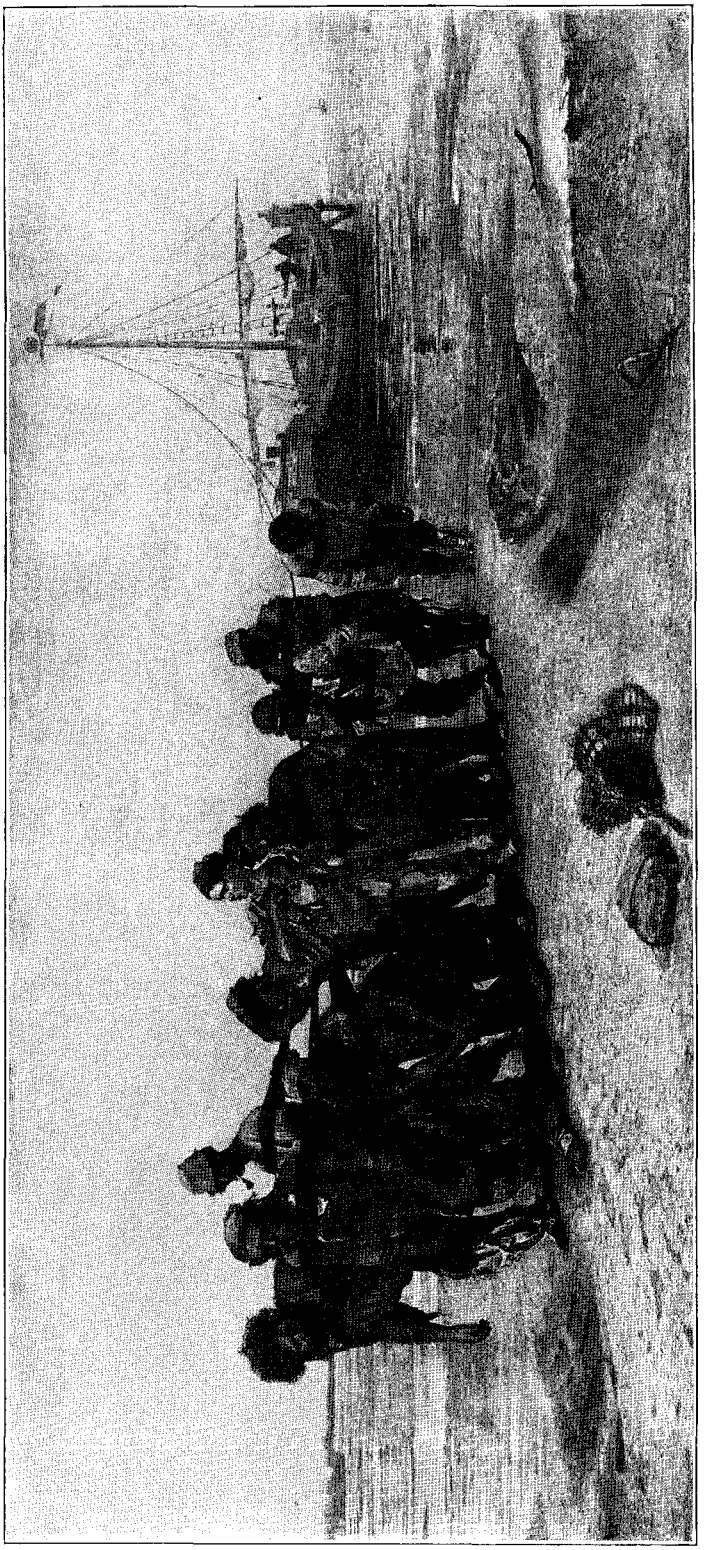

Barge-towers of the Vólga.

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plume grass. The only work of consequence to come from Répin's brush during this period was a touching bit of symbolism entitled "Sádko in the Wonder Realm of the Deep," in which the painter-exile seems to have suggested his own loneliness and home longing. There proved, indeed, to be a prophetic note to the picture, for he returned to Russia before his allotted time had expired, having, like Sádko, responded to the call of Chernavúshka, the beseeching embodiment of the Slavic race spirit.

Once back amid the scenes of his early efforts Répin devoted his entire energy to furthering the cause of national artistic expression. He immediately cast his lot with the Society of Wandering Exhibitions, in which he became the dominant figure. At first he settled in Moscow, but later removed to St. Petersburg, where he accepted a professorship in the reorganized Academy, which, under the vice-presidency of Count Iván Tolstóy, gathered back to the fold certain of the former recalcitrants. For diversity of theme, for vigor of presentation and searching fidelity of accent, few painters have excelled the succession of canvases which Répin herewith began to offer an enthralled public. Year after year each picture was in turn hailed as the evangel of actuality or greeted as an incomparable evocation of the past. At times a sombre, ascetic severity would darken his vision, but perhaps the next work would glory in a Byzantine richness of costume, the gleam of jewels, and the glint of polished metal. Though he often gazed backward across surging centuries, never, after student days, did he choose a subject not defiantly Muscovite.

L. Tolstóy.

It is absorbing to trace from canvas to canvas the unfolding of Répin's genius. His principal works are not the result of a single, consecutive transcription of something clearly formulated in the mind; they are the outcome of prolonged effort and adjustment. As many as a hundred preliminary studies were made for "The Cossacks," of which, during some ten years, he painted three finished versions. He is never satisfied, he constantly strives to attain a verity which seldom seems final. Although certain of his pictures are owned by the imperial family and the nobility, the majority are in the Trétiakov Gallery, in Moscow. In this low, rambling building across the gleaming river from the Krémlin are gathered upward of two thousand representative examples of Russian art, sixty of which, including sketches and portraits, are by Répin. Such works as "The Tsarévna Sophie Confined to the Novodévitchy Monastyr during the Execution of the Strélitz," "The Tsar Iván the Terrible and his son Iván Ivánovitch," "Nicholas the Miracle Worker" and "The Cossacks' Reply to the Sultan Mohammed IV" reveal Répin as an historical painter of incontestable mastery. While "The Tsarévna Sophie" is scarcely more than a tense and harrowing study in physiognomy, "Iván the Terrible and his Son" challenges comparison with the grim Spaniards at their best. In one of the sombre chambers of the Granovítaya Paláta, Iván, in a passion of demoniacal ferocity, struck down his favorite son, and an instant later,

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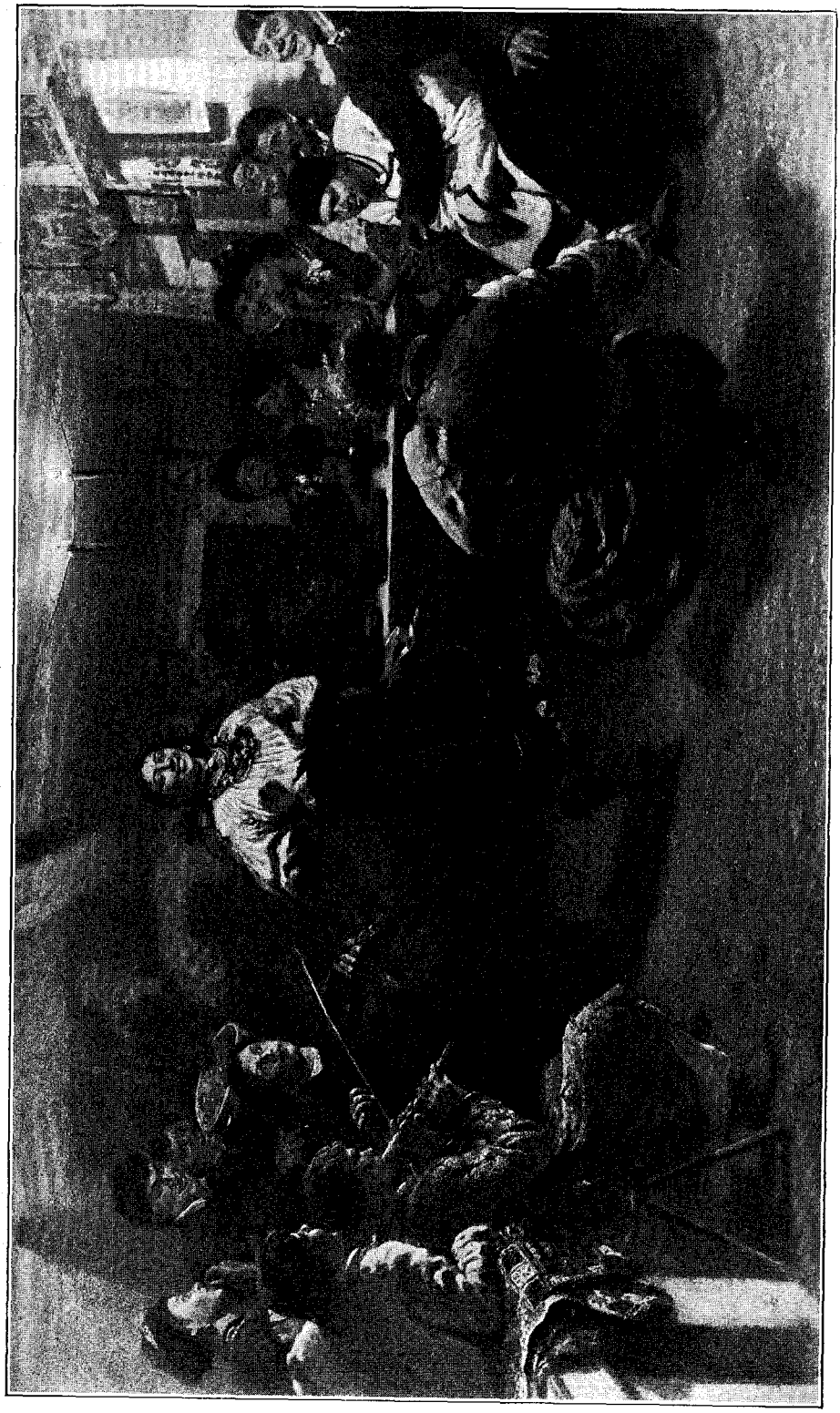

Russian Dancers.

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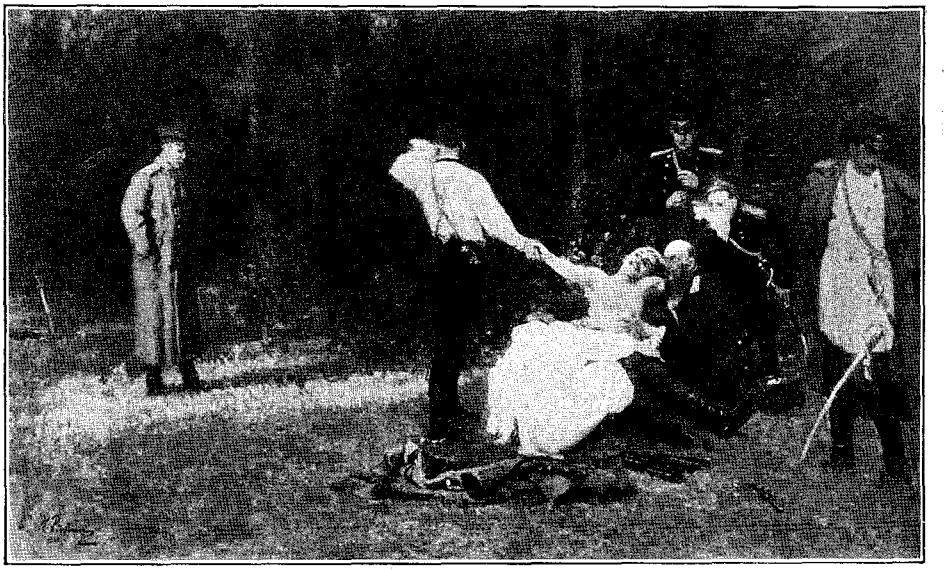
realizing what he had done, clasped the bleeding, shattered boy to his breast. It is this swift transition from murder to agonizing remorse that Répin has depicted with a primitive directness only equalled by Ribera. So overpowering is the tragic horror of the scene that when the canvas was first placed on view women fainted and men turned away aghast. Yet the picture is more than a mere gruesome episode. It conjures up as nothing has ever done that dark inheritance,



The Duel.

those brooding centuries of barbaric splendor and relentless savagery which form the background of present-day Russia. In "Nicholas the Miracle Worker," who is that holy Nicholas of Myra who prevented the execution of certain Christians during the reign of Emperor Licinius, Répin bathes his figures in a suffusion of light which heightens the solemnity and dramatic suspense of a situation that so narrowly escapes becoming one of brutal butchery. "The Cossacks," which is notably popular abroad, perhaps best displays Répin's effective grouping, his robust, almost Flemish opulence of color, and his characteristic gift for portraiture. The mocking bravado of each countenance tells its own story. You can literally hear the derisive laughter of these liberty-loving Zaporózhtsi as the regimental scribe pens their defiant answer while they gather about the rude, card-strewn table. Like Gógol before him, Répin has here rolled back a few hundred years. We are again in the days of Tarás Búlba and his pirates of the steppe, that stormy inland sea over which used to roam Kazák and Pole, Tatár and Turk.

Yet all the while he was steeped in the past Répin never lost identity with the issues of his own day. Side by side with the painter of history worked the painter of actuality. The war of '77–78 furnished him with several themes, and in what is known as the "Nihilist Cycle," consisting of "The Conspirators," "The Arrest," "The Unexpected Return," etc., he portrayed with minute, penetrating intensity that smouldering social volcano which has been responsible for so many generations of anguish and self-immolation. Among the numerous works of this period are two that merit special attention—"Vechernítsi," or, as it is generally called, "Russian Dancers," and the "Religious Procession in the Government of Kursk," which was supplemented by a somewhat similar "Procession." Nowhere has Répin's Little Russian origin displayed itself so humanly as in these simple, naïve merrymakers who meet at some far-away *traktír* and pass the night before their wedding dancing by candle-light to the tune

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Religious Procession in the Government of Kursk.

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of violin, pipe, and *balalaïka*. There is a humor, an almost tender playfulness to the episode that shows Répin is not always the austere martyr painter. In the "Procession," with its struggling, seething mass of humanity, its fat, gold-robed priests, stupid peasants, wretched cripples, cruel-mouthed officials, and pompous rural dignitaries, Répin seems to have given us a synthesis of Russia. Borne aloft are the sacred images; banners and festoons flutter on the dust-laden air, and in the midst of all, close beside crucifix and pleading Virgin, whistles to right and left the knout. While simply a scene one might witness any day on the parched highways of Southern Russia, the picture possesses deeper significance. In essence it is a condemnation, and one all the more severe because clothed in the inflexible language of fact.

During the past decade Répin has painted three memorable pictures, and this, despite his duties as professor at the Academy, despite continuous commissions for portraits, and his huge panels commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Senate. "The Duel," which was awarded the medal of honor at the Venice Exposition of 1897, is unquestionably one of his most dramatic and subtly poetic conceptions, though "Follow Me, Satan!" and "What Boundless Space!" were received with equal enthusiasm. The last shows a young man in the uniform of a university student and a young woman standing hand in hand amid a madly plunging torrent. On account of its symbolism the public has experienced a certain difficulty in divining the meaning of this picture. Is it a warning, or is it a call to self-sacrifice? Whichever it may be, there is no question that Répin's heart is with this fearless, exultant couple in their hour of peril or of triumph.

Although Ilia Répin's reputation abroad is chiefly due to the larger, more pictorial compositions, many of his countrymen claim that the portraits represent a higher level of attainment. It is obvious that these likenesses of Tolstóy, Písemsky, Mussórgsky, Surikóv, Glinka, Rubinstein, and dozens of statesmen, authors, generals, and scientists possess matchless vigor and personality. They are invariably vital in conception and precise in characterization. Face to face with his sitter, Répin is a rapid workman, jealous of essentials and scornful of details. The prophet of Yásnaya Polyána he has painted scores of times—behind the plough, at his bare writing-table, or strolling abroad, a convinced disciple of Father Kneipp. Not only has Répin sketched, modelled, and painted Tolstóy, but he has also illustrated a number of his books. Their friendship, like that between Bismarck and Lenbach, has extended over many years, growing closer as the time of parting draws near.

In his summer studio in Finland, or his roomy, workmanlike quarters in the Academy, before the doors of which he once paused an unknown, aspiring provincial, Répin is passing the remainder of his days. Although he has already placed to his credit a lifetime of achievement, creative enthusiasm still persists. One by one his companions have gone, leaving him an isolated, and for that reason an even more conspicuous, figure. Of those who survive, Makóvsky has fallen sadly behind in accomplishment, and Stássov has never forgiven him for returning to the Academy. His chief source of pleasure is found in teaching, and it is significant to note that his pupils, who revere him, usually carry off most of the prizes. It is impossible to measure the extent of his influence upon the younger men. The most brilliant among them, such as Sérov, Malíavin, Braz, Schmárov, Ivanóv, etc., owe much of their success to his inspiration and counsel. Throughout his entire career Ilia Répin has remained a rebel and a fighter, an enemy, by inference at least, of Church and State. The political as well as the strictly artistic influence of his paintings has been immense. At various times he has approached the danger line of audacity, but always, instead of his being disciplined, the offending picture has been purchased for private edification by the Tsar or some grand duke. So open has occasionally been popular approval of his more radical works that they have been removed from public gaze within a few hours after being placed on exhibition. At the bare feet of Leo Tolstóy, when the accompanying portrait [page 518] of him was first shown, were daily heaped so many floral tributes that the cautious authorities were moved temporarily to sequester the picture.

The invincible naturalistic tradition represented alike by Répin in painting and by his contemporaries in letters is the legacy of

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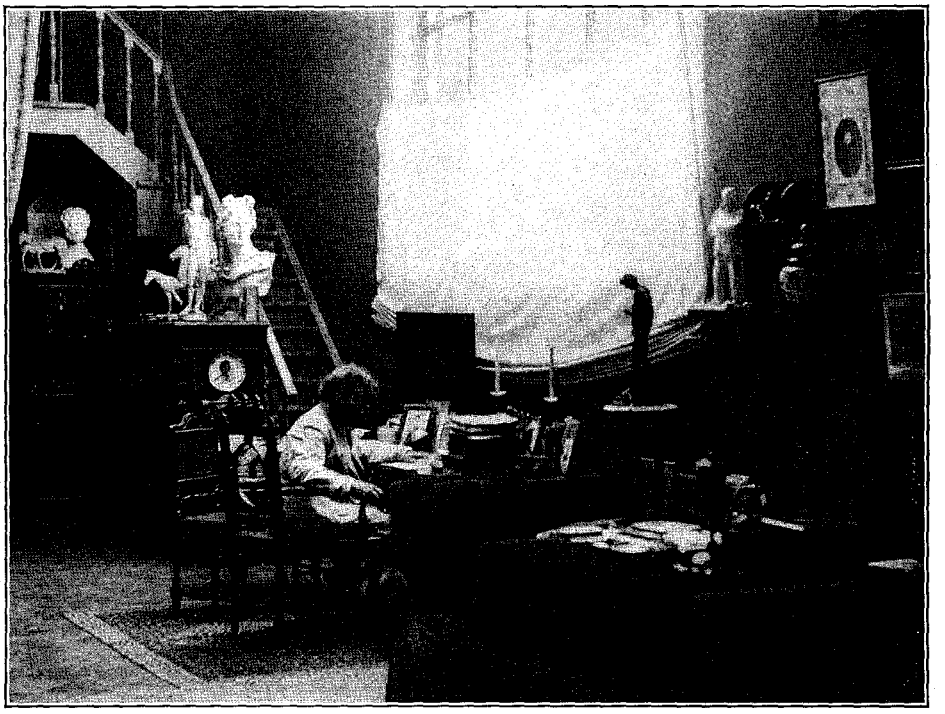

Répin in his studio.

their day and generation. Its appeal is not to the imagination, it is in no sense a vivid, compelling revelation of the spirit, but rather a convincing transcription of the outward and visible. Like Turgénev, Répin is one of those instinctive realists who can create only from the living model. Never, even in his most powerful and concentrated moments, does he wander from the wealth of fact always at hand. The stricken, tortured countenance of Iván's dying son is practically a portrait of poor Garshín in the final stages of insanity and suicide. The confused, haunted expression on the face of the exile in "The Unexpected Return" was suggested to the painter by the appearance of Dostoévsky when he came home after years of Siberian imprisonment. Yet it need not be assumed that Répin is a slave to the literal and explicit. The predominant quality of his work is its emotional intensity. In his feeling for nature there seems always to linger the vitalizing magic of things fecund and elemental.

Seated in his quiet studio amid the gathering twilight of late afternoon, gray, shaggy, with contracted brow and keen, questioning eye, you spontaneously think Répin less the painter or poet than the man of science. When he came on the scene the Byronic outbursts of Púshkin and the eloquent heart hunger of Lérmontov had long since been swept away; the age of observation followed, carrying all before it. Imprisoned between Byzantine hierarchy and Gallic prettiness, Répin boldly freed himself and became a zealous apostle of nature. It was the kingdom of earth which he inherited, not the restless, baffling kingdom of dreams. In all its outlines the art of Répin typifies the painter's own specific epoch; it definitely incarnates the spirit of his race and his time. Like Courbet in France, Ilia Répin has fought almost single-handed a long, and in the end, a victorious battle. He possesses, too, something of the primal energy of the rugged democrat of Ornans, but to that quality adds the knowledge and graphic mastery of a Menzel. And yet, however formidable his achievement may now seem, it is by no means the final word of Russian painting. Already a younger generation is pressing close about him.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

There sits Rebecca, then, in the open door of the Sawyers' barn chamber.—Page 526.

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REBECCA'S THOUGHT BOOK

THIRD REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE "Sawyer girls'" barn still had its haymow in Rebecca's time, although the hay was a dozen years old or more, and sadly juiceless in the opinion of the occasional visiting horse. It still sheltered, too, old Deacon Israel's carryall and mowing-machine, with his pung, his sleigh, and a dozen other survivals of an earlier era, when the broad acres of the brick house went to make one of the finest farms in Riverboro.

There were no horses or cows in the stalls nowadays; no pig grunting comfortably of future spareribs in the sty, no hens to peck the plants in the cherished garden patch. The Sawyer girls were getting on in years, and mindful that care once killed a cat, they ordered their lives with the view of escaping that particular doom, at least, and succeeded fairly well until Rebecca's advent made existence a trifle more sensational.

Once a month, for years upon years, Miss Miranda and Miss Jane had put towels over their heads and made a solemn visit to the barn, taking off the enamelled cloth coverings (occasionally called "emmanuel covers" in Riverboro), dusting the ancient implements, and sometimes sweeping the heaviest of the cobwebs from the corners or giving a brush to the floor.

Deacon Israel's tottering ladder still stood in its accustomed place propped against the haymow, and the heavenly stairway leading to eternal glory scarcely looked fairer to Jacob of old than this to Rebecca. By means of its dusty rounds she mounted, mounted, mounted far away from time and care and maiden aunts, far away from childish tasks and childish troubles, to the barn chamber, a place so full of golden dreams, happy reveries, and vague longings that as her little brown hands clung to the sides of the ladder and her feet trod the rounds cautiously in her ascent, her heart almost stopped beating in the sheer joy of anticipation.

Once having gained the heights, the next thing was to unlatch the heavy doors and give them a gentle swing outward. Then, oh, ever new Paradise! then, oh, ever lovely green and growing world! for Rebecca had that something in her soul that

> Gives to seas and sunset skies
> The unspent beauty of surprise.

At the top of Guide Board Hill she could see Alice Robinson's barn with its shining weather-vane, a huge burnished fish that swam with the wind and foretold the day to all Riverboro. The meadow with its sunny slopes stretching up to the pine woods was sometimes a flowing sheet of shimmering grass, sometimes—when daisies and buttercups were blooming—a vision of white and gold. Sometimes the shorn stubble would be dotted with "the happy hills of hay," and a little later the rock maple on the edge of the pines would stand out like a golden ball against the green; its neighbor, the sugar maple, glowing beside it, brave in scarlet.

(It was on one of these autumn days with a wintry nip in the air that Adam Ladd (Rebecca's favorite "Mr. Aladdin"), after searching for her in field and garden, suddenly noticed the open doors of the barn chamber and called to her. He never forgot the vision of the startled little poetess, book in one mittened hand, pencil in the other, dark hair all ruffled, with the picturesque addition of an occasional blade of straw, her cheeks crimson, her eyes shining.

"A Sappho in mittens!" he cried laughingly, and at her eager question told her to look up the unknown lady in the school encyclopædia.)

Now, all being ready, Rebecca went to a corner of the haymow and withdrew a thick blank book with mottled covers. Out of her gingham apron pocket came a pencil, a bit of rubber, and some pieces of brown paper, then she seated herself gravely on the floor and drew an inverted soap-box nearer to her for a table.

The book was reverently opened and there was a serious reading of the extracts already carefully copied therein. Most of them were apparently to the writer's liking,

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for dimples of pleasure showed themselves now and then, and smiles of obvious delight played about her face; but once in a while there was a knitting of the brows and a sigh of discouragement, showing that the artist in the child was not wholly satisfied. Then came the crucial moment when the budding author was supposedly to be racked with the throes of composition; but seemingly there were no throes. Other girls could wield the darning or crochet or knitting needle, send the tatting-shuttle through loops of the finest cotton, hemstitch, oversew, braid hair in thirteen strands, but the pencil was never obedient in their fingers and the pen and ink-pot were a horror from early childhood to the end of time. Not so with Rebecca; her pencil moved as easily as her tongue, and no more striking simile could possibly be used. Her handwriting was not Spencerian; she had neither time (nor patience, it is to be feared) for copybook methods, and her unformed characters were frequently the despair of her teachers; but write she could, write she would, write she must and did, in season and out; from the time she made pothooks at six, till now, writing was the easiest of all possible tasks, to be indulged in as solace and balm when the terrors of examples in least common multiple threatened to dethrone the reason, or the rules of grammar loomed huge and unconquerable in the near horizon.

As to spelling, it came to her in the main by free grace, and not by training, and though she slipped at times from the beaten path, her extraordinary ear and good visual memory kept her from many or flagrant mistakes. It was her intention (especially when saying her prayers at night) to look up all doubtful words in her small dictionary before copying her Thoughts into the sacred book for the inspiration of posterity; but when genius burned with a brilliant flame, and particularly when she was in the barn and the dictionary in the house, impulse as usual carried the day.

There sits Rebecca, then, in the open door of the Sawyers' barn chamber—the sunset door. How many a time had her grandfather, the good deacon, sat just underneath in his tipped-back chair, when Mrs. Israel's temper was uncertain and the serenity of the barn was in comforting contrast to his own fireside! (The open doors swinging out to the peaceful landscape, the solace of the pipe, not allowed in the "settin'-room"—how beautifully these simple agents have ministered to the family peace in days agone! "If I hadn't had my barn *and* my store, I couldn't never have lived in holy matrimony with Maryliza!" once said Mr. Watson feelingly.)

But the deacon, looking on his waving grass fields, his tasselling corn and his timber lands, never saw such visions as Rebecca, bright and honest as were his eyes. The child, transplanted from her home-farm at Sunnybrook, from the care of the overworked, but easy-going mother, and the companionship of the scantily fed, scantily clothed, happy-go-lucky brothers and sisters—she had indeed fallen on shady days in Riverboro. The blinds were closed in every room of the house but two, and the same might have been said of Miss Miranda's mind and heart, though Miss Jane had a few windows opening to the sun, and Rebecca already had her unconscious hand on several others. Brick house rules were rigid and many for a little creature so full of life, but Rebecca's gay spirit could not be pinioned in a strait-jacket for long at a time; it escaped somehow and winged its merry way into the sunshine and free air; if she were not allowed to sing in the orchard, like the wild bird she was, she could still sing in the cage, like the canary.

If you had opened the carefully guarded volume with the mottled covers you would first have seen a wonderful title-page, constructed apparently on the same lines as an obituary, or the inscription on a tombstone, save for the quantity and variety of information contained in it. Much of the matter would seem to the captious critic better adapted to the body of the book than to the title-page, but Rebecca was apparently anxious that no cloud of doubt should rest upon the principal personages of the story:

THOUGHT BOOK
of
Rebecca Rowena Randall
Really of
Sunnybrook Farm
But Temporily of
The Brick House Riverboro.
Own niece of Miss Miranda and Jane
Sawyer
Second of seven children of her father
Mr. L. D. M. Randall
(Now at rest in Temperance cemmetary

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and there will be a monument as soon as we pay off the morgage on the farm)
Also of her mother Mrs. Aurelia Randall

In case of death the best of these Thoughts
May be printed in my Remerniscences
For the Sunday School Library
Which needs more books
And I hereby Will and Testament them
To Mr. Adam Ladd
Who bought 300 cakes of soap from me
And thus secured a premium,
A Greatly Needed Banquet Lamp
For my friends the Simpsons.
He is the only one that incourages
My writing Remerniscences and
My teacher Miss Dearborn will
Have much Valuable Poetry
and Thoughts
To give him unless carelessly destroyed.

The pictures are by the same hand that Wrote the Thoughts.

It is not now decided whether Rebecca Rowena Randall will be a painter or an author, but after her death it will be known which she has been.

Finis.

From the title-page, with its wealth of detail, the book ripples on like a brook, and to the weary reader of problem novels it may have something of the brook's refreshing quality.

Extracts From

REBECCA'S THOUGHT BOOK

Our Diaries

All the girls are keeping a diary because Miss Dearborn was very much ashamed when the school trustees told her that most of the girls and all of the boys' compositions were disgraceful, and must be improved next term. She asked the boys to write letters to her once a week instead of keeping a diary, which they thought was girlish like playing with dolls. The boys thought it was dreadful to have to write letters every seven days, but she told them it was not half as bad for them as it was for her who had to read them.

To make my diary a little different I am going to call it a Thought Book (written just like that, with capitals). I have thoughts that I never can use unless I write them down, for Aunt Miranda always says Keep your thoughts to yourself. Aunt Jane lets me tell her some but does not like my queer ones and my true thoughts are mostly queer. Emma Jane does not mind hearing them now and then and that is my only chance.

If Miss Dearborn does not like the name Thought Book I will call it Remerniscences (written just like that with a capital R.) Remerniscences are things you remember about yourself and write down in case you should die. Aunt Jane doesn't like to read any other kind of books but just lives of interesting dead people and she says that is what Longfellow (who was born in the State of Maine and we should be very proud of it and try to write like him) meant in his poem:

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We should make our lives sublime,
> And departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

I know what this means because when Emma Jane and I went to the beach with Uncle Jerry Cobb we ran along the wet sand and looked at the shapes our boots made, just as if they were stamped in wax. Emma Jane turns in her left foot (splay-foot the boys call it, which is not polite) and Seth Strout had just patched one of my shoes and it all came out in the sand pictures. When I learned The Psalm of Life for Friday afternoon speaking I thought I shouldn't like to leave a patched footprint, nor have Emma Jane's look crooked on the sands of time, and right away I thought Oh! what a splendid thought for my Thought Book when Aunt Jane buys me a fifteen cent one over to Watson's store.

. . . . . .

REMERNISCENCES

I told Aunt Jane I was going to begin my Remerniscences and she says I am full young, but I reminded her that Candace Milliken's sister died when she was ten, leaving no footprints whatever, and if I should die suddenly who would write down my Remerniscences? Aunt Miranda says the sun and moon would rise and set just the same and it was no matter if they didn't get written down, and to go up attic and find her piece-bag, but I said it would, as there was only one of everybody in the world and nobody else could do their remerniscensing for them.

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My dictionary is so small it has not many genteel words in it, and I cannot find how to spell Remerniscences, but I remember from the cover of Aunt Jane's book that there was an "s" and a "c" close together in the middle of it, which I thought foolish and not needful.

All the girls like their diaries very much, but Minnie Smellie got Alice Robinson's where she had hid it under the school woodpile and read it all through. She said it was no worse than reading anybody's composition, but we told her it was just like peeking through a keyhole, or listening at a window, or opening a bureau drawer. She said she didn't look at it that way, and I told her that unless her eyes got unscealed she would never leave any kind of a sublime footprint on the sands of time. I told her a diary was very sacred as you generally poured your deepest feelings into it expecting nobody to look at it but yourself and your indulgent heavenly Father who seeeth all things.

Of course, it would not hurt Persis Watson to show her diary because she has not a sacred plan and this is the way it goes, for she reads it out loud to us:

"Arose at six this morning—(you always arise in a diary but you say get up when you talk about it). Ate breakfast at half-past six. Had soda biscuits, coffee, fish hash and doughnuts. Wiped the dishes, fed the hens and made my bed before school. Had a good arithmetic lesson, but went down two in spelling. At half past four played hide and coop in the Sawyer pasture. Fed hens and went to bed at eight."

She says she can't put in what doesn't happen, but as I don't think her diary is interesting she will ask her mother to have meat hash instead of fish, and she will feed the hens before breakfast to make a change. We are all going now to try and and make something happen every single day so the diaries wont be so dull and the footprints so common.

. . . . . .

AN UNCOMMON THOUGHT

We dug up our rosecakes to-day, and that gave me a good Remerniscence. The way you make rosecakes is, you take the leaves of full blown roses and mix them with a little cinnamon and as much brown sugar as they will give you, which is never half enough except Persis Watson, whose affectionate parents let her go to the barrel in their store. Then you do up little bits like sedlitz powders, first in soft paper and then in brown, and bury them in the ground and let them stay as long as you possibly can hold out; then dig them up and eat them. Emma Jane and I stick up little signs over the holes in the ground with the date we buried them and when they'll be done enough to dig up, but we never can wait. When Aunt Jane saw us she said it was the first thing for children to learn,—not to be impatient,—so when I went to the barn chamber I made a poem.

IMPATIENCE

We dug our rose cakes up oh! all too soon.
'Twas in the orchard just at noon.
'Twas in a bright July forenoon.
'Twas in the sunny afternoon.
'Twas underneath the harvest moon.

It was not that way at all; it was a foggy morning before school, and I should think poets could never possibly get to heaven, for it is so hard to stick to the truth when you are writing poetry. Emma Jane thinks it is nobody's business when we dug the rosecakes up. I like the line about the harvest moon best, but it would give a wrong idea of our lives and characters to the people that read my Thoughts, for they would think we were up late nights, so I have fixed it like this:

IMPATIENCE

We dug our rose cakes up oh! all too soon,
We thought their sweetness would be such a boon.
We ne'er suspicioned they would not be done
After three days of autumn wind and sun.
Why did we from the earth our treasures draw?
'Twas not for fear that rat or mole might naw,
An aged aunt doth say impatience was the reason,
She says that youth is ever out of season.

That is just as Aunt Jane said it, and it gave me the thought for the poem.

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A DREADFUL QUESTION

Which has the most benefercent influence on character—punishment or reward?

This truly dreadful question was given us by Dr. Moses when he visited school to-day. He told us we could ask our families what they thought, though he would rather we wouldn't, but we must write our own words and he would hear them next week.

After he went out and shut the door the scholars were all plunged in gloom and you could have heard a pin drop. Alice Robinson cried and borrowed my handkerchief,

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and the boys looked as if the schoolhouse had been struck by lightning. The worst of all was poor Miss Dearborn, who will lose her place if she does not make us brighter and smarter soon, for Dr. Moses has a smart daughter all ready to put right in to the school and she can board at home.

Miss Dearborn stared out the window and her mouth and chin shook like Alice's, for she knew, ah! all too well, what the coming week would bring forth.

Then I raised my hand for permission to speak, and stood up and said: "Miss Dearborn, don't you mind! Just explain to us what 'benefercent' means and we'll write something real interesting; for all of us know what punishment is, and have seen others get rewards, and it is not so bad a subject as some." And Dick Carter whispered, "*Good on your head, Rebecca!*" which meant he thought we could write something too.

Then teacher smiled and said benefercent meant good or healthy for anybody, and would all rise who thought punishment made the best scholars and men and women; and everybody sat stock still. And then she asked all to stand who believed that rewards produced the finest results and there was a mighty sound like unto the rushing of waters, but really was our feet scraping the floor and the scholars stood up and it looked like an army, though it was only nineteen, because of the strong belief that was in them. Then Miss Dearborn laughed and said she was thankful for every whipping she had when she was a child, and Living Perkins said perhaps we hadn't got to the thankful age, or perhaps her father hadn't used a strap, and she said oh! no, it was her mother with the open hand, and Dick Carter said he wouldn't call that punishment and Sam Simpson said so too.

I am going to write about the subject in my Thought Book first, and when I make it into a composition I can leave out anything about the family or not genteel.

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PUNISHMENT

Punishment is a very puzzly thing but I believe in it when really deserved, only when I punish myself it does not always turn out well. When I leaned over the new bridge and got my dress all paint and Aunt Sarah Cobb couldn't get it out, I had to wear it spotted for six months which hurt my pride, but was right. I stayed at home from Alice Robinson's birthday party for a punishment and went to the circus next day instead, but Alice's parties are very cold and stiff, as Mrs. Robinson makes the boys stand on newspapers if they come inside the door, and the blinds are always shut, and Mrs. Robinson tells me how bad her liver complaint is this year. So I thought, to pay for the circus and a few other things, I ought to get more punishment, and I threw my pink parasol down the well, as the mothers in the missionary books throw their infants to the crocodiles in the Ganges river. But it got stuck in the chain that holds the bucket and Aunt Miranda had to get Abijah Flagg to take out all the broken bits before we could bring up water.

I punished myself this way because Aunt Miranda said unless I improved I would be nothing but a Burden and a Blight.

There was an old old man used to go by our farm carrying a lot of broken chairs to bottom, and mother used to say—"Poor man! his back is too weak for such a burden!" and I used to take him out a doughnut, and this is the part I want to go into the Remerniscences. Once I told him we were sorry the chairs were so heavy, and he said *they didn't seem so heavy when he had et the doughnut.*

This is a beautiful thought and shows how the human race should have sympathy, and help bear burdens.

I know about a Blight, for there was a dreadful east wind over at our farm that destroyed all the little young crops just out of the ground, and the farmers called it the Blight. And I would rather be hail, sleet, frost, or snow, than a Blight, which is mean and secret, and which is the reason I threw away the dearest thing on earth to me, the pink parasol that Miss Ross brought me from Paris, France. I have also wrapped up my bead purse in three papers and put it away marked not to be opened till after my death unless needed for a party.

I must not be Burden, I must not be Blight,
The angels in heaven would weep at the sight.

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REWARDS

A good way to find out which has the most benefercent effect would be to try rewards on myself this next week and write my composition the very last day, when I see how my character is. It is hard to find

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rewards for yourself, but perhaps Aunt Jane and some of the girls would each give me one to help out. I could carry my bead purse to school every day, or wear my coral chain a little while before I go to sleep at night. I could read Cora or the Sorrows of a Doctor's Wife a little oftener, but that's all the rewards I can think of. I fear Aunt Miranda would say they are wicked but oh! if they should turn out benefercent how glad and joyful life would be to me! A sweet and beautiful character, beloved by my teacher and schoolmates, admired and petted by my aunts and neighbors, yet carrying my bead purse constantly, with perhaps my best hat on Wednesday afternoons, as well as Sundays!

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STORIES AND PEOPLE

There are people in books and people in Riverboro, and they are not the same kind. They never talk of chargers and palfreys in the village, nor say How oft and Methinks, and if a Scotchman out of Rob Roy should come to Riverboro and want to marry one of us girls we could not understand him unless he made motions; though Huldah Meserve says if a nobleman of high degree should ask her to be his,—one of vast estates with serfs at his bidding—she would be able to guess his meaning in any language.

Uncle Jerry Cobb thinks that Riverboro people would not make a story, but I know that some of them would.

Jack o' Lantern, though only a baby, was just like a real story if anybody had written a piece about him: How his mother was dead and his father ran away and Emma Jane and I got Aunt Sarah Cobb to keep him so Mr. Perkins wouldn't take him to the poor farm; and about our lovely times with him all summer, and our dreadful loss when his father remembered him in the fall and came to take him away; and how Aunt Sarah carried the trundle bed up attic again and Emma Jane and I heard her crying and stole away.

Mrs. Peter Meserve says Grandpa Sawyer was a wonderful hand at stories before his spirit was broken by grandmother. She says he was the life of the store and tavern when he was a young man, though always sober, and she thinks I take after him, because I like compositions better than all the other lessons; but mother says I take after father, who always could say everything nicely whether he had anything to say or not; so methinks I should be grateful to both of them. They are what is called ancestors and much depends upon whether you have them or not. The Simpsons have not any at all. Aunt Miranda says the reason everybody is so smart around here is because their ancestors were all first settlers and raised on burnt ground. This should make us very proud.

Methinks and methought are splendid words for compositions. Miss Dearborn likes them very much, but Alice and I never bring them in to suit her. Methought means the same as I thought but sounds better. Example: If you are telling a dream you had about your aged aunt:

> Methought I heard her say
> My child you have so useful been
> You need not sew to-day.

This is a good example one way, but too unlikely, woe is me!

This afternoon I was walking over to the store to buy molasses, and as I came off the bridge and turned up the hill, I saw lots and lots of heelprints in the side of the road,—heelprints with little spike-holes in them.

"Oh! the river drivers have come from up country," I thought, "and they'll be breaking the jam at our falls to-morrow." I looked everywhere about and not a man did I see, but still I knew I was not mistaken for the heelprints could not lie. All the way over and back I thought about it, though forgetting the molasses, and Alice Robinson not being able to come out I took playtime to write a story. It is the first grown-up one I ever did, and is intended to be like Cora the Doctor's Wife, not like a school composition. It is written for Mr. Adam Ladd, and people like him who live in Boston, and is the printed kind you get money for, to pay off a morgage.

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LANCELOT OR THE PARTED LOVERS

A beautiful village maiden was betrothed to a stallwart river driver, but they had high and bitter words and parted, he to weep into the crystal stream as he drove his logs, and she to sigh and moan as she went about her round of household tasks.

At eventide the maiden was wont to lean over the bridge and her tears also fell into the foaming stream; so, though the two unhappy lovers did not know it, the river was

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their friend, the only one to whom they told their secrets and wept into.

The months crept on and it was the next July when the maiden was passing over the bridge and up the hill. Suddenly she spied footprints on the sands of time.

"The river drivers have come again!" she cried, putting her hand to her side for she had a slight heart trouble like Cora and Mrs. Peter Meserve, that doesn't kill.

"They *have* come indeed; *especially one you know*," said a voice, and out from the alder bushes sprung Lancelot Littlefield, for that was the lover's name and it was none other than he. His hair was curly and of living gold. His shirt, while of flannel, was new and dry, and of a handsome color, and as the maiden looked at him she could think of naught but a fairy prince.

"Forgive," she murmured, stretching out her waisted hands.

"Nay, sweet," he replied. "'Tis I should say that to you," and bending gracefully on one knee he kissed the hem of her dress. It was a rich pink gingham check, ellaborately ornamented with white tape trimming.

Clasping each other to the heart like Cora and the Doctor, they stood there for a long while, till they heard the rumble of wheels on the bridge and knew they must disentangle.

The wheels came nearer and lo! it was the maiden's father.

"Can I wed with your fair daughter this very moon," asked Lancelot, who will not be called his whole name again in this story.

"You may," said the father, "for lo! she has been ready and waiting for many months." This he said not noticing how he was shaming the maiden.

Then and there the nuptial day was appointed and when it came, the marriage knot was tied upon the river bank where first they met; the river bank where they had parted in anger, and where they had again scealed their vows and clasped each other to the heart. And it was very low water that summer, and the river always thought it was because no tears dropped into it but so many smiles that like sunshine they dried it up. R. R. R.

Finis.

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A GREAT SHOCK

The reason why Alice Robinson could not play was, she was being punished for breaking her mother's blue platter. Just before supper my story being finished I went up Guide Board hill to see how she was bearing up and she spoke to me from her window. She said she did not mind being punished because she hadn't been for a long time, and she hoped it would help her with her composition. She thought it would give her thoughts, and to-morrow's the last day for her to have any. This gave me a good idea and I told her to call her father up and beg him to beat her violently. It would hurt, I said, but perhaps none of the other girls would have a punishment like that, and her composition would be all different and splendid. I would borrow Aunt Miranda's witchhayzel and pour it on her wounds like the Sumaritan in the Bible.

I went up again after supper with Dick Carter to see how it turned out. Alice came to the window and Dick threw up a note tied to a stick. I had written: "*Demand your punishment to the full. Be brave, like Dolores' mother in the* Martyrs of Spain."

She threw down an answer and it was: "*You just be like Dolores' mother yourself if you're so smart!*" Then she stamped away from the window and my feelings were hurt, but Dick said perhaps she was hungry. And as Dick and I turned to go out of the yard we looked back and I saw something I can never forget. (The Great Shock) Mrs. Robinson was out behind the barn feeding the turkies. Mr. Robinson came softly out of the side door in the orcherd and looking everywheres around he stepped to the wire closet and took out a saucer of cold beans with a pickled beet on top, and a big piece of blueberry pie. Then he crept up the back stairs and we could see Alice open her door and take in the supper!

Oh! what will become of her composition, and how can she tell anything of the benefercent effects of punishment, when she is locked up by one parent, and fed by the other? I have forgiven her for the way she snapped me up for, of course, you couldn't beg your father to beat you when he was bringing you blueberry pie. Mrs. Robinson makes a kind that leaks out a thick purple juice into the plate and needs a spoon, and blacks your mouth, but is heavenly.

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A DREAM

The week is almost up and very soon Dr. Moses will drive up to the school house like

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Elijah in the chariot and come in to hear us read. There is a good deal of sickness among us. Some of the boys are not able to come to school just now, but hope to be about again by Monday, when Dr. Moses goes away to a convention. It is a very hard composition to write, somehow. Last night I dreamed that the river was ink and I kept dipping into it and writing with a penstalk made of a young pine tree. I sliced great slabs of marble off the side of one of the White Mountains, the one you see when going to meeting, and wrote on those. Then I threw them all into the falls, not being good enough for Dr. Moses.

Dick Carter had a splendid boy to stay over Sunday. He makes the real newspaper named The Pilot published by the boys at Wareham Academy. He says when he talks about himself in writing he calls himself "we," and it sounds much more like print, besides conscealing him more.

Example: Our hair was measured this morning and has grown two inches since last time. . . . We have a loose tooth that troubles us very much. . . . Our inkspot that we made by negligence on our only white petticoat we have been able to remove with lemon and milk.

I shall try it in my composition sometime for of course I shall write for The Pilot when I go to Wareham Seminary.

I have never been more good than since I have been rewarding myself steady, even to asking Aunt Miranda kindly to offer me a company jelly-tart, not because I was hungry but for an experement I was trying, and would explain to her sometime. She said she never thought it was wise to experement with your stomach, and I said, with a queer thrilling look, it was not my stomach but my soul, that was being tried. Then she gave me the tart and walked away all puzzled.

The new minister has asked me to come and see him any Saturday afternoon as he writes poetry himself, but I would rather not ask him about this composition. Ministers never believe in rewards, and it is useless to hope that they will. We had the wrath of God four times in sermons this last summer, but he cannot be angry all the time, —nobody could, especially in summer.

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MY CAREER

N. B. I have decided to be a painter like Miss Ross. Uncle Jerry did not like my story Lancelot or The Parted Lovers.

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(The pathetic announcement of a change in the career and life purpose of Rebecca was brought about by her reading the grown-up story to Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Cobb after supper in the orchard. Uncle Jerry was the person who had maintained all along that Riverboro people would not make a story; and Lancelot or The Parted Lovers was intended to refute that assertion at once and forever; an assertion, which Rebecca regarded (quite truly) as untenable, though why, she certainly never could have explained. Unfortunately Lancelot was a poor missionary, quite unfitted for the high achievements to which he was destined by the youthful novelist, and Uncle Jerry, though a stage-driver and no reading man, at once perceived the flabbiness and transparency of the Parted Lovers the moment they were held up to his inspection.

"You see Riverboro people *will* make a story!" asserted Rebecca triumphantly as she finished her reading and folded the paper. "And it all came from my noticing the river drivers' tracks by the roadside, and wondering about them; and wondering always makes stories, the minister says so."

"Ye-es," allowed Uncle Jerry reflectively, tipping his chair back against the apple-tree and forcing his slow mind to violent and instantaneous action, for Rebecca was his pride and joy; a person, in his opinion, of superhuman talent, one therefore to be "whittled into shape" if occasion demanded. "It's a Riverboro story, sure enough, because you've got the river and the bridge and the hill, and the drivers all right there in it; but there's something awful queer 'bout it; the folks don't act Riverboro, and don't talk Riverboro, 'cordin' to my notions. I call it a reg'lar book story."

"But," objected Rebecca, "the people in Cinderella didn't act like us, and you thought that was a beautiful story when I told it to you."

"I know," replied Uncle Jerry, gaining eloquence in the heat of argument. "They didn't act like us, but 't any rate they acted like 'emselves! Somehow they was all of a piece. Cinderella was a little too good, mebbe, and the sisters was most too thunerin' bad to live on the face o' the earth, and that there old lady that kep' the punkin'

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coach up her sleeve — well, anyhow, you jest believe that punkin' coach, rats, mice, and all, when you're hearin' 'bout it, 'fore ever you stop to think it ain't so. I don' know how 'tis, but the folks in that Cinderella story seem to match together somehow; they're all pow'ful onlikely—the prince-feller with the glass slipper, and the hull bunch; but jest the same you kind o' gulp 'em all down together. But land, Rebecky, you can't swaller that there village maiden o' your'n, and as for that what's-his-name Littlefield, that come out o' them bushes, such a feller never'd 'a' be'n *in* bushes! No, Rebecky, you're the smartest little critter there is in this township, and you beat your Uncle Jerry all holler when it comes to usin' a lead pencil, but I say that ain't no true Riverboro story! Look at the way they talk! What was that 'bout being '*betrothed*'?"

"Betrothed is a genteel word for engaged to be married," explained the crushed and chastened author; and it was fortunate the doting old man did not notice her eyes in the twilight, or he might have known that tears were not far away.

"Well, that's all right, then; I'm as ignorant as Cooper's cow when it comes to the dictionary. How about what's-his-name callin' the girl 'Naysweet'?"

"I thought myself that sounded foolish," confessed Rebecca; "but it's what the Doctor calls Cora when he tries to persuade her not to quarrel with his mother who comes to live with them. I know they don't say it in Riverboro or Temperance, but I thought perhaps it was Boston talk."

"Well, it ain't!" asserted Mr. Cobb decisively. "I've druv Boston men up in the stage from Milltown many's the time, and none of 'em ever said Naysweet to me, nor nothin' like it. They talked like folks, every mother's son of 'em! If I'd 'a' had that what's-his-name on the 'harricane deck' o' the stage and he tried any naysweetin' on me, I'd 'a' pitched him into the cornfield, side o' the road. I guess you ain't growed up enough for that kind of a story, Rebecky, for your poetry can't be beat in York County, that's sure, and your compositions are good enough to read out loud in town meetin' any day!"

Rebecca brightened up a little and bade the old couple her usual affectionate goodnight, but she descended the hill in a saddened mood. When she reached the bridge the sun, a ball of red fire, was setting behind Squire Bean's woods. As she looked, it shone full on the broad, still bosom of the river, and for one perfect instant the trees on the shores were reflected, all swimming in a sea of pink. Leaning over the rail, she watched the light fade from crimson to carmine, from carmine to rose, from rose to amber, and from amber to gray. Then withdrawing Lancelot, or the Parted Lovers from her apron pocket she tore them into bits and dropped them into the water below with a sigh.

"Uncle Jerry never said a word about the ending!" she thought; "and that was so nice!"

And she was right; but while Uncle Jerry was an illuminating critic when it came to the actions and language of his Riverboro neighbors he had no power to direct the young mariner when she "followed the gleam," and used her imagination.)

COMPOSITION

Which has the most benefercent effect on the character, punishment or reward?

by

Rebecca Rowena Randall.

(This copy not corrected by Miss Dearborn yet.)

We find ourselves very puzzled in approaching this truly great and national question though we have tried very ernestly to understand it, so as to show how wisely and wonderfully our dear teacher guides the youthful mind, it being her wish that our composition class shall long be remembered in Riverboro Centre.

We would say first of all that punishment seems more benefercently needed by boys than girls. Boys' sins are very violent, like stealing fruit, profane language, playing truant, fighting, breaking windows, and killing innocent little flies and bugs. If these were not taken out of them early in life it would be impossible for them to become like our martyred presidents, Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant.

Although we have asked everybody on our street, they think boys' sins can only be whipped out of them with a switch or strap, which makes us feel very sad, as boys when not sinning the dreadful sins mentioned above seem just as good as girls, and never cry when switched, and say it does not hurt much.

We now approach girls, which we know better, being one. Girls seem better than boys because their sins are not so noisy and

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showy. They can disobey their parents and aunts, whisper in silent hour, cheat in lessons, say angry things to their schoolmates, tell lies, be sulky and lazy, but all these can be conducted quite ladylike and genteel, and nobody wants to strap girls because their skins are tender and get black and blue very easily.

Punishments make one very unhappy and rewards very happy, and one would think when one is happy one would behave the best. We were acquainted with a girl who gave herself rewards every day for a week, and it seemed to make her as lovely a character as one could wish; but perhaps if one went on for years giving rewards to onesself one would become selfish. One cannot tell, one can only fear.

If a dog kills a sheep we should whip him straight away, and on the very spot where he can see the sheep, or he will not know what we mean, and may forget and kill another. The same is true of the human race. We must be firm and patient in punishing, no matter how much we love the one who has done wrong, nor how hungry she is. It does no good to whip a person with one hand and offer her a pickled beet with the other. This confuses her mind, and she may grow up not knowing right from wrong.*

*The striking example of the pickled beet was removed from the essay by the refined but ruthless Miss Dearborn, who strove patiently, but vainly, to keep such vulgar images out of her pupils' literary efforts.

We now respectfully approach the Holy Bible and the people in the Bible were punished the whole time, and that would seem to make it right. Everybody says Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; but we think ourself, that the Lord is a better punisher than we are, and knows better how and when to do it having attended to it ever since the year B. C. while the human race could not know about it till 1492 A. D., which is when Columbus discovered America.

We do not believe we can find out all about this truly great and national subject till we get to heaven, where the human race, strapped and unstrapped, if any, can meet together and laying down their harps discuss how they got there.

And we would gently advise boys to be more quiet and genteel in conduct and try rewards to see how they would work. Rewards are not all like the little rosebud merit-cards we receive on Fridays, and which boys sometimes tear up and fling scornfully to the breeze when they get outside, but girls preserve carefully in an envelope.

Some rewards are great and glorious, for boys can get to be governor or school trustee or road commissioner or president, while girls can only be wife and mother. But all of us can have the ornament of a meek and lowly spirit, especially girls, who have more use for it than boys. R. R. R.

COMPENSATION

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

You are not gone. I find you everywhere;
In every fragrance trembling on the air,
In every color that you loved to wear,
I find you there.

Each melody you sang, each tale you knew,
The paths we traced together, and the blue
Reflected in the willowed pool, renew
The thought of you.

I must not grieve. I must be sure the clear
White dawn is but a sign of you, nor fear
Lest sometime, in a sweet, uncounted year,
I'll find you, dear.

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IN THE BLACK PINES OF BOHEMIA

By Mary King Waddington

MARIENBAD, August, 1905.

THE pines looked black indeed as we came in sight of Marienbad, a straggling little white village standing really very high (we had been going up steadily since Eger), but looking as if it were in a hollow, so shut in on three sides by high hills—rather like a crescent in shape, with a long stretch of green meadows running down the valley. It had been raining, and the great masses of pines on the hillsides looked black and impenetrable, rising up into the gray clouds, so low in some places that they made a great belt of mist along the sides of the mountains, the tops of the trees just emerging from a sea of clouds. It was very damp and chilly, rather depressing; but the next day's beautiful blue sky and bright sun quite effaced the first melancholy impression.

It is a pretty little place. One long street—the Kaiserstrasse—most animated with hotels, shops, and people, and smaller streets running off on each side to the Promenade and baths. There are villas and apartment houses in every direction, all looking tempting, clean, and airy—a great many balconies with chairs and awnings. Evidently everything is arranged for as much out-of-door life as possible. The early morning hours at the Promenade are most amusing and interesting for a student of human nature in all its forms. One sees every type and hears every language under the sun. It is the height of the season, and there are three or four long rows of people stretching quite far down the Promenade, all with glasses in their hands, advancing about an inch at a time, and so afraid of losing their places in the line that they hardly move to let one pass through. There are some terrible monstrosities—such protruding stomachs and massive legs and arms that one wonders how they can get transported here in any kind of conveyance. One or two well-known figures, old habitués, whom the people all stop and look at, as they would at the fat woman or the two-headed child at a country fair. Poor people; one can understand that they would go through any sort of fatigue and stand for hours in a line waiting for a glass of the wonderful water, that would give them a semblance of humanity. As soon as they have had their glasses filled, they all start down the Promenade, walking and sipping. One is supposed to take the waters slowly, and always moving. One hour must elapse between the last glass of water and breakfast, and we all toil slowly up the steep hills to some high café for our first cup of tea, which never tastes as well anywhere else.

King Edward is to arrive next week, and the "Kur" officials are very busy cleaning up. New paths and roads are being made, alleys raked and cleared, and there is a general air of preparation for the royal guest. Some of the old habitués are very interesting when they talk about Marienbad and the great changes in their recollections. The whole place is owned and run by the monks of Tepl, who have a great establishment, half monastery, half farm, at the little village of Tepl, about two hours' drive from Marienbad. They have always occupied themselves very much with the people around them, as well as with the country—providing work for the men in the surrounding villages and developing to the utmost extent the resources of the region.

It is the history of all great isolated monasteries—one sees it so often in travelling. Many of them are beautifully situated, standing high generally, well protected by hills or great forests behind them, with vineyards and gardens covering the sunny slopes—every inch cultivated. Once established the monks gave all their energies to bettering the condition of the people and getting all they could out of the land. Early in 1700 the monks of Tepl began to realize what a treasure they possessed in the Kreuz and Ferdinand Brunnen of Marienbad, and set to work quietly and laboriously to transform their wilderness of pine forests, bare hills, and marshy meadows into the great health resort it has since become. They began by piercing one or two roads and paths through the thick forests, then a small hotel

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and most primitive bathing establishment were built, and a few people, shopkeepers and small proprietors, were induced by the monks to try their fortunes in the new venture. The success was complete and rapid. No foreigners came at first; the *Kurgäste* were almost all Austrians and Germans, and the life was most primitive and simple; but as the fame of the wonderful cures spread, people flocked there from all parts of the world, and to-day it is a charming place with every modern comfort and convenience.

The great mass of people go there to reduce weight, but the waters are efficacious for many things; rheumatism, liver, stomach, a certain kind of heart trouble (too much fat around the heart), and any nervous disorder. I think the mud baths (most disagreeable to take) are wonderful for both rheumatism and nerves; but I must say it required a certain courage the first time to plunge into that mass of black, liquid, bubbling mud. One of the favorite walks in Marienbad is to the "Moorlager," which provides all the mud for the baths. It is a curious black marsh—great blocks cut out of it, not unlike the peat marshes in Ireland and France. It quite reminded me of the "tourbières" (peat marshes) near us in the country. It was a wild, desolate stretch of country—the mud quite black, every now and then a dull-yellow streak, which they told me meant iron, and equally black pine woods shutting it in. Of course it goes through many preparations before it is used for the baths.

We are taking up our regular Kur life, drinking three or four glasses of the Kreuz-Brunnen, and taking mud or ambrosia baths—as they are prescribed by the doctor. I think even without the waters one would get back health and strength in this beautiful pure air and perfectly quiet, well-regulated life. Many people begin their day very early, going down to the spring at five o'clock. They tell us that General Gallifet, who has been coming here for years, was always the first at the springs. Everybody knows the sturdy, soldierly figure that the slouched hat and round military cape can't disguise. The girls at the springs, the policemen, the Tepl monks, all know him, and he has a smiling good-morning for all.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told me rather a pretty story about him. He was here several times on the 2d of September (the anniversary of Sedan). All the Germans deck themselves with the blue cornflower (the German Emperor's flower) on that day, and parade the Promenade rather ostentatiously. Gallifet stood it once or twice, and then absented himself for one or two days always at that epoch. When he returned once from one of these absences he found a splendid basket of roses in his rooms, with this inscription, "From the German Colony in Marienbad to the bravest soldier in France."

We generally get down about seven o'clock, and when it is fine the morning hours are delightful. Everyone is on the Promenade between seven and eight. One sees all one's friends and makes plans for the day. The people are always an unending source of interest to me. None of them look very ill—so different from the Riviera and the Swiss sanatoriums, where one is surrounded by invalids, many of them young; so pathetic to see them cut off from all the sports and pleasures of their age, dragging themselves along in the sun, trying to make the most of a short life. Here they look fairly comfortable, the stoutness evidently the result of easy living and too much good food. Occasionally one sees someone with crutches or a cane, but not often.

The bits of conversation that one hears are amusing, always on the same subject—how many kilos one has lost or must lose, how many miles one has walked, and how little one can eat. I heard a German woman the other day talking to some friends who were complaining bitterly of the dulness of the place. "Nothing to do, no casino, always the same things to eat. What do you do with yourself?" "I eat small, and I soon to bed," was the answer.

The evenings don't exist. Everybody sups about eight o'clock; one strolls down the Kaiserstrasse, or up and down the terrace of the English Hill (on the other side of the Promenade, where almost all the hotels are filled with English), and by ten o'clock there is scarcely a soul to be seen out of doors. However, it is a charming place, so restful to the eyes. The dark walls of pines with long narrow paths cut through them—so long that the opening to the sunlight seems miles away and the stretches of bright meadow high up on the hills are quite beautiful. We always go for our first cup of tea to the Egerländer café, which stands fairly high, about half an hour's walk from the

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Promenade. The view of Marienbad and the valley is very extended, and one sees quite well from the terrace the crescent of hills which surround the little town. On a fine morning everyone breakfasts outside. There are quantities of little tables under the trees, and the young waitresses have their hands full for about an hour and a half. Some of the girls are very pretty; all dressed in the Egerländer costume—a short skirt, black bodice, white chemisette, and a black or dark handkerchief on their heads embroidered in bright colors. They are all numbered, have a silver number on the front of their bodices, and one hears cries for six, eight, etc., all over the place. Number Six, a pretty, dark-eyed little girl, has adopted us. She is very quick and remembers what each member of the party takes. Apparently other people find her quick, too, as we hear her hailed from many tables as she passes along. "Sechs, Ich sterbe vor Hunger" (I am dying of hunger) "Six, you have given my eggs to someone else," etc. We asked her one day what she did in the winter when the season was over; and she answered us with a smile and a blush that she went back to her village in the mountains and made her linen, as she was going to be married. One of our friends, a young Englishman, who was very pleased with her, was anxious to give her a gold watch, but we all remonstrated vigorously, and thought the peasant fiancé, waiting for his bride to return, would not be pleased to see her with a gold watch a gentleman had given her.

Sunday morning is interesting at the Springs. The whole world turns out, and it is wonderful what passes when one is sitting on a bench in the sun. Many pretty women, Austrians, tall and slight, dressed almost all in very tight-fitting tailor costumes; many English, the women with their wonderful fresh complexions and practical garments, the men often in extraordinary tweed clothes, impossible colors and loosely made, but with a certain *chic;* three or four monks from Tepl, usually very big men wearing long black cloaks over white soutanes and broad-brimmed hats, looking keenly about and noticing everything; American families, the girls pretty, well dressed, curious about everything, having generally been everywhere and seen whatever there was to see, have automobiled all through England and Germany, done a part of the London season, and after a quiet three weeks here start off again for Paris and New York, with less trouble than we take to get back to France. A good many Jews appear on Sunday morning—an unmistakable nationality always—the men and women walking in separate groups, never together. The men all look alike, dressed in the long black caftan, with a broad-brimmed hat. They are short men generally, with crops of black curly hair, long beards, and very bright eyes; some of them wear ear-rings. They always seem absorbed in their conversation, and take very little notice of the crowd or of what goes on around them. Some of the women are handsome—the elder ones with heavy braids of well-oiled hair and a white silk or lace fichu on their heads. I don't see many young ones. I fancy they are not allowed to walk on the Promenade, where there is such a promiscuous crowd of people. Rather a striking trio passed the other day—three women, all very stout, the one in the middle, evidently a person of importance in her class, was dressed in red velvet, a long trailing skirt, a pearl necklace, three rows of large stones, two heavy gold chains, one hanging down below her waist, one crossing her forehead, and a richly embroidered white silk handkerchief on her head. The other two were in green satin dresses, also with long trains, embroidered in bright colors, several gold chains, and the same white silk handkerchief on their heads. Everyone turned to look at them, but they were evidently quite accustomed to being stared at, and made their way slowly and majestically through the crowd.

There is a fair sprinkling of Austrian officers, their uniforms so tight they can hardly walk, and as they are generally very thin and narrow in the shoulders, they don't strike one as very stalwart warriors. The Hungarians and Bohemians one recognizes at once—dark, slight, with flashing eyes, rather the gypsy type. Then pass three or four singers from one of the neighboring cafés, in their national dress—extremely short black skirts just below the knee, showing liberally very stout legs encased in thick white cotton stockings, red bodices, white chemisettes, and the black fichu embroidered in bright colors on their heads. They are neither very young, nor very pretty—not half so attractive as little Number Six at the Egerländer, but they all look scrupulously clean.

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A well-known figure is the Duc d'Orléans: tall, fair, well made, generally walking quickly, with an equerry in attendance. He is a great walker and tennis player; thinks nothing of walking to Carlsbad and back across country. He passes almost unheeded; only a few personal friends raise their hats. It is rather sad to see him leading such a desultory life when one remembers what he was born to—"Fils de France et Prince du Sang." I suppose if his grandfather, the Duc d'Orléans, had not been thrown from his carriage and killed things would have turned out very differently for him and for France. All the Orleanists who remember the grandfather speak of him as a most intelligent, attractive man, devoted to his country, and such a strong personality. King Edward has arrived with a large suite and a splendid automobile. The Hotel Weimar, where he always stays, looks as clean and festive as possible, and there is a general air of jubilee in the little place. The day he came we met baskets and *gerbes* of flowers all the morning being carried to his rooms. One doesn't see many gardens or flowers in Marienbad. There is a general impression of green; branches of pines serve for decoration. There is a helmeted policeman walking up and down in front of the hotel, but there are no special agents nor detectives. I suppose there must be some about. Notices are put up all along the Promenade: "The Kur guests are courteously requested during the stay of his Majesty the King of England in Marienbad to abstain from crowding around him, running after him, or in any way annoying the exalted guest.—Signed, Burgomaster."

It was absolutely necessary to warn the public, for the King was so mobbed during the first days that it was very disagreeable for him—a perfect sea of people surged from one side of the Promenade to the other when he appeared, and he sent word to the authorities that he wouldn't come down to the Springs unless something was done. Of course everyone wants to see him, but now that the first excitement has passed the people stand off more, and he is able to walk up and down and take his glass like anyone else. He looks remarkably well, and walks with a quick, light step—like a man of fifty. I cannot realize that he is the same person I saw crowned three years ago in Westminster Abbey. He looked so pale and weary that day one was glad for him when the magnificent pageant was over.

18th.

To-day is the Austrian Emperor's birthday, and the little town has been in a fever of excitement. The streets have been crowded since early morning, and the Kaiserstrasse is quite picturesque with flags, draperies, and green wreaths. There is a continuous and confused sound of bells, drums, cannon, and bugles in the air. Military bands and various societies with banners and local music are parading the streets. The flag has just been taken with much pomp from the Tepl House near us by a small detachment of soldiers. There was quite a crowd, all the men saluting the flag and remaining uncovered while the band played the national air. There are busts and pictures of the Emperor all over the place—one very good picture of him in the bookshop, in uniform, on horseback. Birthdays must bring sad memories to the Austrian Emperor, so much has gone out of his life, and the future of his empire so uncertain once he has gone.

There was a service in the church this morning, which King Edward attended. He looked very well in a blue Austrian uniform. This evening the Promenade and streets were quite brilliantly illuminated. There were fireworks at the top of the Promenade, and the band (a very good one) played from eight till ten—very late for Marienbad. All the restaurants were crowded, and there was much drinking of champagne and patriotic toasts to the Emperor.

Yesterday we spent our afternoon in the pines. We went for our four-o'clock coffee to Gladsden, a hunting-box belonging to Prince Schonberg. It is a beautiful drive from Marienbad, about an hour and a quarter straight uphill, and almost entirely through pine woods. One gets up quickly enough with a light victoria and pair of Hungarian horses, rather small, but very strong, who trot steadily up the steep hill. At the entrance of the park, or rather private woods, there is a notice put up, "No automobiles allowed." The house is insignificant—a sort of double chalet connected by a gallery; no garden or small park, but a great extent of moor and forest. I believe there is excellent shooting—big game. We had our coffee at the restaurant, which is

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very good. Their *spécialité* is fresh trout, which one sees swimming about in a tank. You can choose your own fish. The restaurant is close to the chalet, a few yards only dividing the lawn from the café, where everyone sits outside at little tables, smoking and drinking—so near that the family on the piazza could almost hear everything that was said, and never could have a moment's privacy. The restaurant belongs to the Schonbergs, is managed by one of their *régisseurs*, and supplies the food of the family. We saw a tray being carried into the house with cakes and coffee while we were waiting for ours. It would seem strange to us, living in our places in the country, to have a public garden under our windows, but it is a general custom in Bohemia and some parts of Austria, and it is the privilege of the *régisseurs* to have the restaurant in the domain.

It was a lovely afternoon, and by five o'clock every table was taken, and there was the usual variety of nationality—a Roman senator with his family; a French princess with a party of friends; some of the King's equerries; a pretty American actress; a Russian prince with an enormous and well-known stomach which rested on the table-top. We walked about a little after coffee. The woods are well kept, come quite up to the house—and there are one or two large ponds, almost lakes, where they have excellent duck shooting in the winter.

We drove back by Sangerbad, a beautiful road, so wild and dark, the pines meeting sometimes over our heads, always making a black wall on each side of the road, just letting us catch glimpses of the bright sunset clouds above us. We met no conveyance of any kind until we got close to Marienbad. It was really lonely.

22d.

To-day we have been to Tepl, about an hour by rail from Marienbad. When we arrived at the modest little station where nobody but us and one man got out, and where there wasn't a vestige of a conveyance of any kind, we were rather sorry we hadn't driven over; but we found a friendly porter who told us the walk was nothing—ten minutes—then carefully looking us over, added ten minutes for him—perhaps half an hour for us. The monastery looked charming in the distance against its dark background of pines. It is a grayish-white building with two towers, gray at the base, surmounted by the bright-red cupolas one sees so often in this country, and all through the Tyrol. The gates of the court-yard stood invitingly open, and we walked in unmolested by anyone—in fact, there was no one to whom we could apply for permission to see the church. The place looked quite deserted. A stone cross stood in the middle of the enclosure—the church and cloister facing the gates, a long row of low buildings, apothecary's shop, carpenter's shop, forge, etc., running down one side of the court-yard. A farm wagon was coming out from one of the side gates, two teams of big white oxen drinking under a shed, a monk superintending. We wanted to get into the church, as we had been told that was all we could see, no women being allowed inside the cloister, so we crossed the court-yard and boldly opened a door leading into a narrow passage, where we were instantly confronted by two or three monks who looked very doubtfully at three ladies standing on the threshold of the sanctuary. We explained that we should like to see the church, and one of them opened a side door, which led directly into it, and said he would send the sacristan.

We didn't find it at all interesting: a great deal of gold and heavy carving, and shiny white statues which look like ordinary majolica, and as if they had been done yesterday. In a few minutes the sacristan appeared, and explained some of the statues and tombs (all patrons and founders of the monastery). He told us the statues were all in wood—seven or eight layers of paint laid on, and highly glazed at the last; also that the "*Ornamentirung*," of which he was very proud, was done more than a hundred years ago.

We tried to persuade him to let us penetrate into the cloisters as far as the library, where there are curious old missals, parchments, and maps (I should have liked to see a map of Marienbad as it was a hundred years ago), but he wouldn't hear of it. However, he finally opened a door leading into the cloister, looked carefully around to see if no one was near, and whispered that we might just step inside, he leading the way on tiptoe. We saw nothing very mysterious or interesting—long broad white halls with big windows at each end, and rows of cells on one side, all very spacious and sunny. The abbot's house stands just outside the cloister, but in the main building. As the church is the parish church for all the neighboring country, he is

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obliged to have his house outside, where he can receive visits, transact business, etc.

We went out again into the court-yard, which was flooded with sunlight, and sat on the stone steps of the apothecary's shop until it was time to start for the station. It was perfectly quiet, every now and then bells ringing, a far-off sound of voices from the meadows lying all around the monastery, where people were working, once or twice a group of white-coated monks (many young ones) passing through the court-yard. They walk with a quick, light step, looking about them, not at all the type of the French priest with downcast eyes fixed on his breviary. Once a gray-haired, kindly looking old man, with a certain air about him, who looked as if he might be the abbot, passed near us. He bowed, raising his broad-brimmed hat to the ladies sitting on the steps of the apothecary's shop; did the same, also raising his hat, to a barefooted country girl carrying two pails swung on a stick across her shoulders who crossed his path.

It seems they live extremely well, these Tepl monks—fish, shoot, and take life easily. King Edward sent them his portrait the other day, two of his gentlemen taking it over. They were most hospitably entertained, and had an excellent luncheon—trout, venison, partridges, and choice Hungarian wines—and all did full justice to the *menu*. The present Abbot Clements is very intelligent and very keen about improving Marienbad in every way. They have just started a golf club there, which the King opened the other day. All the authorities—burgomaster, councillors—and one or two Tepl monks were present. The abbot tried his luck with a golf stick, and gave a good, powerful stroke, sending his ball flying over the meadows.

We found a return carriage on our way to the station, and drove home, which was an improvement on the stuffy little railway carriages. The country all about is pretty—always the same contrast of black pines and bright-green meadows. The town of Tepl, perched high on a hill, with a little blue lake at the bottom reflecting the red roofs and cupolas, was most picturesque. There were charming bits of country life and color all the way home. A pretty little low three-arched bridge, a cart drawn by big white oxen crossing it, a woman with a red petticoat and a pitchfork over her shoulder following; farther on a running stream, the same white oxen splashing through the water, a man in a bright-blue smock walking alongside the cart full of hay, not minding apparently being over his ankles in water, two fair haired children and a dog on the top of the hay; many stone crosses all along the road, and almost always someone, man or woman, kneeling and absorbed—pictures everywhere. Pauline had her kodak, but of course one wants the color. The country looked beautifully green, cultivated, and prosperous. Many people—women mostly—working in the fields, and all smiling and friendly. We didn't understand all they said to us in their curious soft South German *patois*, but the intention was always kindly.

The weather continues enchanting and the outdoor life most enjoyable. At first the steep paths and climbs seemed a great undertaking, but one gets accustomed to them. Now we walk straight up without stopping to rest. There are benches everywhere, generally occupied by very large Germans, two taking up entirely a bench for four, and not making the slightest effort to make room for anyone else. I did sit down one day, being rather tired, and was instantly admonished by one of the *gardiens* who are always about. He stopped in front of me, shaking his head, saying, "Nicht sitzen, nicht essen, immer laufen, dass ist Marienbad" (Not sit down, not eat, always going, that is Marienbad); and he is about right. One of the great events of the day is the weighing. There are several shops in the Colonnade where one goes through that performance. We sit in rather a formidable looking arm-chair, being careful always to have on exactly the same things (even the difference of boots and low shoes is considered, and the young lady who officiates takes great pains with the weights, so anxious to give pleasure and proclaim a great diminution in one's kilos. Some people gain the first week, and are much dejected in consequence.

We went over on Sunday to have tea with the Metternichs, who have a fine estate including the little "Kurort" of Königswart, a drive of about an hour and a half from here. In fact, their woods came straight down to Marienbad, and their deer-park begins close to the Jäger Haus, one of the favorite cafés. The drive through the park is quite

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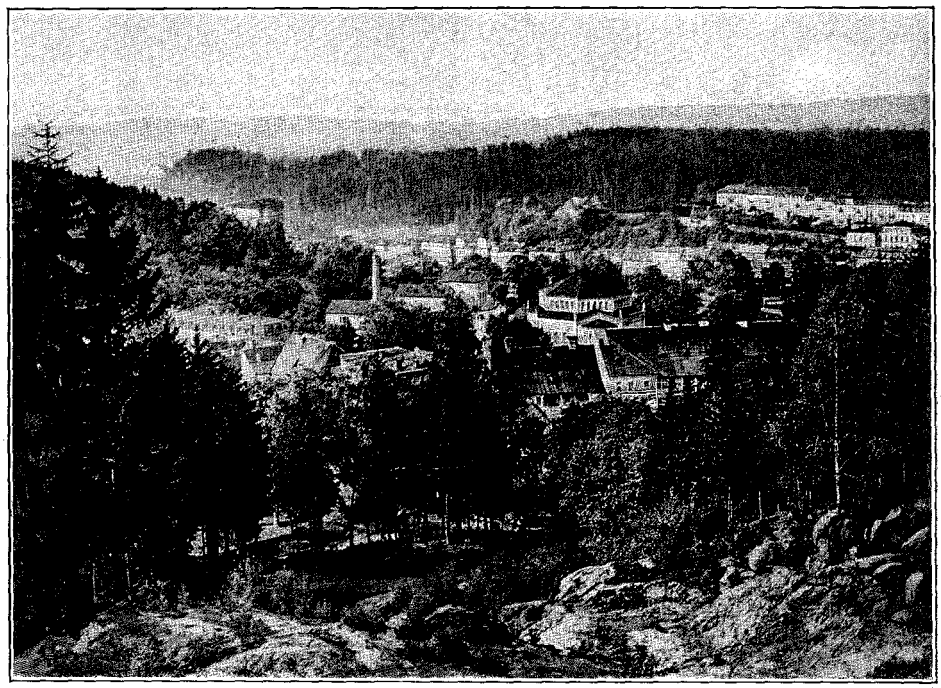

Marienbad from the Steinbruch.

beautiful, very wild in some parts, hillsides black with thick pine woods, always the long narrow alleys cut through them running straight away to the sky-line, lovely green valleys and meadows, with little clear mountain torrents splashing over rocks and big stones, and the carriage-road occasionally so narrow and shut in when we were going through a bit of wood that it was quite dark, and we wondered if the night had suddenly fallen.

The descent upon Königswart, coming out of the thick woods upon the smiling little place, all white villas, gardens, and pretty green paths, was charming. It seems the waters are very good; not as strong as the Marienbad Springs. The air is delicious and the place is much quieter and less fashionable than Marienbad. The Schloss Metternich is some distance off; stands low and rather near the road. It is not very imposing: a long, low, yellow house with no pretence to architecture, three sides of a square. There is a short avenue of fine trees, a handsome entrance, and big wrought-iron gates. We drove into the court-yard, and were received by a chasseur and two footmen. One of them took us through the hall, which is wide and light, with deers' heads and various birds and beasts on the walls, to the garden, where we found the prince and princess and two or three ladies sitting at a tea-table under an enormous tree. Prince Metternich, grandson of the famous Metternich of the Congrès de Vienne, is a good type of the courteous Austrian gentleman; the princess, tall, well dressed, graceful; both most amiable. They receive informally every Sunday afternoon, and are very civil to all their friends who come to Marienbad. They have often shooting lunches, which are very pleasant. Plenty of big game, and everything very well arranged. The prince is very particular about the costume of his guests, and likes them all to wear the dull-green cloth which one sees on all the men here, masters and servant alike. Consequently the Marienbad tailors have done a flourishing business, as the women, too, are expected to dress in the same manner, and everyone orders green shooting costumes. Prince Metternich was very eloquent over one lady who came to lunch and shoot one day, attired in bright red, with a very high hat surmounted by red, waving plumes, which he said would have frightened away the most unwary of roe-bucks.

We were very ready to have a cup of tea

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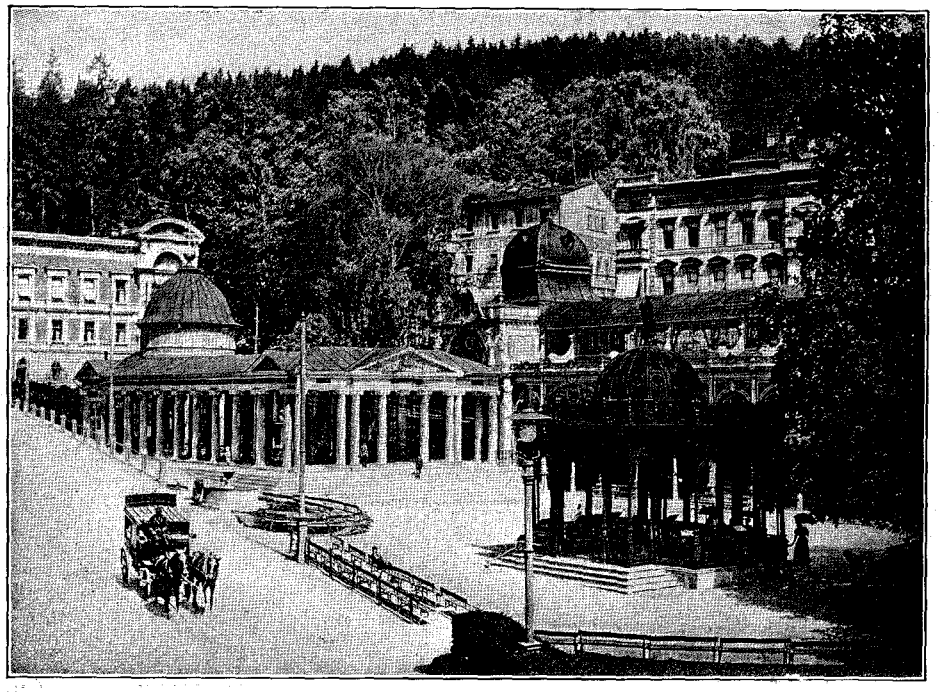

The Kreuzbrunnen, Marienbad

after our long drive, and I was glad to have one or more of the delicious Austrian cakes. There were dozens of all kinds on the table, but Henrietta was stern, and would take nothing that wasn't "Kur-gemäss," which means dry bread. The visit was pleasant enough. All the women spoke French, knew Paris well, and were rather keen about French politics. We walked about the garden a little after tea. It was not particularly interesting—not many flowers. Prince Metternich said they considered this place merely a shooting-box, and gave most of their attention to the game and the woods. They advised us to drive through the home park on our way back to Marienbad. It is pretty, beautifully green, some fine trees, but not particularly well kept—rather left to its natural beauties. There is a good-sized lake, and at the end of one of the long alleys an open chapel with a large Christ on the cross. It is evidently a place of pilgrimage, as quite a number of people were assembled there, standing and kneeling in front of the cross. There was the usual restaurant just outside the park gates, not quite so near the house as the one at Gladsden, but managed on the same principle by one of their own *régisseurs*. It was crowded with people, all pouring out from the park, which is open to the public nearly every day.

We drove back the same way through the *Thiergarten*, and most lovely it was in the soft afternoon light. We were rather late and had the place to ourselves. Quantities of rabbits scuttled across the road, their white tails just visible in the long grass; two large birds (the coachman said they were eagles) sailed over the tops of the trees, and once in the distance we saw three or four stags standing on the hillside, their antlers well outlined against the bright orange sunset clouds and their heads turned in the direction of the carriage. They galloped away as soon as they heard the noise of the wheels, and were probably much farther off than they looked. We didn't see any keeper's house, nor habitation of any kind; but met three or four men dressed in green, with guns, who looked like keepers. They wished us good-evening very smilingly, not raising their hats, merely a friendly nod.

30th.

To-day on the Promenade no one talked of anything but the peace which is at last announced. People were crowding around the newspaper stalls and reading the bulletins. It reminded me of the days of the

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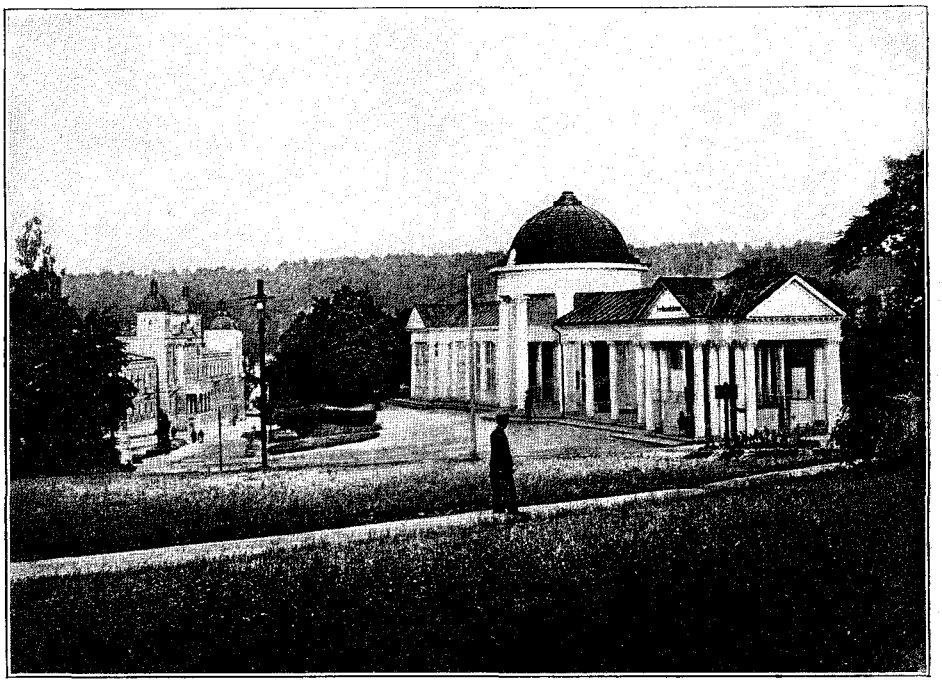

Ferdinandbrunnen, Marienbad

Dreyfus trial, when the crowd used to wait for the papers when the court was sitting at Rennes. We had a talk with King Edward, who is much pleased. He has been very preoccupied these last days when the negotiations seemed to hang fire. He paid a splendid tribute to President Roosevelt, "the only man in the world who could have done it." It was very pleasant to us as Americans to hear the way in which every one spoke of the President. As someone said, his name was on every lip as the great peacemaker. I believe I am a French-woman *devant la loi*, but I never see the Stars and Stripes without something in my heart telling me I was born under them.

September 4th.

We have had a pleasant afternoon at Eger, the little frontier town where all the great expresses—London, Vienna, and Paris—stop. It is well known to all the Marienbad *Kurgäste*, as there is a long wait there, when one gets out of the Carlsbad express, before the Marienbad train is formed. The station is a dirty little place, with stuffy waiting-rooms and an impossible buffet. As one has generally been shaken to death in the *train de luxe* those last two hours seem the longest of the twenty-four. The town is most picturesque, has quite the cachet of a *place forte* and the old part looks really mediæval and black with age. Most curious old, queerly built houses—some very high, with pointed roofs, narrow windows, a staircase outside apparently just hanging on to the old black walls; and some, hardly one story high, disappearing under a heavy projecting roof, a jumble of black towers, red roofs, carved balconies, gables, one or two façades of old houses with cornices and doors elaborately carved—sometimes one solitary statue on a great expanse of stone wall. The crooked, badly paved narrow streets run up and down hill and around corners; and every now and then in a niche in the walls one comes upon a stone figure, roughly carved, of a saint. Eger has had its page of history and has changed owners many times, being sometimes quite free, a *Bürgerstadt*, sometimes a German town, finally incorporated into the Austrian Empire.

We went first to the Kaiser Burg, which one sees from a great distance, with its famous black tower made out of great blocks of lava. It is a ruin now, but quite enough remains of walls and chapel to make it interesting. The double chapel is curious,

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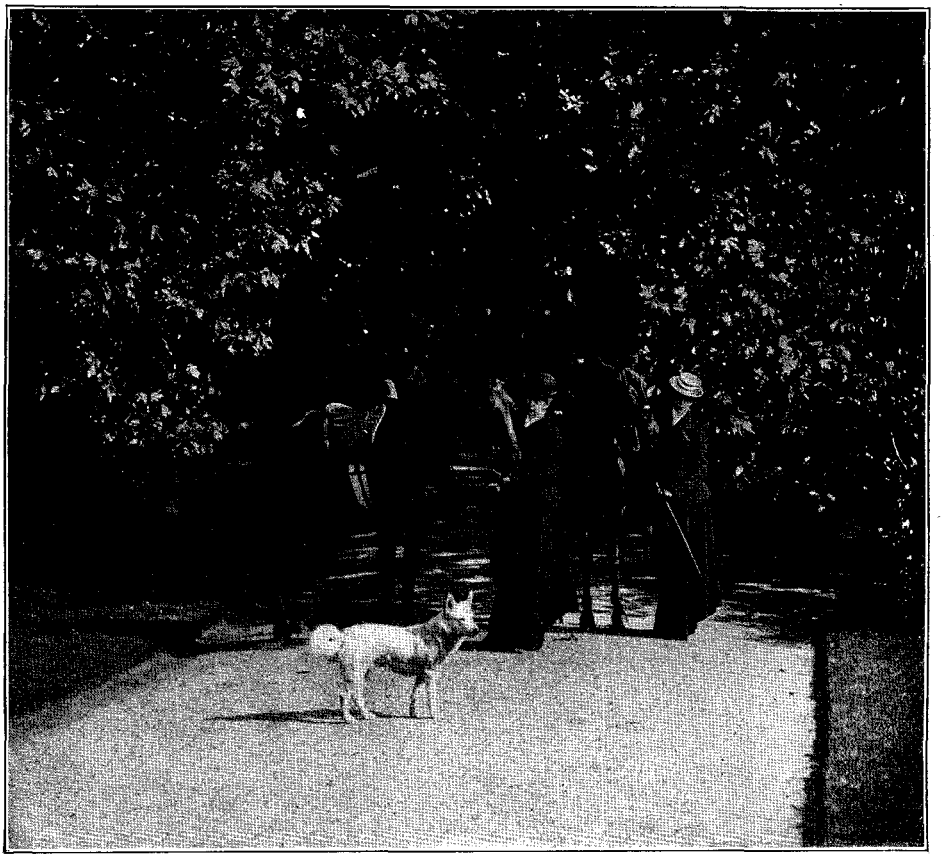

Crown-Princess Stephanie and her daughter, Archduchess Elizabeth, at Marienbad.

and very well preserved. Two stories, the lower one with very thick walls and massive granite columns hardly touched by time. The upper chapel, seen through an opening in the vaulted ceiling, has beautiful slender marble columns, the capitals finely carved. It was connected by a passage which no longer exists with the castle and banqueting hall—the quality of course using the upper chapel, the retainers and people the lower one. There are some charming arched windows with delicate little columns in the banqueting hall. One wonders that they still exist, as the hall is open to all the winds of heavens.

The view from the ramparts over the Egerländer plain was charming—the mountains neither so near nor so black as at Marienbad; a pretty little river, navigable (we saw steamboats, and they told us there were some charming excursions to be made), winds along through the meadows and little hamlets, of which there are many scattered over the plains, their red steeples making a bright spot in the general green of the fields and woods. Under the black tower are several rooms, a sort of casemate with very thick walls, high narrow slits for windows, or to fire from. When the town was attacked, which happened often in those wild days, the women, children, and beasts were driven promiscuously into the dark cellars, and kept there until peace was restored.

From there we went to the Stadt Haus through funny little crooked dark streets, with such sharp corners and so narrow we wondered how the carriage could get through, but it did, and we didn't run over any of the quantities of children playing in the middle of the street—which seemed a miracle. The Stadt Haus, which is in the market-place, is not particularly attractive nor picturesque from the outside. A notice on the door told us we could get cards of ad-

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mission by applying to the *guichet* on the left; but as we found no one there but a black cat blinking solemnly at us, we didn't quite know what to do. However, a man in uniform appeared from a sort of barrack room around the corner, gave us cards, and told us to go upstairs. We would find a bell at the top, which we must ring, and a guide would appear. We loitered a few minutes in the court-yard, which is curious; a carved wooden balcony runs all around it, and at one end is a fine staircase of black carved wood. We went upstairs, rang the bell. No one appeared. Rang a second time, a louder peal, the bell having that hard metallic clang of a bell that rings in an empty house. Nothing. We penetrated into a dark, low passage which led—nowhere; tried to open one or two doors, but no one appeared, so I went down to the guard-room to see if someone could be found who would come to our assistance. I found three or four men in uniform, smoking and playing cards. One of them got up, very reluctantly, evidently being much put out at having to leave his friends and game, fumbled about with some keys, and told us to come with him. We followed him up the staircase which opens on a fair-sized hall, all panelled in dark wood, dismal and gloomy beyond description, with mysterious corners and recesses. The room where Wallenstein was murdered opens out from the hall, and is equally dark and uncanny, the same black panels and high, narrow windows giving as little light as possible. One could quite imagine the scene. A stormy winter night, Wallenstein alone, consulting the stars. His faithful astrologer had warned him of dire misfortunes, treachery all around him, but the proud soldier had implicit faith in his star, didn't believe that anyone would dare touch him. The end was quick—a rush of armed men up the staircase, two servants murdered at the door of his room, and Wallenstein killed instantly by one of his own officers, the weapon striking him with so much force that it went straight through his body, and he fell dead at his assassin's feet.

The museum is not particularly interesting; many relics of Wallenstein (but I fancy the most important are at Prague) — uniforms, arms, trophies of all kinds, and various portraits—the one we always see of Wallenstein in armor, his hands resting on his sword-hilt, rather a sad face, and one as a boy about twelve years old, with a charming expression, gay, fearless, a child's frank eyes. Our guide was not very communicative. His information seemed bounded by the fact that Wallenstein had been murdered a "long time ago," so we contented ourselves with his "little knowledge" and tried to find Schiller's tragedy in the bookshop, but couldn't, and only a very uninteresting photograph of the great soldier.

September 6th.

Our stay is coming to an end. It is time to go. The early morning at the Spring is cold —one is glad to have a warm coat—and the afternoons are generally damp and foggy. We took advantage of one of the last bright days to go up to Rubezahl, one of the new cafés beautifully situated on the edge of the hill, in the heart of the pine woods. The climb up is rather steep, but the air delicious when one gets up and the view divine. The thick woods quite shut out Marienbad. One sees nothing but blue hills rolling away in the distance, meeting the clouds; great patches of black on the hillsides marking the pine woods, and the soft sighing and fragrance of the pines all around us. There is an excellent band from Vienna; they play with a great deal of *entrain*, the leader quite reminding me of the old Strauss, almost dancing on his platform. They sang in chorus sometimes, when they were playing any well-known melody or folk-song, which always produced wild applause. I got a little tired of the music at the end; it was always so light and gay. In the *Volkslieder* one would like occasionally the pathetic, minor strain that runs through so many of them, particularly Russian and Irish.

I shall leave with the same impression I had on arriving: low gray clouds far down on the mountains, the tops of the trees making a long black line in the sky, and a thick white mist shutting in the valley.

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A KNIGHT OF THE CUMBERLAND

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

V

WINTER drew a gray veil over the mountains, wove into it tiny jewels of frost and turned it many times into a mask of snow, before spring broke again among them and in Marston's impatient heart. No spring had ever been like that to him. The coming of young leaves and flowers and bird-song meant but one joy for the hills to him—the Blight was coming back to them. All those weary waiting months he had clung grimly to his work. He must have heard from her sometimes, else I think he would have gone to her; but I knew the Blight's pen was reluctant and casual for anybody, and, moreover, she was having a strenuous winter at home. That he knew as well, for he took one paper, at least, that he might simply read her name. He saw accounts of her many social doings as well, and ate his heart out as lovers have done for all time gone and will do for all time to come.

I, too, was away all winter, but I got back a month before the Blight, to learn much of interest that had come about. The Hon. Samuel Budd had ear-wagged himself into the legislature, had moved that Court-House, and was going to be State Senator. The Wild Dog had confined his reckless career to his own hills through the winter, but when spring came, migratory-like, he began to take frequent wing to the Gap. So far, he and Marston had never come into personal conflict, though Marston kept ever ready for him, and several times they had met in the road, eyed each other in passing and made no hipward gesture at all. But then Marston had never met him when the Wild Dog was drunk—and when sober, I took it that the one act of kindness from the engineer always stayed his hand. But the Police Guard at the Gap saw him quite often—and to it he was a fearful and elusive nuisance. He seemed to be staying somewhere within a radius of ten miles, for every night or two he would circle about the town, yelling and firing his pistol, and when we chased him, escaping through the Gap or up the valley or down in Lee. Many plans were laid to catch him, but all failed, and finally he came in one day and gave himself up and paid his fines. Afterward I recalled that the time of this gracious surrender to law and order was but little subsequent to one morning when a woman who brought butter and eggs to my little sister casually asked when that "purty slim little gal with the snappin' black eyes was a-comin' back." And the little sister, pleased with the remembrance, had said cordially that she was coming very soon.

Thereafter the Wild Dog was in town every day, and he behaved well until one Saturday he got drunk again, and this time, by a peculiar chance, it was Marston again who leaped on him, wrenched his pistol away, and put him in the calaboose. Again he paid his fine, promptly visited a "blind tiger," came back to town, emptied a borrowed pistol at Marston on sight and fled for the hills.

The enraged guard chased him across the Kentucky line and from that day the Wild Dog was a marked man. The Guard wanted many men, but if they could have had their choice they would have picked out of the world of malefactors that same Wild Dog.

Why all this should have thrown the Hon. Samuel Budd into such gloom I could not understand—except that the Wild Dog had been so loyal a henchman to him in politics; but later I learned a better reason, that

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threatened to cost the Hon. Sam much more than the fines that, as I later learned, he had been paying for his mountain friend.

Meanwhile, the Blight was coming from her Northern home through the green lowlands of Jersey, the fat pastures of Maryland, and, as the white dresses of schoolgirls and the shining faces of darkies thickened at the stations, she knew that she was getting southward. All the way she was known and welcomed, and next morning she awoke with the keen air of the distant mountains in her nostrils and an expectant light in her happy eyes. At least the light was there when she stepped daintily from the dusty train and it leaped a little, I fancied, when Marston, bronzed and flushed, held out his sunburned hand. Like a convent girl she babbled questions to the little sister as the dummy puffed along and she bubbled like wine over the mid-summer glory of the hills. And well she might, for the glory of the mountains, full-leafed, shrouded in evening shadows, blue-veiled in the distance, was unspeakable, and through the Gap the sun was sending his last rays as though he, too, meant to take a peep at her before he started around the world to welcome her next day. And she must know everything at once. The anniversary of the Great Day on which all men were pronounced free and equal was only ten days distant and preparations were going on. There would be a big crowd of mountaineers and there would be sports of all kinds, and games, but the tournament was to be the feature of the day. "A tournament?" "Yes, a tournament," repeated the little sister, and Marston was going to ride and the mean thing would not tell what mediæval name he meant to take. And the Hon. Sam Budd—did the Blight remember him? (Indeed, she did)—had a "dark horse," and he had bet heavily that his dark horse would win the tournament—whereat the little sister looked at Marston and at the Blight and smiled disdainfully. And the Wild Dog—*did* she remember him? I checked the sister here with a glance, for Marston looked uncomfortable and the Blight saw me do it, and on the point of saying something she checked herself and her face, I thought, paled a little.

That night I learned why—when she came in from the porch after Marston was gone. I saw she had wormed enough of the story out of him to worry her, for her face this time was distinctly pale. I would tell her no more than she knew, however, and then she said she was sure she had seen the Wild Dog herself that afternoon, sitting on his horse in the bushes near a station in Wildcat Valley. She was sure that he saw her, and his face had frightened her. I knew her fright was for Marston and not for herself, so I laughed at her fears. She was mistaken—Wild Dog was an outlaw now and he would not dare appear at the Gap, and there was no chance that he could harm her or Marston. And yet I was uneasy.

It must have been a happy ten days for those two young people. Every afternoon Marston would come in from the mines and they would go off horseback together, over ground that I well knew—for I had been all over it myself—up through the gray-peaked rhododendron-bordered Gap with the swirling water below them and the gray rock high above where another such foolish lover lost his life, climbing to get a flower for his sweetheart, or down the winding dirt road into Lee, or up through the beech woods behind Imboden Hill, or climbing the spur of Morris's Farm to watch the sunset over the majestic Big Black Mountains, where the Wild Dog lived, and back through the fragrant, cool, moonlit woods. He was doing his best, Marston was, and he was having trouble—as every man should. And that trouble I knew even better than he, for I had once known a Southern girl who was so tender of heart that she could refuse no man who really loved her—she accepted him and sent him to her father, who did all of her refusing for her. And I knew no man would know that he had won the Blight until he had her at the altar and the priestly hand of benediction was above her head.

Of such kind was the Blight. Every night when they came in I could read the story of the day, always in his face and sometimes in hers; and it was a series of ups and downs that must have wrung the boy's heart bloodless. Still I was in good hope for him, until the crisis came on the night before the Fourth. The quarrel was as plain as though typewritten on the face of each. Marston would not come in that night and the Blight went dinnerless to bed and cried herself to sleep. She told the little sister that she had seen the Wild Dog again peering through the bushes, and that she

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was frightened. That was her explanation—but I guessed a better one.

VI

IT was a day to make glad the heart of slave or freeman. The earth was cool from a night-long rain, and a gentle breeze fanned coolness from the North all day long. The clouds were snow-white, tumbling, ever-moving, and between them the sky showed blue and deep. Grass, leaf, weed, and flower were in the richness that comes to the green things of the earth just before that full tide of summer comes whose foam is drifting thistledown. The air was clear and the mountains seemed to have brushed the haze from their faces and drawn nearer that they, too, might better see the doings of that day.

From the four winds of heaven, that morning, came the brave and the free. Up from Lee, down from Little Stone Gap, and from over in Scott, came the valley farmers—horseback, in buggies, hacks, two-horse wagons, with wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, in white dresses, beflowered hats, and many ribbons, and with dinner-baskets stuffed with good things to eat—old ham, young chicken, angel-cake and blackberry wine—to be spread in the sunless shade of great poplar and oak. From Bum Hollow and Wild Cat Valley and from up the slopes that lead to Cracker's Neck came smaller tillers of the soil—as yet but faintly marked by the gewgaw trappings of the outer world; while from beyond High Knob, whose crown is in cloud-land, and through the Gap, came the mountaineer in the primitive simplicity of homespun and cowhide, wide-brimmed hat and poke-bonnet, quaint speech, and slouching gait. Through the Gap he came in two streams—the Virginians from Crab Orchard and Wise and Dickinson, the Kentuckians from Letcher and feudal Harlan, beyond the Big Black—and not a man carried a weapon in sight, for the stern spirit of that Police Guard at the Gap was respected wide and far. Into the town, which sits on a plateau some twenty feet above the level of the two rivers that all but encircle it, they poured, hitching their horses in the strip of woods that runs through the heart of the place, and broadens into a primeval park that, fan-like, opens on the oval level field where all things happen on the Fourth of July. About the street they loitered—lovers hand in hand—eating fruit and candy and drinking soda-water, or sat on the curb-stone, mothers with babies at their breasts and toddling children clinging close—all waiting for the celebration to begin.

It was a great day for the Hon. Samuel Budd. With a cheery smile and beaming goggles, he moved among his constituents, joking with yokels, saying nice things to mothers, paying gallantries to girls, and chucking babies under the chin. He felt popular and he was—so popular that he had begun to see himself with prophetic eye in a congressional seat at no distant day; and yet, withal, he was not wholly happy.

"Do you know," he said, "them fellers I made bets with in the tournament got together this morning and decided, all of 'em, that they wouldn't let me off? Jerusalem, it's 'most five hundred dollars!" And, looking the picture of dismay, he told me his dilemma.

It seems that his "dark horse" was none other than the Wild Dog, who had been practising at home for this tournament for nearly a year; and now that the Wild Dog was an outlaw, he, of course, wouldn't and couldn't come to the Gap. And said the Hon. Sam. Budd:

"Them fellers says I bet I'd *bring in* a dark horse who would *win* this tournament, and if I don't *bring* him in, I lose just the same as though I had brought him in and he hadn't won. An' I reckon they've got me."

"I guess they have."

"It would have been like pickin' money off a blackberry-bush, for I was goin' to let the Wild Dog have that black horse o' mine—the steadiest and fastest runner in this country—and my, how that fellow can pick off the rings! He's been a-practising for a year, and I believe he could run the point o' that spear of his through a lady's finger ring."

"You'd better get somebody else."

"Ah—that's it. The Wild Dog sent word he'd send over another feller, named Dave Branham, who has been practising with him, who's just as good, he says, as he is. I'm looking for him at twelve o'clock, an' I'm goin' to take him down an' see what he can do on that black horse o' mine. But if he's no good, I lose five hundred, all right," and he sloped away to his duties. For it was the Hon. Sam who was master of ceremonies

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that day. He was due now to read the Declaration of Independence in a poplar grove to all who would listen; he was to act as umpire at the championship base-ball game in the afternoon, and he was to give the "Charge" to the assembled knights before the tournament.

At ten o'clock the games began—and I took the Blight and the little sister down to the "grand stand"—several tiers of backless benches with leaves for a canopy and the river singing through rhododendrons behind. There was jumping broad and high, and a 100-yard dash and hurdling and throwing the hammer, which the Blight said were not interesting—they were too much like college sports—and she wanted to see the base-ball game and the tournament. And yet Marston was in them all—dogged and resistless—his teeth set and his eyes anywhere but lifted toward the Blight, who secretly proud, as I believed, but openly defiant, mentioned not his name even when he lost, which was twice only.

"Pretty good, isn't he?" I said.

"Who?" she said indifferently.

"Oh, nobody," I said, turning to smile, but not turning quickly enough.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Blight sharply.

"Nothing, nothing at all," I said, and straightway the Blight thought she wanted to go home. The thunder of the Declaration was still rumbling in the poplar grove.

"That's the Hon. Sam Budd," I said. "Don't you want to hear him?"

"I don't care who it is—and I don't want to hear him, and I think you are hateful."

Ah, dear me, it was more serious than I thought. There were tears in her eyes, and I led the Blight and the little sister home—conscience-stricken and humbled. Still I would find that young jackanapes of an engineer and let him know that anybody who made the Blight unhappy must deal with me. I would take him by the neck and pound some sense into him. I found him lofty, uncommunicative, perfectly alien to any consciousness that I could have any knowledge of what was going on or any right to poke my nose into anybody's business—and I did nothing except go back to lunch—to find the Blight upstairs and the little sister indignant with me.

"You just let them alone," she said severely.

"Let who alone?" I said, lapsing into the speech of childhood.

"You—just—let—them—alone," she repeated.

"I've already made up my mind to that."

"Well, then!" she said, with an air of satisfaction, but why I don't know.

I went back to the poplar grove. The Declaration was over and the crowd was gone, but there was the Hon. Samuel Budd, mopping his brow with one hand, slapping his thigh with the other, and all but executing a pigeon-wing on the turf. He turned goggles on me that literally shone triumph.

"He's come—Dave Branham's come!" he said. "He's better than the Wild Dog. I've been trying him on the black horse and, Lord, how he can take them rings off! Ha, won't I get into them fellows who wouldn't let me off this morning! Oh, yes, I agreed to bring in a dark horse, and I'll bring him in all right. That five hundred is in my clothes now. You see that point yonder? Well, there's a hollow there and bushes all around. That's where I'm going to dress him. I've got his clothes all right and a name for him. This thing is a-goin' to come off accordin' to Hoyle, Ivanhoe, Four-Quarters-of-Beef, and all them mediæval fellows. Just watch me!"

I began to get newly interested, for that knight's name I suddenly recalled. Little Buck, the Wild Dog's brother, had mentioned him, when we were over in the Kentucky hills, as practising with the Wild Dog—as being "mighty good, but nowhar 'longside o' Mart." So the Hon. Sam might have a good substitute, after all, and being a devoted disciple of Sir Walter, I knew his knight would rival, in splendor, at least, any that rode with King Arthur in days of old.

The Blight was very quiet at lunch, as was the little sister, and my effort to be jocose was a lamentable failure. So I gave news.

"The Hon. Sam has a substitute." No curiosity and no question.

"Who—did you say? Why, Dave Branham, a friend of the Wild Dog. Don't you remember Buck telling us about him?" No answer. "Well, I do—and, by the way, I saw Buck and one of the big sisters just a while ago. Her name is Mollie. Dave Branham is her sweetheart. The other big sister had to stay at home with her mother and little Cindy, who's sick. Of course, I didn't ask them about Mart—the Wild Dog.

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They knew I knew, and they wouldn't have liked it. The Wild Dog's around, I understand, but he won't dare show his face. Every policeman in town is on the lookout for him." I thought the Blight's face showed a signal of relief.

"I'm going to play short-stop," I added.

"Oh!" said the Blight, with a smile, but the little sister said with some scorn:

"You!"

"I'll show you," I said, and I told the Blight about base-ball at the Gap. We had introduced base-ball into the region and the valley boys and mountain boys, being swift runners, throwing like a rifle-shot from constant practice with stones, and being hard as nails, caught the game quickly and with great ease. We beat them all the time at first, but now they were beginning to beat us. We had a league now, and this was the championship game for the pennant.

"It was right funny the first time we beat a native team. Of course, we got together and cheered 'em. They thought we were cheering ourselves, so they got red in the face rushed together and whooped it up for themselves for about half an hour."

The Blight almost laughed.

"We used to have to carry our guns around with us at first when we went to other places, and we came near having several fights."

"Oh!" said the Blight excitedly. "Do you think there might be a fight this afternoon?"

"Don't know," I said, shaking my head. "It's pretty hard for eighteen people to fight when nine of them are policemen and there are forty more around. Still the crowd might take a hand."

This, I saw, quite thrilled the Blight and she was in good spirits when we started out.

"Marston doesn't pitch this afternoon," I said to the little sister. "He plays first base. He's saving himself for the tournament. He's done too much already." The Blight merely turned her head while I was speaking. "And the Hon. Sam will not act as umpire. He wants to save his voice—and his head."

The seats in the "grand stand" were in the sun now, so I left the girls in a deserted band-stand that stood on stilts under trees on the southern side of the field, and on a line midway between third base and the position of short-stop. Now there is no enthusiasm in any sport that equals the excitement aroused by a rural base-ball game, and I never saw the enthusiasm of that game outdone except by the excitement of the tournament that followed that afternoon. The game was close and Marston and I assuredly were stars—Marston one of the first magnitude. "Goose-egg" on one side matched "goose-egg" on the other until the end of the fifth inning, when the engineer knocked a home-run. Spectators threw their hats into the trees, yelled themselves hoarse, and I saw several old mountaineers who understood no more of baseball than of the lost *digamma* in Greek going wild with the general contagion. During these innings I had "assisted" in two doubles and had fired in three "daisy-cutters" to first myself in spite of the guying I got from the opposing rooters. "Four-eyes" they called me, on account of my spectacles until a new nickname came at the last half of the ninth inning, when we were in the field with the score four to three in our favor. It was then that a small, fat boy with a paper megaphone longer than he was waddled out almost to first base and levelling his trumpet at me, thundered out in a sudden silence:

"Hello, Foxy Grandpa!" That was too much. I got rattled, and when there were three men on bases and two out, a swift grounder came to me, I fell—catching it—and threw wildly to first base from my knees. I heard shouts of horror, anger, and distress from everywhere and my own heart stopped beating—I had lost the game—and then Marston leaped in the air—surely it must have been four feet—caught the ball with his left hand and dropped back on the bag. The sound of his foot and the runner's on it was almost simultaneous, but the umpire said Marston's was there first. Then bedlam! One of my brothers was umpire and the captain of the other team walked threateningly out toward him, followed by two of his men with base-ball bats. As I started off myself I saw, with the corner of my eye, another brother of mine start in a run from the left field, and I wondered why a third, who was scoring, sat perfectly still in his chair, particularly as a well-known, red-headed tough from one of the mines who had been officiously antagonistic ran toward the pitcher's box directly in front of him. Instantly a dozen of the guard sprang toward it, some man pulled his pistol, a billy

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cracked straightway on his head, and in a few minutes order was restored. And still the brother scoring hadn't moved from his chair, and I spoke to him hotly.

"Keep your shirt on," he said easily, lifting his score-card with his left hand and showing his right clenched about his pistol under it.

"I was just waiting for that red-head to make a move. I guess I'd have got him first."

I walked back to the Blight and the little sister and both of them looked very serious and rather frightened.

"I don't think I want to see a real fight, after all," said the Blight tremulously. "Not this afternoon."

It was a little singular and prophetic, but just as the words left her lips one of the Police Guard handed me a piece of paper.

"Somebody in the crowd must have dropped it in my pocket," he said. On the paper were scrawled these words:

"*Look out for the Wild Dog!*"

I sent the paper to Marston.

VII

AT last—the tournament!

Ever afterward the Hon. Samuel Budd called it "The Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms—not of Ashby—but of the Gap, by—suh!" The Hon. Samuel had arranged it as nearly after Sir Walter as possible. And a sudden leap it was from the most modern of games to a game most ancient.

No knights of old ever jousted on a lovelier field than the green little valley toward which the Hon. Sam waved one big hand. It was level, shorn of weeds, elliptical in shape, and bound in by trees that ran in a semicircle around the bank of the river, shut in the southern border, and ran back to the northern extremity in a primeval little forest that wood-thrushes, even then, were making musical—all of it shut in by a wall of living green, save for one narrow space through which the knights were to enter. In front waved Wallen's leafy ridge and behind rose the Cumberland Range shouldering itself spur by spur, into the coming sunset and crashing eastward into the mighty bulk of Powell's Mountain, which loomed southward from the head of the valley—all nodding sunny plumes of chestnut.

The Hon. Sam had seen us coming from afar apparently, had come forward to meet us, and he was in high spirits.

"I am Prince John and Waldemar and all the rest of 'em this day," he said, "and 'it is thus,'" quoting Sir Walter, "'that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.'" And so saying, the Hon. Sam marshalled the Blight to a seat of honor next his own.

"And how do you know she is going to be the Queen of Love and Beauty?" asked the little sister. The Hon. Sam winked at me.

"Well, this tournament lies between two gallant knights. One will make her the Queen of his own accord, if he wins, and if the other wins, he's got to, or I'll break his head. I've given orders." And the Hon. Sam looked about right and left on the people who were his that day.

"Observe the nobles and ladies," he said, still following Sir Walter, and waving at the towns-people and visitors in the rude grand stand. "Observe the yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar," waving at the crowd on either side of the stand, "and the promiscuous multitude down the river banks and over the woods and clinging to the tree-tops and to yon telegraph-pole. And there is my herald"—pointing to the cornetist of the local band, "and wait—by my halidom—please just wait until you see my knight on that black charger o' mine."

The Blight and the little sister were convulsed and the Hon. Sam went on:

"Look at my men-at-arms"—the volunteer policemen with bulging hip-pockets, dangling billies and gleaming shields of office—"and at my refreshment tents behind"—where peanuts and pink lemonade were keeping the multitude busy—"and my attendants"—colored gentlemen with sponges and water-buckets—"the armorers and farriers haven't come yet. But my knight—I got his clothes in New York—just wait—Love of Ladies and Glory to the Brave!" Just then there was a commotion on the free seats on one side of the grand stand. A darky starting, in all ignorance, to mount them was stopped and jostled none too good-naturedly back to the ground.

"And see," mused the Hon. Sam, "in lieu of the dog of an unbeliever we have a dark analogy in that son of Ham."

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The little sister plucked me by the sleeve and pointed toward the entrance. Outside and leaning on the fence were Mollie, the big sister, and little Buck. Straightway I got up and started for them. They hung back, but I persuaded them to come, and I led them to seats two tiers below the Blight —who, with my little sister, rose smiling to greet them and shake hands—much to the wonder of the nobles and ladies close about, for Mollie was in brave and dazzling array, blushing fiercely, and little Buck looked as though he would die of such conspicuousness. No embarrassing questions were asked about Mart or Dave Branham, but I noticed that Mollie had purple and crimson ribbons clenched in one brown hand. The purpose of them was plain, and I whispered to the Blight:

"She's going to pin them on Dave's lance." The Hon. Sam heard me.

"Not on your life," he said emphatically. "I ain't takin' chances," and he nodded toward the Blight. "She's got to win, no matter who loses." He rose to his feet suddenly.

"Glory to the Brave—they're comin'! Toot that horn, son," he said; "they're comin'," and the band burst into discordant sounds that would have made the "wild barbaric music" on the field of Ashby sound like a lullaby. The Blight stifled her laughter over that amazing music with her handkerchief, and even the Hon. Sam scowled.

"Gee!" he said; "it is pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Here they come!"

The nobles and ladies on the grand stand, the yeomanry and spectators of better degree, and the promiscuous multitude began to sway expectantly and over the hill came the knights, in single file, gorgeous in velvets and in caps, with waving plumes and with polished spears, vertical, resting on the right stirrup foot and gleaming in the sun.

"A goodly array!" murmured the Hon. Sam.

A crowd of small boys crowded at the fence below, and I observed the Hon. Sam's pockets bulging with peanuts.

"Largesse!" I suggested.

"Good!" he said, and rising he shouted: "Largessy! largessy!" scattering peanuts by the handful among the scrambling urchins.

Down wound the knights behind the back stand of the base-ball field, and then, single file, in front of the nobles and ladies, before whom they drew up and faced, saluting with inverted spears.

The Hon. Sam arose—his truncheon a hickory stick—and in a stentorian voice asked the names of the doughty knights who were there to win glory for themselves and the favor of fair women.

Not all will be mentioned, but among them was the Knight of the Holston—Athelstanic in build—in black stockings, white negligée shirt with Byronic collar, and a broad crimson sash tied with a bow at his right side. There was the Knight of the Green Valley, in green and gold, a green hat with a long white plume, lace ruffles at his sleeves, and buckles on dancing-pumps; a bonny fat knight of Maxwelton Braes, in Highland kilts and a plaid; and the Knight at Large.

"He ought to be caged," murmured the Hon. Sam; for the Knight at Large wore plum-colored velvet, red base-ball stockings, held in place with safety-pins, white tennis shoes, and a very small hat with a very long plume, and the dye was already streaking his face. Marston was the last—sitting easily on his iron gray.

"And your name, Sir Knight?"

"The Discarded," said Marston, with steady eyes. I felt the Blight start at my side and sidewise I saw that her face was crimson.

The Hon. Sam sat down, muttering, for he did not like Marston:

"Wenchless springal!"

Just then my attention was riveted on Mollie and little Buck. Both had been staring silently at the knights as though they were apparitions, but when Marston faced them I saw Buck clutch his sister's arm suddenly and say something excitedly in her ear. Then the mouths of both tightened fiercely and their eyes seemed to be darting lightning at the unconscious knight, who suddenly saw them, recognized them, and smiled past them at me. Again Buck whispered, and from his lips I could make out what he said:

"I wonder whar's Dave?" but Mollie did not answer.

"Which is yours, Mr. Budd?" asked the little sister. The Hon. Sam had leaned back with his thumbs in the armholes of his white waistcoat.

"He ain't come yet. I told him to come last."

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The crowd waited and the knights waited —so long that the mayor rose in his seat some twenty feet away and called out:

"Go ahead, Budd."

"You jus' wait a minute—my man ain't come yet," he said easily, but from various places in the crowd came jeering shouts from the men with whom he had wagered and the Hon. Sam began to look anxious.

"I wonder what is the matter," he added in a lower tone. "I dressed him myself more than an hour ago and I told him to come last, but I didn't mean for him to wait till Christmas—ah!"

The Hon. Sam sank back in his seat again. From somewhere had come suddenly the blare of a solitary trumpet that rang in echoes around the amphitheatre of the hills and, a moment later, a dazzling something shot into sight above the mound that looked like a ball of fire, coming in mid-air. The new knight wore a shining helmet and the Hon. Sam chuckled at the murmur that rose and then he sat up suddenly. There was no face under that helmet—the Hon. Sam's knight was *masked* and the Hon. Sam slapped his thigh with delight.

"Bully—bully! I never thought of it—I never thought of it—bully!"

This was thrilling, indeed—but there was more; the strange knight's body was cased in a flexible suit of glistening mail, his spear-point, when he raised it on high, shone like silver, and he came on like a radiant star—on the Hon. Sam's charger, white-bridled, with long mane and tail and black from tip of nose to tip of that tail as midnight. The Hon. Sam was certainly doing it well. At a slow walk the stranger drew alongside of Marston and turned his spear point downward.

"Gawd!" said an old darky. "Kuklux done come again." And, indeed it looked like a Kuklux mask, white, dropping below the chin, and with eye-holes through which gleamed two bright fires.

The eyes of Buck and Mollie were turned from Marston at last, and open-mouthed they stared.

"Hit's the same hoss—hit's Dave!" said Buck aloud.

"Well, my Lord!" said Mollie simply.

The Hon. Sam rose again.

"And who is Sir Tardy Knight that hither comes with maskèd face?" he asked courteously. He got no answer

"What's your name, son?"

The white mask puffed at the wearer's lips.

"The Knight of the Cumberland," was the low, muffled reply.

"Make him take that thing off!" shouted someone.

"What's he got it on fer?" shouted another.

"I don't know, friend," said the Hon. Sam; "but it is not my business nor prithee thine; since by the laws of the tournament a knight may ride masked for a specified time or until a particular purpose is achieved, that purpose being, I wot, victory for himself and for me a handful of byzants from thee."

"Now, go ahead, Budd," called the mayor again. "Are you going crazy?"

The Hon. Sam stretched out his arms once to loosen them for gesture, thrust his chest out, and uplifted his chin: "Fair ladies, nobles of the realm, and good knights," he said sonorously, and he raised one hand to his mouth and behind it spoke aside to me:

"How's my voice—how's my voice?"

"Great!"

His question was serious, for the mask of humor had dropped and the man was transformed. I knew his inner seriousness, his oratorical command of good English, and I knew the habit, not uncommon among stump-speakers in the South, of falling, through humor, carelessness, or for the effect of flattering comradeship, into all the lingual sins of rural speech; but I was hardly prepared for the soaring flight the Hon. Sam took now. He started with one finger pointed heavenward:

> "The knights are dust
> And their good swords are rust;
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

"Scepticism is but a harmless phantom in these mighty hills. We *believe* that with the saints is the *good* knight's soul, and if, in the radiant unknown, the eyes of those who have gone before can pierce the little Shadow that lies between, we know that the good knights of old look gladly down on these good knights of to-day. For it is good to be remembered. The tireless struggle for name and fame since the sunrise of history attests it; and the ancestry worship in the East and the world-wide hope of immortality show the fierce hunger in the human soul that the memory of it not only shall not perish from this earth, but that, across the Great Divide, it shall live on—neither forgetting nor forgotten. You are here in

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memory of those good knights to prove that the age of chivalry is not gone; that though their good swords are rust, the stainless soul of them still illumines every harmless spear-point before me and makes it a torch that shall reveal, in your own hearts still aflame, their courage, their chivalry, their sense of protection for the weak, and the honor in which they held pure women, brave men, and almighty God.

"The tournament, some say, goes back to the walls of Troy. The form of it passed with the wind-mills that Don Quixote charged. It is with you to keep the high spirit of it an ever-burning vestal fire. It was a deadly play of old—it is a harmless play to you this day. But the prowess of the game is unchanged; for the skill to strike those pendent rings is no less than was the skill to strike armor-joint, visor, or plumèd crest. It was of old an exercise for deadly combat on the field of battle; it is no less an exercise now to you for the field of life—for the quick eye, the steady nerve, and the deft hand which shall help you strike the mark at which, outside these lists, you aim. And the crowning triumph is still just what it was of old—that to the victor the Rose of his world—made by him the Queen of Love and Beauty for us all—shall give her smile and with her own hands place on his brow a thornless crown."

Perfect silence honored the Hon. Samuel Budd. The mayor was nodding vigorous approval, the jeering ones kept still, and after the last deep-toned word passed like music from his lips the silence held sway for a little while before the burst of applause came. Every Knight had straightened in his saddle and was looking very grave. Marston's eyes never left the speaker's face, except once, when they turned with an unconscious appeal, I thought, to the downcast face of the Blight—whereat the sympathetic little sister seemed close to tears. The Knight of the Cumberland shifted in his saddle as though he did not quite understand what was going on, and once Mollie, seeing the eyes through the mask-holes fixed on her, blushed furiously, and little Buck grinned back a delighted recognition. The Hon. Sam sat down, visibly affected by his own eloquence; slowly he wiped his face and then he rose again.

"Your colors, Sir Knights," he said, with a commanding wave of his truncheon, and one by one the knights spurred forward and each held his lance into the grand stand that some fair one might tie thereon the colors he was to wear. Marston, without looking at the Blight, held his up to the little sister and the Blight carelessly turned her face while the demure sister was busy with her ribbons, but I noticed that the little ear next to me was tingling red for all her brave look of unconcern. Only the Knight of the Cumberland sat still.

"What!" said the Hon. Sam, rising to his feet, his eyes twinkling and his mask of humor on again; "sees this maskèd springal"—the Hon. Sam seemed much enamored of that ancient word—"no maid so fair that he will not beg from her the boon of colors gay that he may carry them to victory and receive from her hands a wreath therefor?" Again the Knight of the Cumberland seemed not to know that the Hon. Sam's winged words were meant for him, so the statesman translated them into a mutual vernacular.

"Remember what I told you, son," he said. "Hold up yo' spear here to someone of these gals jes' like the other fellows are doin'," and as he sat down he tried surreptitiously to indicate the Blight with his index finger, but the knight failed to see and the Blight's face was so indignant and she rebuked him with such a knife-like whisper that, humbled, the Hon. Sam collapsed in his seat, muttering:

"The fool don't know you—he don't know you."

For the Knight of the Cumberland had turned the black horse's head and was riding, like Ivanhoe, in front of the nobles and ladies, his eyes burning up at them through the holes in his white mask. Again he turned, his mask still uplifted, and the behavior of the beauties there, as on the field of Ashby, was no whit changed: "Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight forward and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on, some drew back in alarm which was perhaps affected, some endeavored to forbear smiling and there were two or three who laughed outright." Only none "dropped a veil over her charms" and thus none incurred the suspicion, as on that field of Ashby, that she was "a beauty of ten years' standing" whose motive, gallant Sir Walter supposes in defence, however, was

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doubtless "a surfeit of such vanities and a willingness to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age." But the most conscious of the fair was Mollie below, whose face was flushed and whose brown fingers were nervously twisting the ribbons in her lap and I saw Buck nudge her and heard him whisper:

"Dave ain't going to pick *you* out, I tell ye. I heered Mr. Budd thar myself tell him he *had* to pick out some other gal."

"You hush!" said Mollie indignantly.

It looked as though the Knight of the Cumberland had grown rebellious and meant to choose whom he pleased, but on his way back the Hon. Sam must have given more surreptitious signs, for the Knight of the Cumberland reined in before the Blight and held up his lance to her. Straightway the colors that were meant for Marston fluttered from the Knight of the Cumberland's spear. I saw Marston bite his lips and I saw Mollie's face aflame with fury and her eyes darting lightning—no longer at Marston now, but at the Blight. The mountain girl held nothing against the city girl because of the Wild Dog's infatuation, but that her own lover, no matter what the Hon. Sam said, should give his homage also to the Blight, in her own presence, was too much. Mollie looked around no more. Again the Hon. Sam rose.

"Love of ladies," he shouted, "splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights! Fair eyes look upon your deeds! Toot again, son!"

Now just opposite the grand stand was a post some ten feet high, with a small beam projecting from the top toward the spectators. From the end of this hung a wire, the end of which was slightly upturned in line with the course, and on the tip of this wire a steel ring about an inch in diameter hung lightly. Nearly forty yards below this was a similar ring similarly arranged; and at a similar distance below that was still another, and at the blast from the Hon. Sam's herald, the gallant knights rode slowly, two by two, down the lists to the western extremity—the Discarded Knight and the Knight of the Cumberland, stirrup to stirrup, riding last—where they all drew up in line, some fifty yards beyond the westernmost post. This distance they took that full speed might be attained before jousting at the first ring, since the course—much over one hundred yards long—must be covered in seven seconds or less, which was no slow rate of speed. The Hon. Sam arose again:

"The Knight of the Holston!"

Farther down the lists a herald took up the same cry and the good knight of Athelstanic build backed his steed from the line and took his place at the head of the course.

With his hickory truncheon the Hon. Sam signed to his trumpeter to sound the onset.

"Now, son!" he said.

With the blare of the trumpet Athelstane sprang from his place and came up the course, his lance at rest; a tinkling sound and the first ring slipped down the knight's spear and when he swept past the last post there was a clapping of hands, for he held three rings triumphantly aloft. And thus they came, one by one, until each had run the course three times, the Discarded jousting next to the last and the Knight of the Cumberland riding with a reckless "Cave, adsum air the very last!" At the second joust it was quite evident that the victory lay between these two, as they only had not lost a single ring, and when the black horse thundered by the Hon. Sam shouted "Brave lance!" and jollied his betting enemies, while Buck hugged himself triumphantly and Mollie seemed temporarily to lose her chagrin and anger in pride of her lover, Dave. On the third running the Knight of the Cumberland excited a sensation by sitting upright, waving his lance up and down between the posts and lowering it only when the ring was within a few feet of its point. His recklessness cost him one ring, but as the Discarded had lost one, they were still tied, with eight rings to the credit of each, for the first prize. Only four others were left—the Knight of the Holston and the Knight of the Green Valley tying with seven rings for second prize, and the fat Maxwelton Braes and the Knight at Large tying with six rings for the third. The crowd was eager now and the Hon. Sam confident. On came the Knight at Large, his face a rainbow, his plume wilted and one red baseball stocking slipped from its moorings—two rings! On followed the fat Maxwelton, his plaid streaming and his kilts flapping about his fat legs—also two rings!

"Egad!" quoth the Hon. Sam. "Did yon lusty trencherman of Annie Laurie's but

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put a few more layers of goodly flesh about his ribs, thereby projecting more his frontal Falstaffian proportions, by my halidom, he would have to joust tandem!"

On came Athelstane and the Knight of the Green Valley, both with but two rings to their credit, and on followed the Discarded, riding easily, and the Knight of the Cumberland again waving his lance between the posts, each with three rings on his spear. At the end the Knight at Large stood third, Athelstane second, and the Discarded and the Knight of the Cumberland stood side by side at the head of the course, still even, and now ready to end the joust, for neither on the second trial had missed a ring.

The excitement was intense now. Many people seemed to know who the Knight of the Cumberland was, for there were shouts of "Go it, Dave!" from everywhere; the rivalry of class had entered the contest and now it was a conflict between native and "furriner." The Hon. Sam was almost beside himself with excitement; now and then some man with whom he had made a bet would shout jeeringly at him and the Hon. Sam would shout back defiance. But when the trumpet sounded he sat leaning forward with his brow wrinkled and his big hands clenched tight. Marston sped up the course first—three rings—and there was a chorus of applauding yells.

"His horse is gittin' tired," said the Hon. Sam jubilantly, and the Blight's face, I noticed, showed for the first time faint traces of indignation. The Knight of the Cumberland was taking no theatrical chances now and he came through the course with level spear and, with three rings on it, he shot by like a thunderbolt.

"Hooray!" shouted the Hon. Sam. "Lord, what a horse!" For the first time the Blight, I observed, failed to applaud, while Mollie was clapping her hands and Buck giving out shrill yells of encouragement. At the next tilt the Hon. Sam had his watch in his hand and when he saw the Discarded digging in his spurs he began to smile and he was looking at his watch when the little tinkle in front told him that the course was run.

"Did he get 'em all?"

"Yes, he got 'em all," mimicked the Blight.

"Yes, an' he just did make it," chuckled the Hon. Sam. The Discarded had wheeled his horse aside from the course to watch his antagonist. He looked pale and tired—almost as tired as his foam-covered steed—but his teeth were set and his face was unmoved as the Knight of the Cumberland came on like a demon, sweeping off the last ring with a low, rasping oath of satisfaction.

"I never seed Dave ride that-a-way afore," said Mollie.

"Me, neither," chimed in Buck.

The nobles and ladies were waving handkerchiefs, clapping hands, and shouting. The spectators of better degree were throwing up their hats and from every part of the multitude the same hoarse shout of encouragement rose:

"Go it, Dave! Hooray for Dave!" while the boy on the telegraph-pole was seen to clutch wildly at the crossbar on which he sat—he had come near tumbling from his perch.

The two knights rode slowly back to the head of the lists, where the Discarded was seen to dismount and tighten his girth.

"He's tryin' to git time to rest," said the Hon. Sam. "Toot, son!"

"Shame!" said the little sister and the Blight both at once so severely that the Hon. Sam quickly raised his hand.

"Hold on," he said, and with hand still uplifted he waited till Marston was mounted again. "Now!"

The Discarded came on, using his spurs with every jump, the red of his horse's nostrils showing that far away, and he swept on, spearing off the rings with deadly accuracy and holding the three aloft, but having no need to pull in his panting steed, who stopped of his own accord. Up went a roar, but the Hon. Sam, covertly glancing at his watch, still smiled. That watch he pulled out when the Knight of the Cumberland started and he smiled still when he heard the black horse's swift, rhythmic beat and he looked up only when that knight, shouting to his horse, moved his lance up and down before coming to the last ring and, with a dare-devil yell, swept it from the wire.

"Tied—tied!" was the shout; "they've got to try it again! they've got to try it again!"

The Hon. Sam rose, with his watch in one hand and stilling the tumult with the other. Dead silence came at once.

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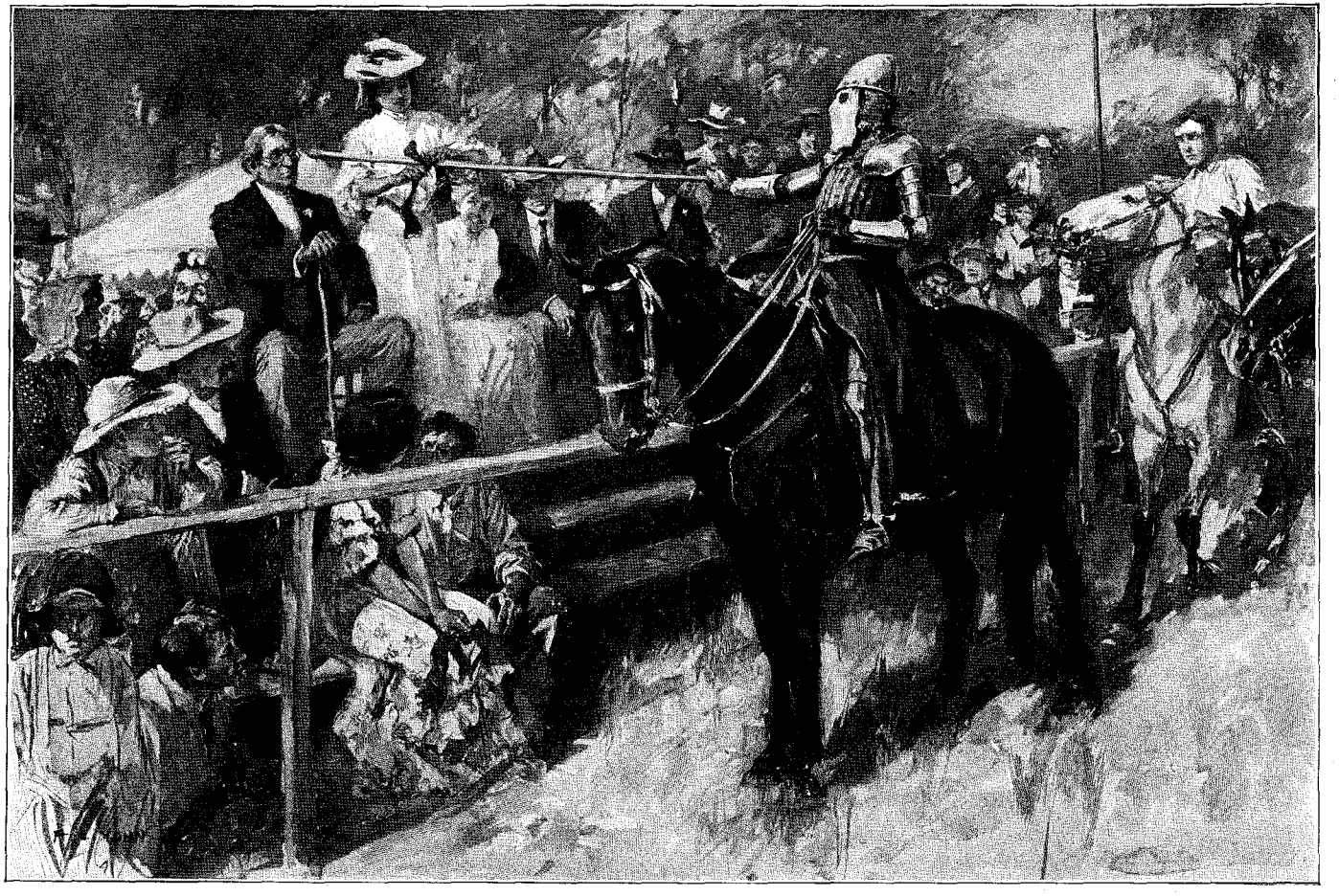

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Knight of the Cumberland reined in before the Blight.—Page 555.

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"I fear me," he said, "that the good knight, the Discarded, has failed to make the course in the time required by the laws of the tournament." Bedlam broke loose and the Hon. Sam waited, still gesturing for silence.

"Summon the time-keeper!" he said.

The time-keeper appeared from the middle of the field and nodded.

"Eight seconds!"

"The Knight of the Cumberland wins," said the Hon. Sam.

The little sister, unconscious of her own sad face, nudged me to look at the Blight—there were tears in her eyes.

. . . . . .

Before the grand stand the knights slowly drew up again. Marston's horse was so lame and tired that he dismounted and let a darky boy lead it under the shade of the trees. But he stood on foot among the other knights, his arms folded, worn out and vanquished, but taking his bitter medicine like a man. I thought the Blight's eyes looked pityingly upon him.

The Hon. Sam arose with a crown of laurel leaves in his hand:

"You have fairly and gallantly won, Sir Knight of the Cumberland, and it is now your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the chaplet of honor which your skill has justly deserved. Advance, Sir Knight of the Cumberland, and dismount!"

The Knight of the Cumberland made no move nor sound.

"Get off yo' hoss, son," said the Hon. Sam kindly, "and get down on yo' knees at the feet of them steps. This fair young Queen is a-goin' to put this chaplet on your shinin' brow. That horse'll stand."

The Knight of the Cumberland, after a moment's hesitation, threw his leg over the saddle and came to the steps with a slouching gait and looking about him right and left. The Blight, blushing prettily, took the chaplet and went down the steps to meet him.

"Unmask!" I shouted.

"Yes, son," said the Hon. Sam, "take that rag off."

Then Mollie's voice, clear and loud, suddenly startled the crowd. "You better not, Dave Branham, fer if you do and this other gal puts that thing on you, you'll never——" What penalty she was going to inflict, I don't know, for the Knight of the Cumberland, half kneeling, sprang suddenly to his feet and interrupted her. "Wait a minute, will ye?" he said almost fiercely, and at the sound of his voice Mollie rose to her feet and her face blanched.

"Lord God!" she said almost in anguish, and then she dropped quickly to her seat.

The Knight of the Cumberland had gone back to his horse as though to get something from his saddle. Like lightning he vaulted into his seat, and as the black horse sprang toward the opening tore his mask from his face, turned in his stirrups, and brandished his spear with a yell of defiance, while a dozen voices shouted:

"The Wild Dog!" Then was there an uproar.

"Goddle mighty!" shouted the Hon. Sam. "I didn't do it. I swear I didn't know it. He's tricked me—he's tricked me! Don't shoot—you might hit that hoss!"

There was no doubt about the Hon. Sam's innocence. Instead of turning over an outlaw to the police, he had brought him into the inner shrine of law and order and he knew what a political asset for his enemies that insult would be. And there was no doubt of the innocence of Mollie and Buck as they stood, Mollie wringing her hands and Buck with open mouth and startled face. There was no doubt about the innocence of anybody other than Dave Branham and the dare-devil Knight of the Cumberland. Marston had clutched at the Wild Dog's bridle and missed and the Wild Dog struck savagely at him with his spear. Nobody dared to shoot because of the scattering crowd, but every knight and every mounted policeman took out after the outlaw and the beating of hoofs pounded over the little mound and toward Poplar Hill. Marston ran to his horse at the upper end, threw his saddle on, and hesitated—there were enough after the Wild Dog and his horse was blown. He listened to the yells and sounds of the chase encircling Poplar Hill. The Wild Dog was making for Lee. All at once the yells and hoof-beats seemed to sound nearer and Marston listened, astonished. The Wild Dog had wheeled and was coming back; he was going to make for the Gap, where sure safety lay. Marston buckled

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

But every knight and every mounted policeman took out after the outlaw.—Page 558.

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his girth and as he sprang on his horse, unconsciously taking his spear with him, the Wild Dog dashed from the trees at the far end of the field. As Marston started, the Wild Dog saw him, pulled something that flashed from under his coat of mail, thrust it back again, and brandishing his spear, he came, full-speed and yelling, up the middle of the field. It was a strange thing to happen in these modern days, but Marston was an officer of the law and was between the Wild Dog and the Ford and liberty through the Gap, into the hills. The Wild Dog was an outlaw. It was Marston's duty to take him.

The law does not prescribe with what weapon the lawless shall be subdued and Marston's spear was the only weapon he had. Moreover, the Wild Dog's yell was a challenge that set his blood afire and the girl both loved was looking on. The crowd gathered the meaning of the joust—the knights were crashing toward each other with spears at rest. There were a few surprised oaths from men, a few low cries from women, and then dead silence in which the sound of hoofs on the hard turf was like thunder. The Blight's face was white and the little sister was gripping my arm with both hands. A third horseman shot into view out of the woods at right angles, and it seemed that the three horses must crash together in a heap. With a moan the Blight buried her face on my shoulder. She shivered when the muffled thud of body against body and the splintering of wood rent the air; a chorus of shrieks arose about her, and when she lifted her frightened face Marston, the Discarded, was limp on the ground, his horse was staggering to his feet, and the Wild Dog was galloping past her, his helmet gleaming, his eyes ablaze, his teeth set, the handle of his broken spear clenched in his right hand, and blood streaming down the shoulder of the black horse. She heard the shots that were sent after him, she heard him plunge into the river, and then she saw and heard no more.

VIII

A TELEGRAM summoned the Blight home next day. Marston was in bed with a ragged wound in the shoulder, and I took her to tell him good-by. I left the room for a few minutes, and when I came back their hands were unclasping, and for a discarded knight the engineer surely wore a happy, though pallid face.

That afternoon the train on which we left the Gap was brought to a sudden halt in Wild Cat Valley by a piece of red flannel tied to the end of a stick that was planted midway the track. Across the track, farther on, lay a heavy piece of timber. The Blight and I were seated on the rear platform and the Blight was taking her last look at her beloved hills. When the train started again, there was a cracking of twigs overhead and a shower of rhododendron leaves and flowers dropped from the air at the feet of the Blight. And when we pulled away from the embankment we saw, motionless on a little mound, a black horse, and on him, motionless, the Knight of the Cumberland, the helmet on his head (that the Blight might know who he was, no doubt), and both hands clasping the broken handle of his spear, which rested across the pommel of his saddle. Impulsively the Blight waved her hand to him and I could not help waving my hat; but he sat like a statue and, like a statue, sat on, simply looking after us as we were hurried along, until horse, broken shaft, and shoulders sank out of sight. And thus passed the Knight of the Cumberland with the last gleam that struck his helmet, spear-like, from the slanting sun.

THE END.

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RUSKIN AND GIRLHOOD

SOME HAPPY REMINISCENCES

By L. Allen Harker

I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read if they will.*

THE other day in rereading, for perhaps the thirtieth time, that most delightful book "Yesterdays with Authors," by the late James T. Fields, I came upon the following passage in one of Miss Mitford's letters: "I think that the most distinguished of our *young* writers are, the one a dear friend of mine, John Ruskin; the other . . . the Reverend Charles Kingsley. . . . As for John Ruskin I would not answer for quiet people not taking him for crazy too. He is an enthusiast in art, often right, often wrong,—'in the right very stark in the wrong very sturdy,'—bigoted, perverse, provoking, as ever man was; but good and kind and charming beyond the common lot of mortals." I remember well with what a thrill of delighted assent I first read these words some three and thirty years after they were written: at a time when the "young" writer of Miss Mitford's happy description was looked upon as a sage and prophet of universal fame; for me, a being of almost incalculable age and wisdom, but of a sympathy with and understanding of youth, its enthusiasms and mistakes, as filled such happy youngsters as were brought into personal contact with him, with a devotion that fell little short of worship. Perhaps no writer has had more direct and personal influence on girls and women all the world over, while the influence of the *man* over such happy girls as were privileged to be numbered among his pets, was absolutely unbounded; and what a noble use he made of it!

It has been too much the custom of late years to speak and think of Mr. Ruskin's teaching as of the voice of one crying in the wilderness with a cry, ever denunciatory, of present times and people. He certainly found (nor was he singular in that respect) much to deprecate, in its results—to landscape and atmosphere, to say nothing of mankind—of what are familiarly known as the "resources of civilization" as exemplified in our modern manufacturing centres (sometimes I feel quite thankful that he was spared the ubiquity of the motor-car with its attendant horrors of noise and smell); and he was often more vehement than judicious in his denunciation of such things. But, however paradoxical his public utterances, in private his influence was full of sweet reasonableness, and his advice to such fortunate young people as came under his direct sway full of the sanest common sense.

In my young days we had, in common with innumerable other provincial towns, a Ruskin Society, which, while it followed in the footsteps of the Kyrle Society in trying to bring some beauty and pleasantness into the homes of the very poor, had, of course, its periodical meetings when papers were read and discussion invited. I remember how, very young and very timid, I electrified a meeting by reading aloud a letter from the master himself, apropos of a paper that had just been read by a member who sternly advocated the advisability of "a grant" to purchase photographs of Fra Angelico's pictures for distribution among the very poor. Now, although I was mortally afraid of the Ruskin Society, I was not in the least afraid of the master, and I had boldly written to him complaining that a photograph of his beloved Carpaccio's St. Ursula had been received with the scantiest approbation by a bedridden old woman I was wont to visit periodically. He answered thus:

"Give the poor whatever pictures you find they like—of *nice* things, not of merely pathetic or pompous ones. They're apt to like sick children starving in bed, beggars at street doors, Queen Vic opening parliament, etc. Give them anything that's simple, cheerful or pious; always, if possible, coloured—never mind how badly. Shall I send you some coloured birds?"

Pray note, all altruistic and philanthropic folk, the "whatever pictures you find they like."

*"Fors Clavigera," Letter 59.

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Again, he writes at about the same time:

"To answer your main question about 'having a right to be happy,' it is not only everybody's right but duty to be so, only to choose the best sort of happiness. And the best sorts are not to be had cheap."

He never spared himself if he thought that he could give happiness to a child, or rightly guide some affectionate enthusiasm. How such a busy man—and in the early eighties he was a very busy man—found time to write letters to his girl friends concerning any and every subject upon which they chose to consult him has often puzzled and not infrequently annoyed certain serious people who considered that *they* had suffered some neglect. But if in the matter of public opinion he was something of a Dulcis Gallio, he always used his influence to uphold authority, and a vigorous objection to competitive examinations from one who did not shine in such mental exercises brought this reply:

"If I cannot relieve you from your competitive work, at least I may strengthen you in the assurance that even learning what we can't understand, to please those to whom we owe duty, is often in the end better for us than learning what we like to please ourselves."

Again:

"8. 2. 86.

"But what is this new thing I hear? That you are lazy! I thought you played tennis all day—and did lessons before breakfast and after tea! I do think tennis nice—but—now this is quite serious, and I want you to tell the other girls—I don't like *any* ardently competitive games, in which young people are proud of victory, except only cricket—I haven't time to say why I except that. But I would far rather see girls playing well at ball than tennis—everyone having their part in helping, not defeating. The pretty play of the rest—throwing the ball far and high—and swiftly following ball with ball round wide circles—and so on—and I should like them all to become—all who have sharp ears and pretty feet,—exquisite dancers—practising constantly slow and fast dancing to all manner of music—and some singing while the others danced, so as to make themselves independent of 'bands.' And they should make themselves good runners, not by running races—but by each running without distressing themselves, a greater distance by ever so little each (fine) day. And if you'll come to Brantwood you can learn rowing and climbing—and—one or two things besides, perhaps, from the bookshelves, and the mineral cabinets.

"I wonder, after this long term at College, whether there would be any possibility of mama bringing you and T (and Bee if catchable) to *see* what Brantwood looks like: I shall be here all the year, and it would make every intermediate day brighter for me if I had the hope of seeing the two of you, or the three, playing tennis on *my* tennis ground—engineered out of the hillside for the sake of fairies of your order.

"You really have given a very sad account of yourself in your last two letters, and I have written to Miss B. that I think you ought to be expelled. Brantwood College is of course always open to you in that event—be it in spring, summer, autumn or winter—but Sept.? is a dreadful time away."

A little later to the same girl:

"What a patient, good, believing child you are! but I suppose in this lovely weather you've been playing Chopin and tennis all day, which, perhaps, may help you in passing the time without letters!

"I don't quite understand why reading *me* should add to the happiness of playing Chopin, if I make you so discontented with your spiritual life! What sort of a life do you mean by that? I'm sure I never meant to make you discontented with anything but your bodily life, if there's too much tennis or Chopin or 'going out to call with mother' in it! Alas! how much the meaning of the word 'mother' in England nowadays is resolving itself into 'the person who takes daughters out to call.' If there's one way of wasting time which I hate worse than another it's 'calling.' Effectual as it is, often, to the upsetting of the whole afternoon of Caller and Called on. Women ought to call on each other, as men do, on business—and then get it done at the speediest."

This letter produced a protest on the "calling" question, and he answers:

"I'm so very thankful for what you tell me of your own, and say of other girls' mothers. I have had some sorrowful experience by mischance in these things: but

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trust me for not saying anything publicly that may grieve any good mother or daughter.

"Don't read any of those modern books, and don't be bothered with talking in company. Is it possible to waste time more ignominiously? Keep to Carey, and study every line and idea of it, till you know the contents and meaning of every book—and then spell out any bits you especially like in the original.

"Do you know French well enough to read French Plays? They're the prettiest and pleasantest things in the world for rest, after Dante!"

He was so patient with the soul-searchings of the young, probably realizing that the most serious and earnest young people are just the ones who afterward develop quite a respectable sense of humor and proportion. And he was so practical in his advice:

"I'm greatly delighted with your letter and very happy that I can make you so happy—and glad above all that you *are* happy, without being made anything else than heaven made you. You must get your back stronger; mind you don't strain it at lawn tennis. Dance all you can before 12 o'clock, then come away, and don't sit in a draught. And mind, when you've learned to cook that you *do* cook: and—this is very particular—don't read any more George Eliot—but Scott *continually*, and more old-fashioned poetry—George Herbert's 'Church Porch' to begin with, and Spenser's minor poems. And write to me if anything bothers or puzzles you—I mean in life, not letters—and if I can help I will, but my general advice will be 'Forget it or let it alone!'"

Two days later he wrote:

"I never meant you were to forget anything you thought it your duty to remember—but only things that teased you. I'll write you any quantity of tasks, and put you to any quantity of paces when the time comes—meantime—meantime, make yourself strong and rest you merry."

When he was lecturing on "The Pleasures of England" at Oxford, I was living in a neighboring town, and he bade me come to hear him in the following delicious letter:

"I wonder if you're little enough to go in my breast pocket! I don't in the least know how else to get you in. For I've made a Medo-Persic-Arabic-Moorish-Turkish law that no strangers nor pilgrims are to get into the lectures at all, but only Oxford residents, and even so they can't all get in that want to. . . . Look here, the first lecture, which is next Saturday, will be rather dull, but if you could come on Saturday the 25th, or Monday the 27th, I would take you in myself under my gown, and get you into a corner—and I think the lecture on either of those days (I give them twice) will be worth hearing. Send me word if you can manage it."

The authorities permitted, and accompanied by an irreproachably decorous maid I went to Oxford to spend one of the fullest and happiest days it has ever been my lot to enjoy. There was a great deal of spoiling in it, for he took me himself from Woodstock Road (where he was staying with his art master, Mr. Macdonald) to the lecture theatre, and made me feel an honored guest all the time. Even without all the personal joy of him the lecture was an impressive experience. The theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling by an audience unusually representative. Youth and maiden, matron and scholar, artist and scientist, all pressed shoulder to shoulder, listening with a hushed intensity almost trance-like, their common gaze focussed upon the gracious stooping figure of the lecturer, who, golden-voiced, with flowing gown flung back from the eager nervous hands, hands ever moving in suppressed gesticulation, stood in the waning sunshine of that wintry afternoon, gravely challenging certain of the "Pleasures of England."

There was no pomp of rhetoric, no throwing down of controversy's glove, no straining at effect by startling statement; the quiet, almost monotonous voice held the attention by virtue of its message, not by means of any varied or dramatic inflection. He looked an old man even then, for, although his face was fair and fresh-complexioned, with singularly few lines, there was a great deal of gray in both long, straight, brown hair and beard, though both were at that time more brown than gray. He always emphasized his speech with forcible, quick gesture, and his eyes, even at that time, were the youngest eyes I have ever seen in adult face, blue and clear like a child's, with a child's large, direct gaze.

The lecture over, he carried me off to Sir

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Henry Acland's room, where there was quite a gathering of interesting and famous folk, among them Lady Brassey, of "Sunbeam" fame, stout, weather-beaten, with opals big as acorns at her ears; Prof. Max Müller's beautiful daughter, Mrs. Conybeare; Sir Henry himself, genial and delightful; and Dean Liddel, of Christ Church, who seemed to quintessentialize in his extremely handsome presence every quality lending most grace to donnish dignity. But never for one moment did Mr. Ruskin neglect his little guest. I poured out tea for everybody, and was so immensely interested that I forgot to be shy. It was characteristic, too, that he did not forget the maid who came up with me, but instructed "Baxter," his indispensable man-servant, to show her the lions of Oxford, so that she enjoyed herself almost as much as I did.

A fortnight later he wrote: "Could you come, I wonder, with your maid, just as you did before, *next* Saturday and I would find time to be played to?"

Of course I went, and this time he was at Balliol staying with the master, Mr. Benjamin Jowett, of whom he always spoke as the "sweetest of men" and for whom he felt a very sincere affection. Mr. Jowett had an entirely beneficent influence over his great guest, and it was pretty to see how gently and imperceptibly he led the conversation away from too exciting topics, and directed his numerous enthusiasms into channels least likely to disturb the established order of the university.

Shortly after this Mr. Ruskin came to stay a few days with my mother on his way north, and the spoiling that we all got was enough to turn the heads of the soberest lassies. It is impossible to give any adequate picture in words of his simplicity and kindness. He was undoubtedly impressive; his *personnel* was striking; his manner and mode of expression at once scholarly and aristocratic, in a fashion seldom attained to now, even by genius. He spoke exactly as he wrote (and in later life seldom rewrote a sentence), but with this difference —that, whereas in his published work he was by no means careful as to whom he might offend, in conversation, whether as guest or host, he always seemed to defer to his friends. Young people found this attitude especially delightful and speedily lost all awe of him, while they realized intensely the reality of the spirit of reverence that he himself says is "the chief joy and power of life."

His first visit was one long *festa*, for he was the least exacting and most giving of guests. One thing only did he demand, that we had not provided for him—a *steady* table in his bedroom. On arrival he called me into his room, and pointing with comical dismay at the usual spindly-legged bedroom writing-table, exclaimed: "My dear, it has got to support several hundredweight of books as well as my old arm and hand; I'm sure its poor legs will give way." And he was quite boyishly pleased when we produced from the kitchen regions a thick-legged, solid little oak table with a drawer. A number of Fors "Rosy Vale," was written at that table, and I write at it now. It never went downstairs any more after his visit.

He had with him at that time a great many drawings of Miss Greenaway's, and in the evening, after dinner, sitting well under the light, surrounded by his adoring little friends, he would show them to us, one by one, expatiating upon their many charms. I vividly recall one, a big oblong sketch in pencil with single washes of color, in which some fifty "exquisite girlettes" are bearing aloft a huge muffin "for the professor's tea."

One member of the family, a little boy of nine, was in bed with a bad cold during Mr. Ruskin's visit, so greatly to his disappointment, did not see him, but hearing that the invalid was a scholarly small boy, who solaced his seclusion by perpetual reading of Pope's "Homer" the master sent him, after he left, a most beautiful edition of that work. He believed in giving young people valuable things to take care of, and when he departed insisted on leaving with us a priceless box of uncut opals to look at "every day for a week," that we might realize their wonderful and varying color; and well do I remember my mother's supreme thankfulness when at the end of the appointed time the gems were sent back to him by registered post.

He also left us his mother's copy of Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy," with injunctions that my mother should read it aloud to us, or make one of us read it aloud, every evening. We stood it for over a week, then rose in a body, refused to hear any

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more, and wrote to him to confess our mutiny. Of course he forgave us, and wrote:

"Yes, I liked your letter immensely, and Mama was ever so good to make you write it. But I'm afraid the new song, though it must be ever so pretty, must be ever so sad. Also I'm sure T. is forgetting me fast—oh! dear—that horrid college! If only Mama and you and she could come here to college for a little bit, what times we might have! and what singing! not as it was getting dark, but with the birds in the morning. I am so glad Arthur likes Pope's 'Iliad.' If T. likes that, she may take it instead of 'Harry and Lucy.'

"Has she mastered the *barometer* yet? College indeed!!!"

Nothing gave him more pleasure than to listen to folk-songs of any and every people, and I could always bring him from his room at any minute by opening the drawing-room door and beginning to play softly the first bars of a little Spanish lullaby that he loved. The others were not equally delighted by my powers in this respect, and T., his special favorite, threatened to lock the piano and lose the key if I dared to go near it, after dinner, when she wanted to talk to him.

During his visit he spoke a great deal of the lady—the "Rosie" of Præterita—whose tragic death in 1875 closed for him a volume that had at one time contained his highest hopes and aspirations. So much has been said of her in one place and another that it is no breach of confidence to quote this beautiful description of her, written at the end of '84. "Rose was tall and brightly fair, her face of the most delicately chiselled beauty—too severe to be entirely delightful to all people—the eyes gray, and when she was young, full of play; after the sad times came, the face became nobly serene—and of a strange beauty—so that once a stranger seeing her for the first time said 'she looked like a young sister of Christ's.'"

There is no question whatever that he did realize how great his influence was over girls and women, and that he used it always in a sane and noble fashion. This, one of his most serious letters, written just before I was married, will show:

'You do help me intensely by caring so much and by telling me how greatly I still can influence the hearts of women for all good. For, indeed, it is a mighty gift and blessing this, if I can use it wisely; and I have not words enough to thank your mother for her goodness and trust in saying she would let you come if you could help me.

"But first, nothing can help me in the deep loss of the souls who are far away instead of near me as they were once—neither in the mere languor and gloom of declining life—and even supposing that it were possible, it would not be the least right for you to give up other duties. There is no one for whom we are to give up everything *but* Christ, and Christ is with you in your mother and your lover. So put all these pitying thoughts out of your mind, and make me happy by being yourself so, in carrying out with so good a helpmate, the ideas of simple and benevolent life you have learnt from me.

"Supposing I were—all that I have tried to teach others to be—I should be quite happy in thinking of going to Rose. It is failing faith and miserable sense of failure which cause all my suffering, and they can be fought with by none but myself."

As befitted ardent disciples of Ruskin, we spent our honeymoon in Italy, and Florence was made particularly delightful by letters of introduction from him to Mrs. and Miss Alexander ("Francesca") in their beautiful old house close to the church of Santa Maria Novella. These Boston ladies had already for many years made Italy their home, but Mrs. Alexander had lost no whit of her shrewd New England humor, and was full of quaint, caustic wit, and good stories: and they were, like all Americans of their class, untiringly kind and hospitable.

It is difficult to describe Francesca except as entirely "other worldly"; but in no sense that could imply withdrawal or detachment from her kind. She had love and charity enough in her great heart to encircle the whole world, but the serene rightness of her spirit shines through all her work. And no one could watch her at that work, so deft of hand, so certain in every delicate touch of *pen* or paper—"the total strength of her intellect and fancy being concentrated in this engraver's method"—without feeling that here, indeed, was one who dwelt continuously amid "the peace that passeth understanding."

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Of course I went faithfully into Santa Maria Novella and Santa Croce, bearing my little red books and striving faithfully to see all their wonders with other eyes than my own; a painful and generally useless proceeding, which usually ends in headache and irritability. One morning my companion, having caught a bad cold by long tarrying in an extremely cold church (in April, Italian churches are really dreadfully cold), declined to accompany me to the interior of Santa Croce, electing rather to sit on a bench muffled in a great coat, outside in the sun, while I pursued my enthusiastic studies according to the plan laid down in "Mornings in Florence." He declared afterward that he looked so dejected and forlorn that kindly strangers took him for a *povero* and bestowed *soldi* upon him—but this is by the way.

I had just reached the tomb of Gallileus de Gallilei, and was straining my eyes to see anything of the "right and lovely lines" whose beauty my book proclaimed—for indeed they were exceeding faint—when I looked up and found another student also bearing her little red book, standing on the other side of the tomb. Our eyes met, and we smiled, and the stranger said slowly: "I guess Mr. Ruskin sees a good deal more in these old graves than we should ever see, if we studied them with a microscope, every inch of them—from now to Thanksgiving. D'you think it's much good looking and looking for what isn't there for *us*, anyway?" Oh, blessed Yankee common sense! I flew out to the chill-taker and bore him off to sit in the sun at Fiesole. We told the story afterward to Mr. Ruskin himself, and he quite agreed with the American lady.

At Venice I found this letter awaiting me:

"This is just to say I was very glad of *your* letter, and infinitely amused and pleased by all you did and said and felt at Francesca's, and rather cross at your having been so vexed at having no letter from me on your wedding-day. Just think at sixty-six how many wedding letters a man who has had lots of girl pets must have had to write, and how well he knows them all to be waste-paper, and that more depends on a girl's attending to how much sugar her husband likes in his tea than on all the pious and poetical effusions of her whole dynasty of friends and well-wishers.

"But I wrote A. as nice a letter as I could, and that was much better, and I really hope to have a great deal of joy in you both. Take care of each other and don't tire yourselves in the hot weather, and don't try to admire Tintoret for my sake, but look well at the *Paradiso*. I hope the day will come when we shall all be flying about like that, just where we like to."

The letter to "A" that he referred to was indeed so beautiful that I cannot forbear to quote the last paragraph, characteristic as it is of the temper of his mind throughout his long, beneficent life.

"This has been a very happy and helpful day to me, and your letter gives a very lovely rose colour to it all. It is a deep honour and joy to me to be able to add to the hope, for you both, of this beginning of new thoughts and ways, an old man's testimony that this world is as much God's world as the world to come—for those who know how to love."

Whatever his devotees may have done, Mr. Ruskin himself would never, even to please his pets, pretend either interest or admiration which he did not feel. And there are, perhaps, persons who will wholeheartedly sympathize with the following sentiments:

"Indeed I'm sorry to have grieved you and A. I knew I should, but couldn't help it. I can't pretend to care for things I don't care for. I *don't* care for babies. Rather have an objection to them. Have no respect for them whatsoever. Like little pigs ever so much better. Here's my little woodwoman come down to fetch me my faggots; she's got nine piglets to take care of and her whole heart is set on them, and I call her Pigwiggina, and inquire for her family very anxiously every day—but you really mustn't expect me to care for inferior beings."

His heart smote him even then, though, for he writes a little later:

"But indeed you sent me a quite dreadful little shriek when I said I didn't like babies, and you never wrote me a word more, and I was very unhappy about it, and very thankful for the letter to-day."

For pigs he undoubtedly had great respect, which can best be explained by quoting from "Præterita": "I became so resigned to the adoption of my paternally chosen crest as to write my rhymed travelling letters to Joan most frequently in my

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heraldic character of "Little Pig," or, royally plural, "Little Pigs," especially when these letters took the tone of confessions, as, for instance, from Keswick in 1857:

"When little Pigs have muffins hot,
And take three quarters for their lot,
Then, little pigs—had better not."

In the following winter it was arranged that we should go and see him after Christmas, taking with us his much-loved T., and he writes: "It would be a real charity and hospital-nurse help and healing if A. and you could come and bring T. any time this winter for as long as you could.

"I shall not write to T. about it, leaving you to plead with her father for me. Perhaps a little for her. The absolute rest and change of Brantwood surely would be good for her. And it is very lovely in winter. No such icicles and frost work anywhere as our lake streams and cascades give, and *you* would so help me with my school music. I mean to think of it as a reality and rejoice in it."

So did we, and the actual joy of the visit was enhanced tenfold by such a foretaste of welcome as the following:

"This is a Christmas present for me indeed. Mousie, A., and T., all three of you!

"I do really love A. as I never did a pet's husband yet. He has been so good and sweet and right and sensible and sympathetic all in one. And you shan't be too jealous of T.—just the least bit—or else I shall be getting jealous of A.

"So many thanks for all, and please give my most true thanks to Mr. W., and say I do trust he will be pleased with all he hears from Brantwood. You come at exactly the best time to help me in my Christmas plans of little *festas* for the school children—and stay all the days you can, please. You'll see I want you to when you come.

"The happiest times to you both at Christmas—and the New Year, and the rest I'll wish by word of mouth."

People have often asked me what Brantwood was like—"was it very artistic?" and I knew they were picturing an abode similar to those depicted in "The House Beautiful" or "The Connoisseur," full of high-art furniture and decorated in the style associated with the name of William Morris. I have had to disabuse their minds of this idea completely. Brantwood was full of beautiful *things*, certainly, but it was furnished with Early Victorian solidity and comfort: much of the furniture quite frankly plain-looking if not actually ugly; all of it for service, and most of it of a period generally condemned as singularly lacking in graceful design. The house has every natural advantage of situation; all Mr. Ruskin had added was architecturally beautiful, but it was not what we consider nowadays a beautiful house.

Days at Brantwood went by on winged feet, for the host could never do enough to promote the happiness of his guests, and was practically at their service all day long. He rose at six, and had got through most of the business of the day by the time he met his guests at breakfast at ten o'clock. With breakfast came the post-bag, most weighty proof of the penalties of greatness. The number of parcels, to say nothing of letters, from all sorts of people, was truly fatiguing to contemplate. Sketches, whole galleries of them; poems—how we groaned under the poems! Manuscripts awaiting criticism (our host might have been the editor of a popular magazine), and letters, some admirative, some remonstrating, not to say impertinent (I remember one beginning "Dear but Peppery Mr. Ruskin" from some familiar unknown), upon every conceivable and inconceivable topic.

The known handwritings were speedily sorted out, and a certain pretty ritual was gone through every morning. One letter was always eagerly sought for and read first, that from the "Joanie"* of "Præterita." I am quite sure that he could not have got through his day had that loved letter gone amissing. From the time that she came to his mother in their home at Denmark Hill, a girl of seventeen, her tenderness and devotion had never failed him. All such as were admitted to intimate intercourse with Mr. Ruskin could not fail to know how his "more than daughter" stood between him and every preventable distress with tenderest and most discriminating affection. It is quite impossible to overestimate the value to him of this beautiful, unchanging, filial love.

There were sunshine and snow during that happy visit to Brantwood, and Mr. Ruskin was able to lead the way bravely on many a mountain climb. But even if it

*Mrs. Arthur Severn.

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snowed all day, as it did sometimes that winter, there was so much to see and to do in Brantwood itself that the day seemed all too short. From the hall, hung round with Burne-Jones cartoons, to our host's small, plainly furnished bedroom, ablaze from floor to ceiling with Turner's water-colors, the house was full of treasures, none more wonderful than some of his own drawings. I remember hearing how one of these—a water-color of a hen's feather painted with exquisite delicacy—was lying on a table at some distance from where he was sitting; he asked a child in the room to bring it to him. Holding the paper carefully by the edges with both hands, she crossed the room slowly and smoothly, her head turned away lest she should blow the feather off the paper! He said it was the very prettiest compliment ever paid him.

In the evening after dinner we had much singing and dancing—that is to say, T. danced for him, dances "out of her own head"; T. was a delightfully pretty girl of sixteen, having real Titian-colored hair with the most exquisite ripple in it (she owed a great deal to that hair) and a frank, fearless manner that immensely delighted him. She had most decided views as to what *she* considered amusing and interesting, and one of her great charms for him was that she was absolutely incapable of pretending anything that she did not feel.

After the dancing one of us read aloud, very often our host himself; sloping his book toward the nearest candle (at Brantwood wax candles and firelight were the only artificial lights allowed—was it that made him think his girl guests so pretty, I wonder?), but he hardly ever, at that time, needed spectacles. That winter the favorite book was Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage," which we found much more to our taste than "Harry and Lucy." Another book that greatly pleased him was "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," by Anatole France. He gave my husband his own copy, and wrote in it, "Exquisite, but cannot be read fast."

He talked much and brilliantly in those happy days, laughing heartily, with an infectious, chuckling laugh when anything amused him. His voice was singularly soft and pleasant, and every "r" was "burred" as by a Northumbrian or Parisian. He used to talk quite frankly of the many celebrated people he had known: Turner, the Rossettis, Miss Mitford—"merry Miss Mitford," he called her—the Brownings, the Carlyles. He had the greatest love and reverence for Carlyle, and spoke with scornful amusement of such mistaken enthusiasts as wished to enroll Jane Welsh Carlyle among the martyrs on account of her "man's" bad temper. He admitted that Carlyle was frequently grumpy, and habitually melancholy—"but so am I"—and he was easily irritated. "That clever shrew," his wife, well knew this, and by the very tones of her voice as she "rasped out his name" could set his nerves on edge in a paroxysm of febrile irritation. Mr. Ruskin reserved all his pity for Carlyle.

T. had a birthday while we were at Brantwood, and had expressed a wish for a blue Liberty silk dress. The dress was instantly sent for, but when it arrived neither its texture nor its color quite pleased our host, who had his own ideas of what silk should be. So Marshall & Snelgrove, I think it was, were bidden to send "a sky-blue silk, a good one." When it came it proved to be a good one, and a local dressmaker was found to make it. T. was at that time much enamored of the maidens in Miss Greenaway's drawings (there were so many of them at Brantwood), and according to her instructions it was made with straight, skimpy skirt, and the waist under the arms. Mr. Ruskin never lessened the pretty wearer's joy by a single adverse criticism, but when Miss Bluegown had tripped off to bed he exclaimed reproachfully to me: "Why did you let her have it made like that? The woman hasn't left her a single scrap of waist." As a matter of fact, he greatly appreciated what we moderns call "smart frocks," and anything daintily frivolous, especially Frenchily frivolous, found distinct favor in his eyes.

"The little woodwoman, alias "Pigwiggina," who came twice a day to fill the big log-basket by the study fire, was one Jane Anne, a sturdy mountain lassie of fourteen, whom it was my mission to assist with her music while I was at Brantwood. She had been taught by the master himself, on a somewhat complicated plan founded on the earliest Latin psalters, where the rhythm was arrived at, not by means of bars, but only by the values of the notes, and following this method she certainly had learned to play some four bars of his favorite "*Deh*

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Vieni Alla Finestra" tolerably correctly, but it was not a system attended by rapid progress. Nor were Jane Anne's stout, hard little hands very flexible. Every Saturday a dozen or so of other mountain lassies, aged from ten to fifteen, came for a "lesson." These lessons were positively encyclopædic in their scope, ranging from the varying shapes of fir-cones to the correct position on the map of "Riblah in the land of Hamath," probably followed by a disquisition on the god "Bel or Baal" as represented "on the cast of a coin—Italian-Greek, finest time." Sometimes he read Shakespeare to them, sometimes a poem of Wordsworth about their own lake country; but whatever else was included, the Bible and some botany formed part of the lesson. Among the many other subjects he taught them songs, such as the following, both words and quaint, lilting tune being his own:

Ho, ho, the cocks crow!
Little girls—get up;
Little girls to bed must go
When the robins sup.

Heigh—heigh—the nags neigh!
Up, boys, and afield
'Ere the sun through yonder gray
Raise his russet shield.

Brave for work and bright for play
Be you girls and boys;
And pity those that lose the day
Without its tasks or joys.

Whether the girls understood much of the lessons, whether this delightful instruction made any lasting impression upon them, I do not know, as I have never seen any of them since. But they assuredly enjoyed themselves tremendously, and that was what he wanted. Moreover, the apex of the afternoon, to which all previous joys converged, came in the shape of a right royal TEA at five o'clock. This feast they laid for themselves, with much cheerful chatter and clatter on the two big tables in that long, narrow room, the master's study. He cleared the tables for them himself, giving up his room to them entirely every Saturday afternoon, because, not unnaturally, the parlor-maid objected to "so many crumbs in the dining-room just before dinner." The little girls were none of them in the least afraid of him, seeming to regard him with a maternal sort of indulgence rather than awe, and Jane Anne on one of these festive occasions confided to T., "He's a foony man is Meester Rooskin, but he du like oos to tek a good teä." This amiable desire on his part covered a multitude of eccentric enthusiasms, and to do the girls justice they always did their best to oblige him.

It was almost pathetic, his eagerness to give pleasure wherever he could. In the drawing-room at Brantwood by tea-time every table, chair, and a goodly portion of the floor would be littered with a profusion of sketches, photographs, fifteenth-century illuminated missals, uncut gems, minerals, Greek coins, and when there was positively nothing left to sit upon, and we had to walk delicately because of the scattered treasures on the floor, he would exclaim gleefully, "Now we begin to look comfortable." When we had seen everything, Baxter, the indispensable, would come and clear up and put everything in its proper place again. Mr. Ruskin started T. and me on mineralogy, and every day we had to say aloud, "Quartz and gold, calcite and silver, chalcedony and agate." With T. he studied the book of Daniel, as, "in spite of college," he found her sadly deficient in what he considered an adequate knowledge of the prophet and his doings. My husband, when he was not out of doors or singing the bass songs in Mozart's "Figaro," spent all his daylight in painting in water-colors under the master's supervision, and was forgiven many scientific heresies because he could "paint butterflies flying—not with pins through them." Turners, Bewicks and William Hunts were among the copies, and many happy morning hours were spent painting at a big table in the drawing-room window. As is, fortunately, the habit of nearly all really learned people, Mr. Ruskin was ever ready to put his vast stores of knowledge at the service of anyone who truly desired information, who was genuinely keen. And one of the great charms in talking to him was that he was immensely interested in what you had to say, as well as in what he said himself. Whatever the topic under discussion, it became for the moment of paramount importance. He was absolutely absorbed in it, looking his companion straight in the eyes with his own—the bluest, kindest, clearest eyes I have ever seen. My husband ventured to disagree, deferentially, but very decidedly, with many of Mr.

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Ruskin's pet scientific theories, but his host never resented it, only occasionally lamenting that a man "who could paint so well should waste his days in teaching stupid boys geology. And teaching them wrong!" But after we left he wrote to A. on this very subject:

"Never you mind the Mousie; but set down very carefully what you doubt in 'Deucalion.' It is of great importance to leave it sound. You make me very happy with your beautiful letter—so entirely natural and sincere, and of the rarest sort. And it is a continual joy to me to think of what I can still do to please you. And here's a lovely letter from Mousie to-day, saying there's a chance of your being able to come in May. It can't be too soon, and I shall squeak myself when I see you both again.

"I send you the lecture book—my own copy—and please mark in it any mistakes or questionable or obscure bits you find. I'm just going to reprint it."

To me he wrote:

"I have so much to remember that I cannot begin to mope yet. But I see myself descending in the future—into depths of the inconceivablest woe—unless you come back in May.

"As for T., I'm too thankful for what I got of her to begin yet to hope for any time to come. The good you both did for me abides. I slept quite sound last night, and have been doing all sorts of good work this morning. As for A., I'm going to send him not some of my books but all; only I don't want to choke him off me when he sees the lot of 'em. And I'm going to send him the Scarborough sketch he liked, but want to write a few words about clear and body-colour, first, for general circulation, and send them to him printed."

A few days later:

"Yes; I'm dreadfully alone! Too alone to do anything! *No* Præterita getting done; nor anything at all but clearing out old letters, and clearing up drawers. But that *is* progress of a sort, more than I've ever made before. I wrote twenty-five letters yesterday and was *obliged* to begin with one to T. to-day, for she wrote me such a sad account of herself that I had to do my best in tutorial and imperial reproof.

"I do believe the next thing likely to be done is a botany class book—like ethics—the chapters headed 'Gussie on Gooseberries,' 'Libbie on Lettuce,' 'Kate on Kale,' and the like. I forget if you had seen 'Ulric,' I've got a fifth chapter of *him* on hand. The weather seems to *me* very dull to-day, but I believe the rest of the household is under the same impression; and I suppose the sun will shine again some day. I hope the books are with A. by this time, and have set the Mousie squeaking."

How that princely giver loved to give pleasure! Just picture our delight over that great box of books, all glorious in purple calf, a crowd of witnesses to his benevolent affection.

To T. he wrote—whether in "tutorial and imperial reproof" I leave to the reader's judgment (T. had evidently written begging *him* to interfere with respect to certain hated lessons):

"I will ask your father at once to let you take up Italian instead of German. I should wholly wish you to do so myself. I will also pray him to spare you arithmetic and grammar.

"N. B.—It is much wiser and nicer to write 'Ain't' than 'are not' when you are in a hurry. You did not, perhaps, learn *all* you might have learnt at Brantwood. But you gave all kinds of pleasure to everybody in the house, and left a light behind you which no fogs eclipse. That was better than learning."

As usual, however, his saving commonsense prevailed over even T.'s blandishments, for on further consideration he writes:

"It is probably in some degree my fault that your father has retained his first intention. I have been unhappily busy (you know there was a somewhat serious, or ludicrous, interruption of my studies, while you were in the house), and I never got my petition written.

"Partly I did not like to venture so far with him; partly I was afraid of the responsibility, if, perchance, your liking play better than work was laid to my door! And my advice to you, dear girlie, is to do for the present without any further hesitation, what your father wishes, and to cure yourself, as far as you can, of habits of inattention which, you know—you do know in your little heart—are in great part wilful. It does not in the least matter whether you pass the Oxford examination, but it does

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matter that you should get good marks from your own conscience, and your father's sense of your willing obedience. Where would be the virtue of obedience if we were only told to do what we liked? I will not disturb you any more with the book of Daniel, but write my lecture on it at home; and when you are allowed to come back to Brantwood you must read it with the strictest attention!

"Meantime I am ready to help you in everything that puzzles you; will look out the dreadfullest words for you in my big dictionaries, and—if that will give you any pleasure—begin learning German with you myself."

This was really a wonderful concession, as he says in another letter, "I hate German and the books that Germans write." Yet it was he who, in 1868, rescued "German Popular Stories" from oblivion, writing for them a wholly beautiful preface quite singularly full of humanity and comprehension of child character.

Personal beauty always had an immense attraction for him, and he frequently said that he would gladly have given "Modern Painters" for a better profile! And however much he loved some of his homely friends he never for a moment denied that he would have preferred to have them beautiful. In Mr. Collingwood's most pleasant book, "Ruskin Relics" (in some ways, to those who knew the man, far more intimately characteristic of him than the "Life"), he describes how in 1840, at Rome, Mr. Ruskin saw the beautiful Miss Tollemache (afterward Lady Mount-Temple, and one of his dearest friends) and quotes Mr. Ruskin's own words describing her: "A fair English girl, who was not only the admitted Queen of Beauty in the English circle of that winter at Rome, but was so, in the kind of beauty which I had only hitherto dreamed of as possible, but never yet seen living: statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. I don't think I ever succeeded in getting nearer than within fifty yards of her; but she was the light and solace of all the Roman winter to me, in the mere chance glimpses of her far away, and the hope of them."

He refused ever to visit America "because he couldn't be happy in a country that had no castles," but I feel sure that he would have foregone the castles had he known how beautiful are the American girls! When I think of the American girls *he* would have met, of their delicate loveliness, quick sympathy, and bright intelligence, I feel that it is perhaps well for the peace of mind of his English pets that he never would accept the invitations of his American friends and lovers.

Unlike most geniuses, Mr. Ruskin seldom inflicted his low spirits upon his friends, though, like ordinary mortals, he had his fits of depression, for after a severe illness he wrote from Sandgate, where he had gone to recruit:

"Yes, if I *could* send you a long letter saying I was well wouldn't I? just; but now, when I can only send you short lines saying I'm ill what is the use? Not that I'm ill in any grave way that I know of. But I'm very sad. It's a perfectly gray day, snowing wet snow all over sea and land all day, and threatening for all night. I've had nothing to do since morning, and I don't know what to do till tea.

"I'm all alone in a room about the size of a railway carriage. I can't walk about in it (and wouldn't care to, if I could). I've no books that I care to read (or even would if I cared to). I'm tired of pictures and minerals, and the sky, and the sea. There's three o'clock, and I wish it was thirty—and I could go to bed for the next thirty.

"But every day I get some little love-letter from a Joanie or a Mousie that makes me think I had better try and keep awake a little longer."

He was not allowed to mope long, for in April of the same year he writes from London: "I had great joy and sense of being in my right place to-day in the Turner room, and am going to stay in London till people have been taught that they can't make my skin into gloves yet." Again, a few days later:

"I went to the Private View of the old Water Colour yesterday, and there *were* people glad to see me there. Robert Browning, among others. And I've been to the British Museum, and am staying very contentedly within reach of it and some other places. And I'm not going to theatres and altogether I'm as good just now as I know how to be!"

In his personal intercourse with the young people who loved him, absolutely free as it was from any didactic tendency,

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often full of the sweetest unreasonableness and whimsicality, there yet remained most potently exemplified in his own character three qualities which, in his written work, he never ceased to praise: kindness, modesty, industry. "In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of these things, and are educated to love to think and to endure, they become noble—live happily—die calmly: are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it."

THE WIFE

By Ednah Proctor Clarke

"NAY, do not bid me go, [*she said*]
For I must guard his sleep."
(On wall and floor the candles made
Flickering shadow, shade on shade;
Without, an April robin sung
Of tryst that Love doth keep,
But here, faint scent of violets clung
And lilies tall their censers swung.)
"Mine eyes must look their fill, [*she said*]
They have no time to weep."

"Two-score of years of Love, [*she said*]
And yet the half not told!"
(The candles touched with tender light
Her hair and his, so white, so white;
Her eyes, wherein the visioned Past
Lay like a chart unrolled
In whose dim seas, star-girdled, vast,
The long years were but plummets cast.)
"They only know Love's deeps, [*she said*]
Who loving, have grown old."

"Babes of his flesh I bore, [*she said*]
Fair girl and lusty son."
(They pressed her side with yearning dear,
Her children brought their children near,
Love folded her and love caressed,
And yet she was alone.)
"Ye,—ye have drawn Life at my breast,
But ere ye came, it gave him rest.
Mother of many I am, [*she said*]
I was the wife of One."

"Yea,—we have lived and loved!—[*she said*]
What counts this passing pain?"
(About her, in the candle's flame
A sudden glory went and came.)
"What counts this hour I wait until
We love and live again?
Bear out his body where ye will—
He stays,—my Love, my Bridegroom, still!
God made us one—the living God—
Death cannot make us twain!"

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An Indian family travelling.

THE LAST OF THE INDIAN TREATIES

By Duncan Campbell Scott

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE Indian policy of the Canadian Government was inherited from the British procedure in the American colonies, which still survives with additions and modifications. The reserve system appeared at the earliest, and there was but little difference between the policy of the French and British in Canada with the exception that in the French design evangelization was an important feature. So that in 1867, when the Dominion of Canada took over the administration of Indian affairs, the Government found a certain well-established condition. The Indians of the old provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had been given lands; in Quebec the grants of the French king had been respected and confirmed; in Ontario the Indian titles had been surrendered by treaty for a consideration in land and money, as between sovereign powers. The first of the treaties was made by Governor Haldimand in 1784.

In the early days the Indians were a real menace to the colonization of Canada. At that time there was a league between the Indians east and west of the River St. Clair, and a concerted movement upon the new settlements would have obliterated them as easily as a child wipes pictures from his slate. The Indian nature now seems like a fire that is waning, that is smouldering and dying away in ashes; then it was full of force and heat. It was ready to break out at any moment in savage dances, in wild and desperate orgies in which ancient superstitions were involved with European ideas but dimly understood and intensified by cunning imaginations inflamed with rum. So all the Indian diplomacy of that day was exercised to keep the tomahawk on the wall and the scalping knife in the belt. It was a rude diplomacy at best, the gross diplomacy of the rum bottle and the material appeal of gaudy presents, webs of scarlet cloth, silver medals, and armlets.

Yet there was at the heart of these puerile negotiations, this control that seemed to be founded on debauchery and license, this alliance that was based on a childish system of presents, a principle that has been carried on without cessation and with increased vigilance to the present day—the principle

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of the sacredness of treaty promises. Whatever has been written down and signed by king and chief both will be bound by so long as "the sun shines and the water runs." The policy, where we can see its outcome, has not been ineffectual, and where in 1790 stood clustered the wigwams and rude shelters of Brant's people now stretch the opulent fields of the township of Tuscarora; and all down the valley of the Grand River there is no visible line of demarcation between the farms tilled by the ancient allies in foray and ambush who have become confederates throughout a peaceful year in seed-time and harvest.

The treaty policy so well established when the confederation of the provinces of British North America took place has since been continued and nearly all civilized Canada is covered with these Indian treaties and surrenders. A map colored to define their boundaries would show the province of Ontario clouted with them like a patch-work blanket; as far north as the confines of the new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta the patches lie edge to edge. Until lately, however, the map would have shown a large portion of the province of Ontario uncovered by the treaty blanket. Extending north of the watershed that divides the streams flowing into Lakes Huron and Superior from those flowing into Hudson Bay, it reached James Bay on the north and the long curled ribbon of the Albany River, and comprised an area of 90,000 square miles, nearly twice as large as the State of New York.

Jimmy Swain, head guide, Albany River.

This territory contains much arable land, many million feet of pulpwood, untold wealth of minerals, and unharnessed water-powers sufficient to do the work of half the continent. Through the map of this unregarded region Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, had drawn a long line, sweeping up from Quebec and curving down upon Winnipeg, marking the course of the eastern section of the new Transcontinental Railway. The aboriginal owners of this vast tract, aware of the activity of prospectors for timber and minerals, had asked the Dominion Government to treat for their ancient domain, and the plans for such a huge public work as the new railway made a cession of the territory imperative.

In June, 1905, the writer was appointed one of three commissioners to visit the Indian tribes and negotiate a treaty. Our route lay inland from Dinorwic, a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway two hundred miles east of Winnipeg, to reach the Lac Seul water system, to cross the height of land, to reach Lake St. Joseph, the first great reservoir of the Albany River. Our flotilla consisted of three canoes, two large Peterboroughs and one birch-bark thirty-two feet long which could easily hold eleven or twelve men and 2,500 pounds of baggage and supplies, as well as the treasure-chest which was heavy with thirty thousand dollars in small notes. Our party included three commissioners, a physician, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company who managed all the details of transport and commissariat, and two constables of the Dominion police force.* I am bound to say the latter outshone the members of the commission itself in the observance of the Indians. The glory of their uniforms and the wholesome fear of the white man's law which they inspired spread down the river in advance and reached James Bay before the commission. I presume they were used as a bogey by the Indian mothers, for no children appeared anywhere until the novelty had somewhat decreased and opinion weakened that the magnificent proportions and manly vigor of our protectors were nourished upon a diet of babies.

Our crew of half-breeds and Indians

*Messrs. S. Stewart and D. G. MacMartin, Commissioners; A. G. Meindl, M. D.; T. C. Rae, Esq., Chief Trader, Hudson's Bay Co.; P. C.'s Parkinson and Vanasse, with the writer, made up the party.

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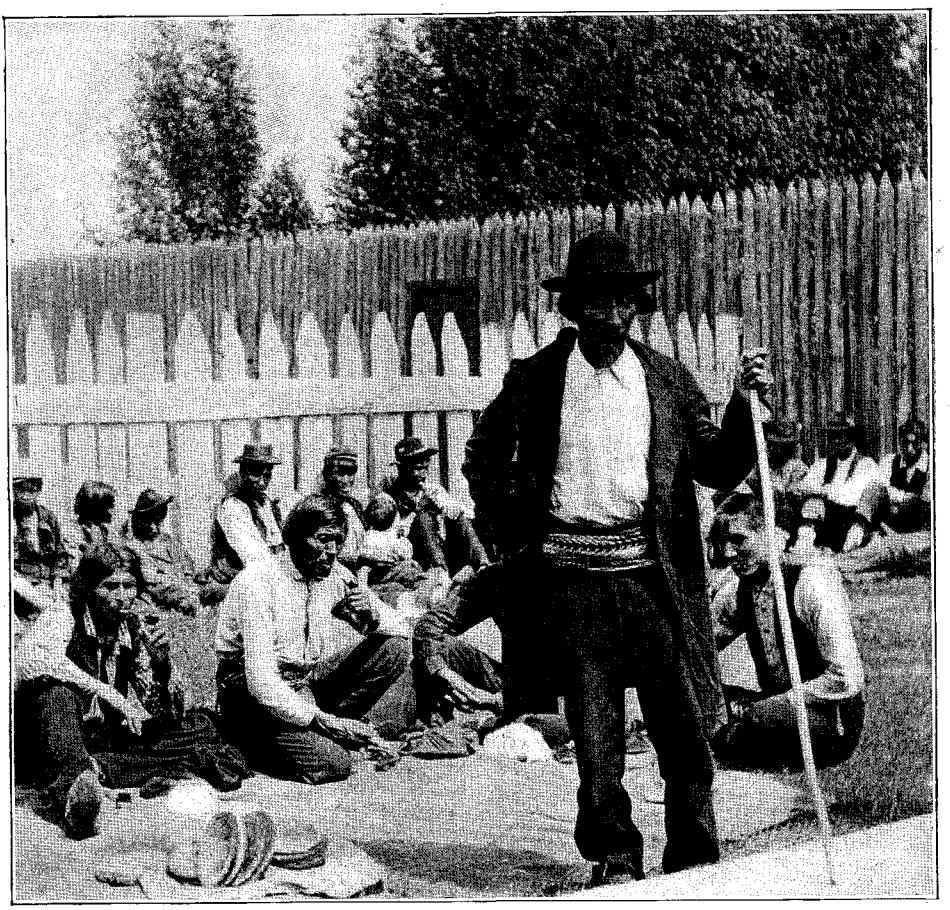

The blind chief Missabay making a speech.

numbered not less than twelve and sometimes seventeen, so that the strength of the party never fell below nineteen and was often twenty-four.

New men were engaged at Albany and at Moose Factory and experience was had of many different types. The Scriptures had seemingly been searched to furnish names for our men and we had in service at one time or another the prophets, the apostles, and a goodly number of the saints, even to such minor worthies as Caleb who went to spy out the land for the children of Israel! A word or two of the chronicle must be given up to the chief members of the crew—to David Sugarhead, who had only one lung and worked as if he had four; to Oombash, the dandy of the party, a knowing bowsman who wore a magenta and blue sweater and always paddled in a pair of black woollen gloves; to Simon Smallboy, a hard man to traffic with, but a past master of poling; of Daniel Wascowin, who cooked for the crew, and who was a merry man; and lastly, of Jimmy Swain, the old Albany River guide, sixty-seven years old, who ran to and fro over the longest portage carrying the heaviest pack.

He is a fine type of the old half-breed race of packers and voyageurs which is fast disappearing; loyal and disinterested, cautious but fearless, full of that joy of life which consists in doing and possessed by that other joy of life which dwells in retrospect, in the telling of old tales, the playing of old tunes, and the footing of old dance steps. Jimmy was enjoying a mighty old age after a mighty youth. He had been able to carry 600 pounds over a portage nearly a quarter of a mile

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long. He had run on snow-shoes with the mail from Moose Factory to Michipicoten, a distance of 500 miles, in six days, carrying only one blanket, a little hardtack, and a handful of tea. Now in his sixty-seventh year he was the equal of the best of the young fellows. He took all the portages at a tremendous speed and barefooted, for there was a thick layer of callous flesh on the soles of his feet. He was conscious of his virtues, for in reply to the question, "Well, Jimmy, is there anything left at the other end of the portage?" he would always say, "I was there last myself, surr." That was conclusive. Moreover, Jimmy was an artist. How he could play the violin at all with his huge callous fingers was a matter for wonder, but play he did; all the jigs popular on the Albany for the last fifty years, curious versions of hymn-tunes, "Abide with Me" and "Lead, Kindly Light," a pathetic variation of "Home, Sweet Home," the name of which tune he did not know, but called it after a day or two "The tune the bosses like; it makes them feel bad!" Every night after supper Jimmy withdrew into his tent, closed the flap, and took out his violin. The instrument was as curious as the art employed to play it. "Oh, it's a fine fiddle!" Jimmy would say. "It's an *expensive* fiddle. Dr. Scovil gave it to me, and it must have cost ten dollars." He had scraped the belly and rubbed it with castor-oil, and the G string had two knots in it. But what matter! When Jimmy closed the flap of his tent and drew it forth out of its blue pine box, I doubt whether any artist in the world had ever enjoyed a sweeter pang of affection and desire.

We touched water first at Big Sandy Lake and in three days had reached Frenchman's Head (Ishquahka portage), one of the reserves set apart by an earlier treaty. James Bunting, the chief of the band, when he learned our business sent twelve of his stalwart Indians to help us over the long and difficult portage; as it was the occasion of a lifetime they brought their wives, children, and dogs and made a social event of it. But they doubled our working force and saved us a half-day on the portage. Once again we were to meet with such kindness, at New Post on the Abitibi River, when Chief Esau and five of his men, adherents of the new treaty, gave us an offering of their help for two days. "We do not expect any money, and no food for this. We will feed ourselves. You have brought us much; we have little to give, but that we freely give."

Chief Moonias.

An Indian, Albany River.

After Osnaburgh, Fort Hope was to come, then Marten's Falls, then English River, then Fort Albany and the salt water, then Moose Factory and New Post, But Osnaburgh had all the importance of a beginning.

It was about two o'clock one afternoon that we sighted Osnaburgh, a group of Hudson Bay buildings clustered on the lake shore, and upon higher ground the little wooden

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Group of Indians, Fort Hope.

church of the Anglican mission. Everyone expected the usual welcome, for the advent of a paymaster is always announced by a fusillade, yells, and the barking of dogs. But even the dogs of Osnaburgh gave no sound. The Indians stood in line outside the palisades, the old blind chief, Missabay, with his son and a few of the chief men in the centre, the young fellows on the outskirts, and the women by themselves, separated as they are always. A solemn hand-shaking ensued; never once did the stoicism of the race betray any interest in the preparations as we pitched our tents and displayed a camp equipage, simple enough, but to them the matter of the highest novelty; and all our negotiations were conducted under like conditions—intense alertness and curiosity with no outward manifestation of the slightest interest. Everything that was said and done, our personal appearance, our dress and manners, were being written down as if in a book; matter which would be rehearsed at many a campfire for generations until the making of the treaty had gathered a lore of its own; but no one could have divined it from visible signs.

Nothing else is so characteristic of the Indian, because this mental constitution is rooted in physical conditions. A rude patience has been developed through long ages of his contact with nature which respects him no more than it does the beaver. He enriches the fur-traders and incidentally gains a bare sustenance by his cunning and a few gins and pitfalls for wild animals. When all the arguments against this view are exhausted it is still evident that he is but a slave, used by all traders alike as a tool to provide wealth, and therefore to be kept in good condition as cheaply as possible.

To individuals whose transactions had been heretofore limited to computation with sticks and skins our errand must indeed have been dark.

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They were to make certain promises and we were to make certain promises, but our purpose and our reasons were alike unknowable. What could they grasp of the pronouncement on the Indian tenure which had been delivered by the law lords of the Crown, what of the elaborate negotiations between a dominion and a province which had made the treaty possible, what of the sense of traditional policy which brooded over the whole? Nothing. So there was no basis for argument. The simpler facts had to be stated, and the parental idea developed that the King is the great father of the Indians, watchful over their interests, and ever compassionate. After gifts of tobacco, as we were seated in a circle in a big room of the Hudson's Bay Company's House, the interpreter delivered this message to Missabay and the other chiefs, who listened unmoved to the recital of what the Government would give them for their lands.

Indian mother and children, Fort Hope.

Eight dollars to be paid at once to every man, woman and child; and forever afterward, each year, "so long as the grass grows and the water runs" four dollars each; and reserves of one square mile to every family of five or in like proportion; and schools for their children; and a flag for the chief.

"Well for all this," replied Missabay, "we will have to give up our hunting and live on the land you give us, and how can we live without hunting?" So they were assured that they were not expected to give up their hunting-grounds, that they might hunt and fish throughout all the country just as they had done in the past, but they were to be good subjects of the King, their great father, whose messengers we were. That was satisfying, and we always found that the idea of a reserve became pleasant to them when they learned that so far as that piece of land was concerned they were the masters of the white man, could say to him, "You have no right here; take your traps, pull down your shanty and begone."

At Fort Hope, Chief Moonias was perplexed by the fact that he seemed to be getting something for nothing; he had his suspicions maybe that there was something concealed in a bargain where all the benefit seemed to be on one side. "Ever since I was a little boy," he said, "I have had to pay well for everything, even if it was only a few pins or a bit of braid, and now you come with money and I have to give nothing in exchange." He was mightily pleased when he understood that he was giving something that his great father the King would value highly.

Missabay asked for time to consider, and in their tents there was great deliberation all night. But in the morning the chiefs appeared, headed by Missabay, led by Thomas, his son, who attended the blind old man with the greatest care and solicitude. (In the picture of Missabay speaking you may see Thomas behind his father's staff on his left side [page 575].) Their decision was favorable. "Yes," said Missabay, "we know now that you are good men sent by our great father the King to bring us help and strength in our weakness. All that we have comes from the white man and we are willing to join with you and make promises which will last as long as the air is above the water, as long as our children remain who come after us."

After the payment, which followed the signing of the treaty, the Hudson's Bay

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An Indian feast, Fort Hope.

store was filled with an eager crowd of traders. The majority of the Indians had touched paper money for the first time; all their trading had been done heretofore with small sticks of different lengths. They had been paid in Dominion notes of the value of one dollar and two dollars, and several times the paymasters had received deputations of honest Indians who thought they had received more in eight ones than some of their fellows had in four twos. But they showed some shrewdness in calculation when they understood the difference, and soon the camp was brightened by new white blanket coats, gay handkerchiefs and shawls, new hats and boots, which latter they wore as if doing a great penance.

Meantime, the physician who accompanied the party, had visited the tents. He found the conditions that exist everywhere among Indians—the effects of unsanitary habits and surroundings, which are to some extent neutralized by constant changes of camping-ground, by fresh air and pure water; the prevalence of tuberculosis in all forms, a percentage of cases which at one time might have been relieved by surgical treatment, but which have long passed that stage.

It had become known that a mysterious operation called vaccination was to be performed upon the women and children, but not upon the men, whose usefulness as workers might be impaired by sore arms. Indians are peculiarly fond of medicine, and at least as open to the pleasure of making

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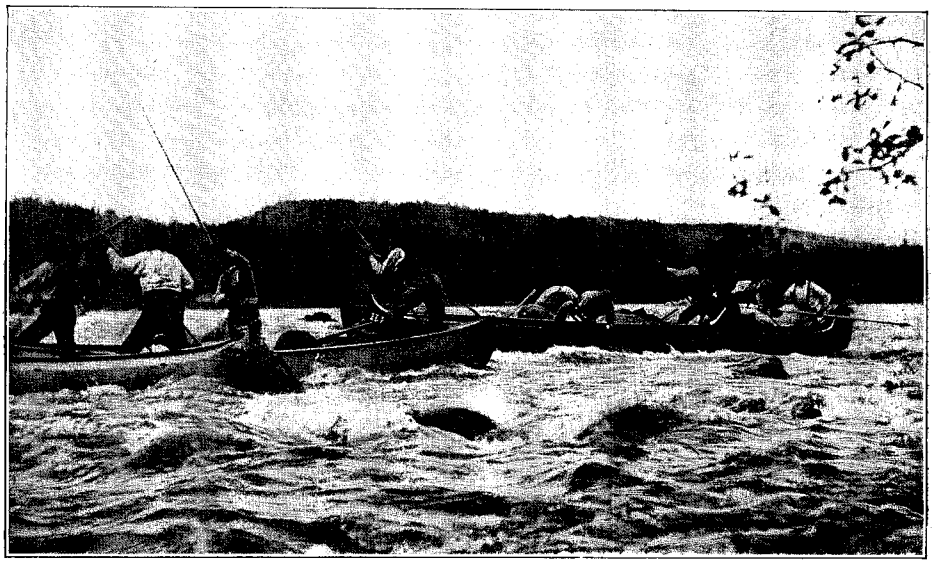

Poling up rapids, Abitibi River.

experiments with drugs as their white neighbors, but operations they dread; and what was this mysterious vaccination? Jenner and his followers had time to carry on a propaganda, but here at Osnaburgh our physician had to conquer superstitious fear and prejudice in a few short hours. I have known a whole tribe take to the woods upon the mere suggestion of vaccination. But this very superstition, aided by the desire to be in the fashion, gained the day. The statement that something rubbed into a little scratch on the arm would have such powerful results savored of magic and "big medicine," but the question was solved by one of the society leaders, Madame Mooniahwinini! She was one of three sisters, all wives of Mooniahwinini, and she appeared with those of his thirteen children for whom she was partly responsible. That settled the matter and children were pulled from their hiding-places and dragged to the place of sacrifice, some howling with fear, others giggling with nervousness. Never in the history of the region had there been such an attempt at personal cleanliness as at Osnaburgh that day, and at the other posts upon like occasions. To be sure the cleansing extended to only three or four square inches of arm surface, but it was revolutionary in its tendencies.

As soon as the treaty had been signed a feast had been promised by the commissioners and the comestibles had been issued by the Hudson's Bay Company. They consisted of the staples, pork and flour, tea and tobacco; with the luxuries, raisins, sugar, baking-powder, and lard. The best cooks in the camp had been engaged for hours upon the preparation of these materials. Bannocks had been kneaded and baked, one kind plain, another shortened with lard and mixed with raisins; the pork, heavy with fat, had been cut into chunks and boiled; the tea had been drawn (or overdrawn) in great tin kettles.

There is a rigid etiquette at these feasts; the food is piled in the centre of the surrounding Indians, the men in the inner circle, the women and children in the outer. When everyone is assembled the food is divided as fairly as possible and until each person is served no one takes a mouthful, the tea grows cold, the hot pork rigid, and half the merit of the warm food vanishes, but no one breaks the rule. They still wait patiently until the chiefs address them. At Osnaburgh while Missabay walked to and fro striking his long staff on the ground and haranguing them in short reiterant sentences —the same idea expressed over and over, the power and goodness of the white man, the weakness of the Indian, the kindness of the King, their great father—there they sat and stoically watched the food turn clammy! With us the cloth is cleared and the speeches

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follow; with the Albany River Indians every formality precedes the true purpose of the feast, the eating of it.

The proceedings at Osnaburgh were repeated at the river posts, but when we reached Fort Albany we seemed in a different world. The salutation on the upper river is "Bow jou," the "Beau jour" of the early French voyageur; on the coast it is "Wat che," the "What cheer" of the English.

Marten's Falls was the last post at which we heard Ojibway spoken; at Fort Albany we met the Crees. In our journey we had been borne by the waters of the Albany through a country where essential solitude abides. Occasionally the sound of a conjurer's drum far away pervaded the day like an aërial pulse; sometimes we heard the clash of iron-shod poles against the stones where a crew was struggling up-stream with a York boat laden with supplies. For days we would travel without seeing a living thing, then a mile away a huge black bear would swim the river, slip into the underbrush through a glowing patch of fire-weed, then a lemming would spring across the portage path into the thick growth of Labrador tea; no birds were to be seen, but a white-throat sparrow seemed to have been stationed at intervals of a hundred miles or so to give us cheer with his bright voice. But at Marten's Falls the blithe sentinel disappeared and "the rest was silence."

When one has heard even a few of the stories of Indian cruelty and superstition which haunt the river, of the Crane Indians who tied a man and his wife together, back to back, and sent them over the falls because they were sorcerers, of the terrible wendigo of Marten's Falls, the lonely spirit of the stream becomes an obsession. It is ever-present, but at night it grows in power. Something is heard and yet not heard: it rises, and dwells, and passes mysteriously, like a suspiration immense and mournful, like the sound of wings, dim and enormous, folded down with weariness.

Below Marten's Falls the Albany flows in one broad stream for three hundred and fifty miles through banks, in some places, eighty feet high, unimpeded by rapids or falls, rushing gloriously to the sea. One night the canoes were lashed together and floated on under the stars until daybreak. Above Marten's Falls the river is broken by great rapids and cataracts and interrupted by long lake stretches, such as Makokobatan and Miminiska. The shores are flat and the land seems merely an incident in a world of water. Wherever a tent is pitched it is amid flowers; wild roses are inclosed within your canvas house, all about are myriads of twin-flowers, dwarf cornel, and pyrola blossoms. At James Bay the casual effect of the land is yet more apparent. Can these be called shores that are but a few feet high? The bay is vast and shallow; ten miles away the fringes of red willow look like dusky sprays brushed in against the intense steel-gray of the sky-line, and the canoe paddles will reach the sandy bottom! No language can convey the effect of loneliness and desolation which hangs over this far-stretching plain of water, treacherous with shifting sands and sudden passionate storms, unfurrowed by any keels but those of the few small boats of the fur-traders.

At the upper river posts the Indians had been stoical, even taciturn, but at Fort Albany and Moose Factory the welcome was literally with prayer and songs of praise and sounds of thanksgiving. The Hudson's Bay Company's property at Fort Albany separates the buildings of the Roman Catholic mission from those of the Anglican mission. Moose Factory was until lately the seat of the Anglican Bishop of Moonsonee, but that glory and part of the trading glory has departed; the bishop has gone to "the line," as the Canadian Pacific Railway is called, and the Hudson's Bay Company has removed its distributing warehouse to Charlton Island, fifty miles out in the Bay.

The Indians are adherents of either one faith or the other. Casuists they are, too, and very brilliant at a theological argument; so the religious element was largely mingled with the business, and here they thanked God as well as the King. The feasts at Moose Factory and New Post seemed like savage and debased "tea-meetings."

An address written in Cree, in the syllabic character, was presented at Albany; and at Moose Factory the proceedings opened with prayer and were enlivened by hymn singing. The use of the syllabic character is common on the river. Here and there messages from one group of Indians to another were met with, written upon birch bark and fixed to a stick driven into

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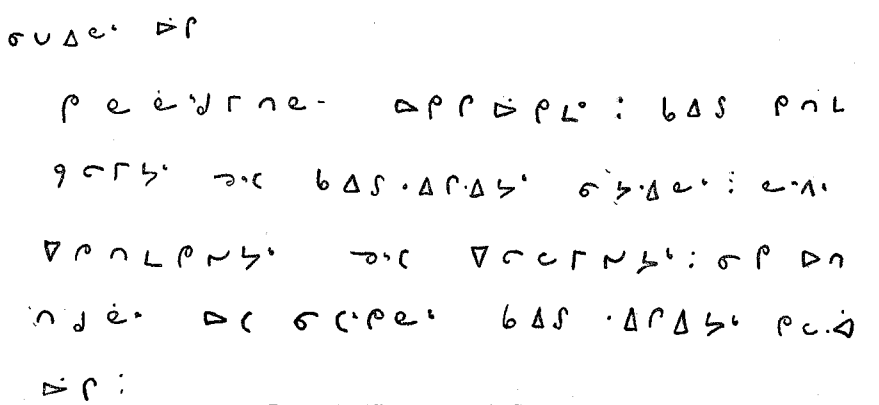
the ground in some prominent position—announcements that the fishing was poor and that they had gone to Winisk; that if Cheena's boy was met with, tell him his father was building canoes two days' journey up the Chepy River.

This method of writing the Indian languages was invented by Rev. James Evans, a Methodist missionary about the middle of the last century. He was then living at Norway House, north of Lake Winnipeg, where he had come from Upper Canada. As the Crees of Norway House are hunting Indians he found it difficult to make any headway with the work of evangelization. It was almost impossible to teach them to read by the English alphabet, and during the greater part of the year they were on their hunting-grounds, virtually inaccessible. So he invented the characters in which each sign represents a syllable modified by terminals and prefixes. He made his first type from the lead in which tea was packed, moulded in clay; his first press was a Hudson's Bay Company's fur-press, his first paper fine sheets of birch-bark. An intelligent Indian can readily learn to read by the aid of the syllabic character and the system is used by the missionaries of all sects to disseminate their teachings.

The effect of education and of contact with a few of the better elements of our civilization were noticeable at Albany and Moose Factory. There was a certain degree of cleanliness in the preparation of food, the Indians were better dressed, and although the fur trade is a sort of slavery, a greater self-reliance was apparent. The crew that took the commission from Moose Factory to Abitibi were constant in their vespers and every evening recited a litany, sang a hymn and made a prayer. There was something primitive and touching in their devotion, and it marks an advance, but these Indians are capable of leaving a party of travellers suddenly, returning to Moose Factory in dudgeon if anything displeases them, and the leader of the prayers got very much the better of one of the party in an affair of peltries. But any forecast of Indian civilization which looks for final results in one generation or two is doomed to disappointment. Final results may be attained, say, in four centuries by the merging of the Indian race with the whites, and all these four things—treaties, teachers, missionaries, and traders—with whatever benefits or injuries they bring in their train, aid in making an end.



Part of the Albany address in Cree syllabic.

From our hearts we thank thee, O Great Chief, as thou hast pitied us and given us temporal help. We are very poor and weak. He (the Great Chief) has taken us over, here in our country, through you (his servants).
Therefore, from our hearts we thank thee very much, and we pray for thee to our Father in Heaven.
Thou hast helped us in our poverty.
Every day we pray, trusting that we may be saved through a righteous life; and for thee we shall ever pray that thou mayst be strong in God's strength and by His assistance.
And we trust that it may ever be with us as it is now; we and our children will in the Church of God now and ever thank Jesus.

The James Bay treaty will always be associated in my mind with the figure of an Indian who came in from Attawapiskat to Albany just as we were ready to leave. The pay-lists and the cash had been securely packed for an early start next morning, when this wild fellow drifted into the camp. Père Fafard, he said, thought we might have some money for him. He did not ask for anything, he stood, smiling slightly. He seemed about twenty years of age, with a face of great beauty and intelligence, and

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eyes that were wild with a sort of surprise—shy at his novel position and proud that he was of some importance. His name was Charles Wabinoo. We found it on the list and gave him his eight dollars. When he felt the new crisp notes he took a crucifix from his breast, kissed it swiftly, and made a fugitive sign of the cross. "From my heart I thank you." he said. There was the Indian at the best point of a transitional state, still wild as a lynx, with all the lore and instinct of his race undimmed, and possessed wholly by the simplest rule of the Christian life, as yet unspoiled by the arts of sly lying, paltry cunning, and the lower vices which come from contact with such of our debased manners and customs as come to him in the wilderness.

"AGAINST ORDERS"

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"HERE comes Captain Bogart—we'll ask him," said the talkative man.

His listeners were grouped about one of the small tables in the smoking-room of the *Moldavia*, five days out. The question was when the master of a vessel should leave his ship. In the incident discussed every man had gone ashore—even the life-saving crew had given her up: the master had stuck to his post.

The captain listened gravely.

"Yes—if there's one chance in a thousand of saving her. Regulations are pretty plain; can't forget 'em unless you want to," and he walked on.

That night at dinner I received a message to come to the captain's cabin. He had some coffee that an old Brazilian had sent him. His steward was from Rio, and knew how to grind and boil it.

Over the making the talk veered to the inquiry in the smoking-room.

"When ought a commander to abandon his ship?" I asked.

"When his passengers need him. Passengers first, ship next, are the orders. They're clear and exact—can't mistake 'em."

"You speak as if you had had some experience." A leaf from out the note-book of a live man doing live things is as refreshing as a bucket of cool water from a deep well.

"Experience! Been forty years at sea."

"Some of them pretty exciting, I suppose."

"Yes. Half a dozen of 'em."

He emptied his cup, rose from his seat, and pushing back his chair, began pacing the floor, stepping into the connecting chart-room, bending for an instant over the map, and stepping back again, peering through the small window a-grime with the spray of a north-easter.

My question, I could see, had either revived some unpleasant memory or the anxiety due to the sudden shift of wind—it had been blowing south-west all day—had made him restless.

As my eyes followed his movements I began to realize the enormous size of the man. Walking the deck, head up, body erect, his broad shoulders pulled back, his round, solid girth tightly confined in his simple uniform, he looked the brawny, dominant, forceful commander that he was—big among the biggest passengers. Here, pacing the small cabin, his head almost touching the ceiling, his great frame filling the door, it was as if an elephant had squeezed himself into a boudoir. Everything seemed too small for him—the table, the chair he had now regained, the tiny egg-shell cup which he was grasping.

Looking closer—his head in full profile against the glow of the electric light—I caught the straight line of the ruddy, seamed neck—a bull's neck in strength, a Greek athlete's in refinement of line—sweeping up into the close-cropped, iron-gray hair. Then

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came the round of the head; the massive forehead, strong, straight nose; thin, compressed lips, moulded thin and kept compressed by a life of determined effort; square-cut chin and the iron jaw that held the lips and chin in place.

When he rose to his feet again I had another surprise. To my astonishment he was not a Colossus at all—not in pounds and inches. On the contrary, he was but little above the average size. What had impressed me had not been his bulk, but his reserve force. Tigers stretched out in cages produce this effect; so do powerful machines that dig, crunch, or pound—dormant until their life steam sets them going.

The gale increased in violence. We got now the lift of the steamer's bow, staggering under tons of water, and the whir of the screw in mid-air. The captain glanced at the barometer, drew his body to its full height, reached for his storm-coat, slipped it on, and was about to swing back the door opening on the deck, when the chirp of a canary rang through the room. At the sound he turned quickly and walked back to where the cage hung.

"Ho, little man!" he cried in the same tone of voice in which he would have addressed a child; "woke you up, did we? Sorry, old fellow; tuck your head down again and take another nap."

The bird stretched out its bill, fluttered its wings, pecked at the captain's outstretched finger, and burst into song.

"Yours, captain?" I had not noticed the bird before.

"Yes; had him for years."

Instantly the absurdity of the companionship broke upon me. What possible comfort, I thought, could a man like the captain take in so tiny a creature? It was the lion and the mouse over again—the eagle and the tom-tit—the bear and the rabbit. He must have noticed my surprise and amusement, for he added with a smile:

"Must have something. Gets pretty lonesome sometimes when you have no wife nor children, and there are none anywheres for me." He had withdrawn his finger now, and was buttoning his coat close about his broad chest, his eyes still on the bird that was splitting its little throat in a burst of song.

"But he's so small," I laughed. "I should think you'd have a dog—seems nearer your size."

I once saw a man struck by a spent bullet. I remember the sudden pallor, the half gasp, and the expression of pain that followed. Then the man uttered a cry. The same expression crossed the captain's face, but there was no gasp and no cry; only a straightening of the lips and a tightening-up of the iron jaw. Then, without a word of any kind in answer, he caught up his cap, swung back the door, and with the wind full on his chest, breasted his way to the bridge.

When the door swung open a moment later it closed on the first officer—a square, thick-set, round-headed man, with mild blue eyes set in a face framed by a half-circle of reddish-brown whiskers, the face tanned by twenty-five years of sea service, fifteen of them with Captain Bogart.

"Getting soapy," he said; "wind haulin' to the east'ard. Goin' to have a nasty night." As he spoke he stripped off his tarpaulins, hung them to a hook in the chart-room, and wiping the salt grime from his face with his coat cuff, took the captain's empty seat at the table.

I knew by the captain's silent departure that I had made a break of some kind, but I could not locate it. Perhaps the first officer might explain.

"Captain lost his wife, didn't he?" I asked, moving my chair to make room.

"No—never had one." He leaned forward and filled one of the empty cups. "Why did you think so?"

"Well, more from the tone of his voice than anything else. Some trouble about it, wasn't there?"

"There was. His sweetheart was burned to death ten years ago—lamp got upset." These men are direct in their speech. It comes from their life-long habit of giving short, crisp, meaning orders. He had reached for the sugar now, and was dropping the lumps slowly into his cup.

"That explains it, then," I answered. "We were talking about the bird over there, and he said a man must have something to love, being without wife or children, and then I told him a big man like himself, I should think, would rather have a dog——"

The first officer put down his cup, jerked his body around, and said, his blue eyes looking into mine:

"You didn't say that, did you?"

I nodded my head.

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"Mighty sorry. Don't any of us talk to him of his dog. What did he say?"

"Nothing. Turned a little pale, got up, and went out."

"Too bad! You didn't know, of course —wish I'd posted you."

"Then he *did* have a dog?"

"Yes, belonged to that poor girl."

"What became of him?"

The first officer leaned over the table and rested his elbows on the cloth, his chin in the palms of his hands. For some time he did not speak. Outside I could hear the thrash of the sea and the slosh of spent waves coursing through the deck gutters.

"You want to hear about that dog, do you?" he asked, straightening up. "Well, I can tell you if any man can, but you're to keep mum about it to the captain."

Again I nodded.

He fumbled in his outside pocket, drew forth a short pipe, rapped out the dead ashes, refilled it slowly from a pouch on the table, lighted it, and settled himself in his chair.

"I'll begin at the beginning, for then you'll understand how I came to be mixed up in it. I saw him when he first came aboard, and I want to say right here that the sight of him raised a lump in my throat big as your fist, for he was just the mate of the one I owned when I used to look after my father's sheep on the hills where we lived. Then, again, I took to him because he wasn't the kind of a pet I'd ever seen at sea before—we'd had monkeys and parrots and a bobtail cat, but never a dog—not a real, human dog.

"He was one of those brown-and-white combed-out collies we have up in my country, with a long, pointed nose that could smell a mile and eyes like your mother's—they were so soft and tender. One of those dogs that when he put his cold nose alongside your cheek and snuffed around your whiskers you loved him—you couldn't help it—and you knew he loved you. As for the captain—the dog was never three feet from his heels. Night or day, it was just the same —up on the bridge, followin' him with his eyes every time he turned, or stretched out beside his berth when he was asleep. Hard to understand how such a man can love a dog until you saw that one. Then, again, this dog had another hold upon the captain, for the girl had loved him just the same way.

"And he had the best nose in a fog—seemed as if he could sniff things as they went by or came on dead ahead. After a while the captain would send him out with the bow-watch in thick weather, and there he'd crouch, his nose restin' on the rail, his eyes peerin' ahead. Once he got on to a brigantine comin' bow on minutes before the lookout could see her—smelt her, the men said, just as he used to smell the sheep lost on the hillside at home. It was thick as mud—one of those pasty fogs that choke you like hot steam. We had three men in the cro'nest and two for'ard hangin' over her bow-rail. The dog began to grow restless. Then his ears went up and his tail straightened out, and he began to growl as if he had seen another dog. The captain was listenin' from the bridge, and he suspected somethin' was wrong and rang 'Slow down!' just in time to save us from smashing bow on into that brigantine. Another time he rose on his hind legs and 'let out' a yelp that peeled everybody's eyes. Then the slippery, barnacle-covered bottom of a water-logged derelict went scootin' by a few yards off our starboard quarter. After that the men got to dependin' on him—'Ought to have a first mate's pay,' I used to tell the captain, at which he would laugh and pat the dog on the head.

"One morning about eight bells, some two hundred miles off Rio—we were 'board the *Zampa*, one of our South American line, with eighteen first-class passengers, half of 'em women, and ten or twelve emigrants—when word came to the bridge that a fire had started in the cargo. We had a lot of light freight on board and some explosives which were to be used in the mines in the mountains off the coast, so fire was the last thing we wanted. Bayard—did I tell you the dog's name was Bayard?—that's what the girl called him—was on the bridge with Captain Bogart. I was asleep in my bunk. First thing I knew I felt the dog's cold nose in my face, and the next thing I was on the dead run for the after-hatch. I've had it big and ugly a good many times in my life; was washed upon a pile of rocks once stickin' up about a cable's length off our coast, and hung to the cracks until I dropped into a lifeboat; and another time I was picked up for dead off Natal and rolled on a barrel till I came to. But that racket aboard the *Zampa* was the worst yet.

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"When I jumped in among the men the smoke was creepin' out between the lids of the hatch. We ripped that off and began diggin' up the cargo—crates of chairs, rolls of mattin', some spruce scantling—runnin' the nozzle of the hose down as far as we could get it. There were no water-tight compartments which we could have flooded in those days as there are now, or we could have smothered it first off. What we had to do was to fight it inch by inch. I knew where the explosives were, and so did the captain and purser, but the crew didn't—didn't even know they were aboard, and I was glad they didn't. We had picked most of 'em up at Rio—or they'd made a rush maybe for the boats, and then we'd had to shoot one or two of 'em to teach the others manners. In addition to every foot of hose we had 'board I started a line of buckets and then rushed a gang below to cut through the bulkhead to see if we couldn't get at the stuff better.

"The men fell to with a will. Fire ain't so bad when you take hold of it in time, and as long as there is plenty of steam pressure—and there was—you can almost always get on top of it, unless something turns up you don't count on.

"That's what happened here. I was standin' on the coamings of the hatch at the time, peerin' down into the smoke and steam, thinking the fire was nearly out, directing the men what to h'ist out and what to leave, when first thing I knew there came a dull, heavy thump, as if we'd struck a rock amidships, and up puffed a cloud of smoke and sparks that keeled me over on my back and nearly blinded me.

"I knew then that the fire had just begun to take hold; that thump might have been a cask of rum or it might have been a box of nitro-glycerine. Whatever it was, there was no time to waste in stoppin' the blaze before it reached the rest of the cargo.

"Captain Bogart had felt the shock and now came runnin' down the deck with the dog at his heels. He knew I'd take care of the fire and he hadn't left the bridge, but the way she shook and heaved under the explosion was another thing.

"By this time the passengers were huddled together on the upper deck, frightened to death, as they always are, the women the coolest in the crowd. All except two little old women, sisters, who lived out of Rio and who had been with us before. Fire was one of the things that scared them to death, and they certainly were scared. They hung to the rail, their arms around each other—the two together didn't weigh a hundred and fifty pounds; always reminded me of two shiverin' little monkeys, these two old women, although maybe it ain't nice for me to say it—and looked down over the rail into the sea, and said they never could go down the ladder, and did all the things badly scared women do, short of pitching themselves overboard, which sometimes occurs. The captain stopped and talked to 'em—told 'em there was no danger—his ears open all the time for another let-go, and the dog nosed round and put out his paw as if to make good what the captain had promised.

"The water was goin' in now pretty lively—all the pumps at work—the light stuff bein' heaved overboard as fast as it came out. By dark we'd got the fire under so that we had steam where before we'd had smoke and flame. The passengers had quieted down and some of 'em had gone back to their staterooms to get their things together, and everything was going quiet and peaceable—this was about nine o'clock—when there came another half-smothered explosion and the stokers began crawlin' up like rats. Then the chief engineer stumbled out—no hat nor coat, his head all blood where a flying bolt had gashed him. Some of her bilge plates was loose, he said, and the water half up to the fire-boxes. Next a column of flame came pouring out of her companionway, which crisped up four of our boats and drove everybody for'ard. We knew then it was all up with us.

"The captain now sent every man to the boats—those that would float—and we began to get the passengers and crew together—about sixty, all told. That's pretty nasty business at any time. They're like a flock of sheep, huddlin' together, some wantin' to stay and some crazy to go; or they are shiverin' with fright and ready to knife each other—anything to get ahead or back or wherever they think it is safest. This time most of 'em had got on to the explosives; they knew something was up, either with the boilers or the cargo, and every one of them expected to be blown up any minute.

"I stood by the rail, of course, and had told off the men I could trust, puttin' 'em in two lines to let 'em through one at a time,

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women first, then the old men, and so on—same old story; you've seen it, no doubt—and had got four boats overboard and filled—the sea was pretty calm—and three of 'em away and out of range of fallin' pieces if she did take a notion to let go suddenly, when the dog sprang out of the door at the top of the stairs leading down to the main deck, barkin' like mad, runnin' up to the captain, who stood just behind me, pullin' at his trousers, and runnin' back again. Then a yell came from the boat below that one of the old women was missing: it was her sister. One half-crazy man said she'd jumped overboard—he was crowdin' up to the rail and didn't want to stop for anything—and another said she had gone off in the first boat, which I knew was a lie.

"'Have you sent them both down?' asked Captain Bogart.

"'No, sir; only one,' I said—and I hadn't.

"Just then a steward stepped up with a bundle of clothing in his hand.

"'I tried to get her out, but she'd locked herself in the stateroom, sir. It was all afire when I come up.'

"It took about two seconds for Captain Bogart to jump clear of the crowd, run half the length of the deck and plunge through the door leadin' to the main deck, the dog boundin' after him.

"I've been through a good many anxious minutes in my life, but those were the worst I'd had up to date. He and I had been pretty close ever since I went to sea. He's ten years older than I am, but he gave me my first chance. Yes; that kind of thing takes the heart out of you, and they were both in it. Hadn't been for the dog we wouldn't have missed her, maybe, although the captain was keeping tally of the passengers and crew.

"Five minutes, they said it was—more like five hours to me—I held the crowd back, wondering how long I ought to wait if he didn't come up, knowing my duty was to stay where I was, when the dog sprang out of the door, half his hair singed off him, barkin' and jumpin' as if he had been let out for a romp; and then came the captain staggerin' along, his face scorched, his coat half burned off him, the woman in his arms in a dead faint and pretty nigh smothered. The old fool had locked herself in her stateroom—he had to break down the door to get at her—cryin' she'd rather die there than be separated from her sister.

"We made way for the two—the half-crazy man fallin' back—and the captain lowered her himself into the boat alongside her sister, and then he sent me down the ladder behind her to catch the others when they came down and see that everything was ready to cast off.

"I could see the captain now from my position in the boat, up against the sky—he was the last man on the ship—holding the dog close to him. Once I thought he was going to bring him down in his arms, he held him so tight.

"Next time I looked he was coming down the ladder slowly, one foot at a time, the dog looking down at him, his big, human eyes peering into the captain's face, his long, pointed nose thrust out, his ears bent forward. If he could have spoken—and he looked as if he was speaking—he would be telling him how glad he felt at savin' the old woman, and how happy he was that they'd all three got clear. My own collie used to talk to me like that—had a kind of low whine when he'd get that way; tell me about his sheep stuck in the snow, and the way the——"

The first officer stopped, cleared his throat, shook the ashes from his pipe and laid it on the table. After a while he went on. His words came slower now, as if they hurt him.

"When the captain got half-way down the ladder I saw him stand still for a moment and look straight into the dog's eyes. Then I heard him say:

"'Down, Bayard! Stay where you are.'

"The dog crouched and lay with his paws on the edge of the rail. That's what he'd done all his life—just obeyed orders without question. Again I saw the captain stop. This time he slipped his hand into his side-pocket, half drew out his revolver, put it back again, and kept on his way down the ladder to the boat.

"Then the captain's order rang out:

"'Get ready to shove off!'

"Hardly had the words left his lips when there came another dull, muffled roar, and a sheet of flame licked the whole length of the deck. Then she fell over on her beam.

"'My God!' I cried; 'left that dog to die!'

"Yes; there was nothin' else to do. It's against orders to take animals into life-

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boats. They take room and must be fed, and we hadn't a foot of space or an ounce of grub and water to spare, and we had two hundred miles to go. I begged the captain. 'I'll give Bayard my place,' I said. I knew he was right; but I couldn't help it. 'Let me go back and get him.' I know now it would have been foolish; but I'd have done it all the same. So would you, maybe, if you'd known that dog and seen his trusting eyes lookin' out of his scorched face and remembered what he'd just done.

"'The captain never looked at me when he answered. He couldn't; his eyes were too full.

"'Your place is where you are, sir,' he said, short and crisp. 'Shove off, men.'

"He will never get over it. That dog stood for the girl he'd lost, somehow. That's the captain's bell. I'm wanted on the bridge. Good-night."

Again the cabin door swung free, letting in a blast of raw ice-house air, the kind that chills you to the bone. The gale had increased. Through the opening I could hear the combers sweeping the bow and the down-swash of the overflow striking the deck below.

With the outside roar came the captain, his tarpaulins glistening with spray, his cap pulled tight down to his ears, his storm-beaten face ruddy with the dash and cut of the wind. He looked like a sea Titan that had just stepped from the crest of a wave.

If he saw me—I was stretched out on the sofa by this time—he gave no sign. Opening his tarpaulins and thrashing the water from his cap, he walked straight to the cage, peered in, and said softly:

"Ah, my little man! Asleep, are you? I just came down to take a look at the chart and see how you were getting on. We're having some weather on the bridge."

THE ALTAR OF THE DEAD

"Ein Tag im Jahre ist den Todten frei"

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE skies are dim, the wind-stripped trees stand sighing
Where cold airs move about the dying year;
Let this one day be theirs beyond denying,
The dead who once were dear.

Put off the shield and buckler brave of seeming,
Mail we must wear upon the world's highway,
That we shall wear no whit the worse for dreaming
Their dream for this one day.

To that dark altar through still, shadowy spaces
Silent we go—our footfalls make no sound—
Each to a separate shrine we set our faces,
Each has his holy ground.

All the long year's long days are for the living,
All, all but one with wintry skies of lead;
One short poor day—how should you grudge the giving
This one day to the dead?

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LONDON: A MUNICIPAL DEMOCRACY

By Frederic C. Howe

LONDON is not a city. It is a score of cities. Everybody speaks of it as a city, but nobody really thinks of it as one. Men think only of what London means to them. It means Mayfair, Belgravia, Westminster, the City about the Bank, or Whitechapel. London is a place—a place where the world-wide empire of Great Britain and, in a sense, all mankind converge. It is a place, too, where all the world comes. Men live in closer association here than anywhere else in the world. But still London is not a city. It is not a city in the eyes of the law. It is a county. And its governing body is called a County Council.

I do not pretend to know how this area of one hundred and twenty-one square miles called London is governed. I suppose there are some men who do know, but they must be very few. A man of ordinary intelligence can comprehend the charter of an American city in a few hours' time at most; but to understand the government of London is to understand the history of London and the acts of Parliament for centuries at least. The municipal code of an American city seldom exceeds a few printed pages. The model code proposed by the National Municipal League for adoption by the legislatures of the States contains in all but twenty-five printed pages. The charter of London, however, with all of its political agencies, would fill a large volume, and the laws are all so interrelated and builded upon the past that no one, save an antiquary, ever could know all about them. For London never has had a definitely co-ordinated system of government struck off at one sitting of Parliament. At no time has Parliament been willing to take up the administration of the metropolis in the way the legislature of New York did that of Manhattan Island when it adopted her recent charter. The English mind hates any violent departure from the past. It fears to begin anew. It has an instinctive terror of any big change. If all the laws from the time of the first political organization of the Dutch in the seventeenth century down to the last act of the Albany Legislature were preserved as the charter of New York, we should have some idea of the governmental machinery of the metropolis of the United Kingdom.

This is why few people really know how London is governed; what are the powers of the various political bodies; just where Parliament and the County Council begin and the boroughs, boards, commissions, and Poor Law agencies end.

A real attempt was made to evolve order out of chaos in 1888, when the London County Council was formed. But Parliament halted before it had gone very far. It took fright at the idea of creating a little democracy in the heart of the empire. And it had been better for Parliament had it left things as they were. For the London County Council has been the terror of the age-long privileges of the landlords and franchise owners of the metropolis ever since it came into existence. Parliament made still further concessions to necessity in 1899, when it swept away a multitude of parishes, and created twenty-seven metropolitan boroughs with councils and mayors like any other city. These little cities within the metropolis administer the public health acts; they have supervision of the highways, assess and collect the local rates, and have power to deal with the housing and other local questions. But it is the County Council that is the most important political agency in the metropolis. Its powers were not very extensive at first. Even now they seem insignificant in comparison with those of our own cities. As a matter of fact, all of the councils, boards, and other local agencies are so cramped, cabined, and confined by Parliament that their combined powers do not equal those of the average American city, limited as it is in its powers.

The Council has control of the main sewage; the protection of the community from fires; the building and maintenance of bridges and ferries; the control of the means of transit on the streets; the street improve-

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ments; asylums; housing; parks and open spaces. It has considerable power in matters of the public health and the supervision of the metropolitan boroughs in the administration of their functions. It has large control over education, and enjoys many lesser powers. It is the County Council that is making of London a city.

The Council commands the best talent in the kingdom, and it is one of the most democratic bodies in the world. It is, in fact, a city republic, and under the present Liberal ministry it is likely to become one of the greatest agencies of radicalism in the civilized world. The Council came into existence through the inefficiency, if not the corruption, of the old Metropolitan Board of Works, which had been created in 1855 to satisfy the necessity of some central body for all of London. For up to that time the metropolitan area was governed by over three hundred parochial boards composed of about 10,000 members. These boards were ancient church parishes, governed by hundreds of private and special acts which were unknown and inaccessible to anyone save the officials themselves. The methods of election to office varied from one street to another. Even the powers were not the same. The members of these bodies were elected at a town meeting, usually so held that only those persons interested in the election could be present. There was no secret balloting—only a showing of hands. Up to 1855 London was really governed by political inertia. It was much as though Greater New York had no other authority than hundreds of ward or precinct meetings at which only those were present who were candidates for office. We can imagine the result of such a condition. It was not until 1899 that these vestries or parishes were abolished and twenty-seven borough councils were erected in their stead. These now exist alongside of the County Council, and maintain a very vigorous life.

In addition to the County Council and the borough councils, there remains the City of London proper. It is a political anachronism, an historical survival. It is a mediæval city with a royal charter. Parliament has carefully respected its ancient privileges. It is a tremendously rich corporation. It owns lands and plate and other forms of wealth. It has a population of 26,923 by night and hundreds of thousands by day. It is the most unique municipality in the world. Its Lord Mayor is a petty king; he lives in the Mansion House, just opposite the Bank of England. It has power to remake its own constitution. It is known as "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of the City of London." There are twenty-five aldermen and 206 common councilmen. The latter are elected by the rate-payers of the city.

The corporation spends much money in feasting, in extravagant display, and in charity, but remains the most reactionary influence in all London. It is as though the region about Wall Street were a separate corporation, distinct from Greater New York, and governed by the banks, insurance companies, the brokers, and big business interests of the metropolis. The City of Westminster is also a city within the corporate limits of the County Council. It lies about the Houses of Parliament and Trafalgar Square, and is only less ancient than the City of London proper.

But the chaos of municipal administration does not end with these agencies. The police department is administered by Parliament directly through the Home office. The water-supply of London is in the hands of the London Water Board of sixty-six members, while the docks on the river and the Poor Law schools are administered by the Thames Conservancy Board and the Lea Conservancy Board. In addition to these are the thirty-one Boards of Guardians who have control of the Poor Law administration. There are also the Metropolitan Asylum Board and the four school district boards.

All these agencies are more or less at war. Their functions conflict and overlap so that a united policy such as is possible in Berlin, Paris, or New York, is out of the question. All these agencies combined expend about $75,000,000 a year. This seems a pretty large sum for a city. It is larger than many a national budget. Greater New York expends $108,000,000 each year. But the comparison is of little value, for the cities do very different things.

It is the London County Council that inspires the affection of the Londoner. There are some men who are beginning to love London. Not as Lamb, Johnson, and Goldsmith loved London, not as the world which gathers there loves it, but as the

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burghers of the free cities of old Germany, or the people of Florence in the days of her greatness loved their cities. For the London County Council is beginning to care for its people just as the old boards and the vestries cared for the privileged interests. And that is really the test of a city. What does it do for its people? For there is something reciprocal about politics, especially city politics. Here in America we are beginning to see that a city which does little for the citizen gets little from the citizen. The fraternal sense is very much wider than a secret society. It is universal.

Since its creation in 1888 the Council has been engaged in one long fight with privilege, with the privilege of the landlords, of the water, gas, electricity, transportation corporations, with the old school boards, the contractors, and all the reactionary influences that had enjoyed centuries of undisturbed control of London. They were not unlike the big business interests in control of the American city. They looked upon the government as their government, as an agency to watch over and protect their privileges. That government was a thing for the people to use or that it had any business meddling with their abuses was as foreign to their thought as are the demands of the peasants to the traditions of the grand dukes of Russia.

But the County Council thought otherwise. It came up from the people, and it felt their needs and responded to their pulsebeats. It is a big body, is the Council. It contains 118 men. Two councilmen are elected from each parliamentary district, with four from the City of London proper. In addition to this, there are nineteen aldermen, distinguished citizens, elected by the Council itself. The aldermen serve for six years, the members of the Council for three years. There is no lord mayor, not even a titular mayor. The Council elects a chairman, who may be a peer, as was Lord Rosebery, or a business man who has fought his way up to eminence through his service on the Council. All business is transacted through committees, which are the executive heads of the city.

The Council knows no politics—at least its politics bears no national names. But there is plenty of politics in every election, and the party names are those of Moderates and Progressives. The former party is conservative, and tenacious of the past; the latter is radical and looks to the future. As a matter of fact, the line of division is one that we know in America. It is an economic one. The Moderates are identified with the landlords, the franchise owners, and big business interests. They are Tories, in fact, while the Progressives are Liberals or more often Radicals or Socialists. The Progressives have enjoyed almost uninterrupted control of the Council since its organization. It is they who have made a democracy of London. For this is the ideal toward which its members are working. And men like John Burns, who has been with the Council from its beginning; like Sidney Webb, the leading English Socialist; like Sir Frederic Harrison, are conscious of the terrible cost of modern civilization, and see in the city a means for its correction. And it is about the big social questions that the contests of the Council centre. There has come over the Englishmen of the younger generation an enthusiasm for ideals that is strangely absent in Parliament. And members of the bar, members of the profession of medicine, retired gentlemen, and peers of the realm have entered the hustings along with laboring men and Socialists over questions that are very disturbing to the old school of Englishmen. The last election, in 1904, was a signal victory for the Progressives, the Radicals and the municipal Socialists. Their programme included the clearing away of disease-breeding slums and the erection of fine model dwellings owned by the Council and rented to the occupants at a reasonable charge. This is the Council's housing policy. It included the ownership and operation of the tramways and their extension into a splendid system, as well as a new municipal steamboat service on the Thames. This is its transportation programme. The taxation of land values is the next step in the Council's policy. The improvement of the port of London, the municipalization of the water-supply, the widening of many thoroughfares, the completion of a main drainage scheme, the opening up of small parks and open spaces, the promotion of temperance and of education, the betterment of the condition of municipal employees, and the development of the Works Department, for the doing of all public work without the intervention of the contractor, are some of the other things the

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Council is doing. It is upon these issues that the rate-payers of London divide at an election. And when it is considered that the laws are so adjusted that local taxes are paid by the tenant and in consequence that those who vote are conscious of their burdens, it is a significant evidence of the changing social order that the Radicals have been able to remain in power for so long.

In the beginning the people treated the County Council as an experiment. They timidly read the accounts of its sessions in the obscure little building where the Council met on Spring Garden Street. For London had never thought of itself as a city. It doesn't think so yet. It takes some time for a people to forget its past. And the three hundred parishes with their anarchy of administration are the only memories that London has of municipal administration. And it was very revolutionary to have a big, busy, meddling Council upsetting things and expressing its opinion about Parliament. To add to it all, John Burns had been elected to the Council from Battersea. John Burns, the leader of the dockers' strike, John Burns the Socialist, who had been in jail for inciting to riot, and who had been heralded in the papers as marching on London with sixty thousand hungry men but a few years before! Men wondered what the world was coming to. Was nothing sacred? For England had always looked upon politics as the exclusive business of gentlemen. I met John Burns in those days when the Council was still an experiment. That was in the early nineties. He talked about his dreams—the dream of the London that was to be. I tramped over Battersea with him where he lives. Battersea is a part of London and has long been a working man's parish, for the wage-earners are in control of its Council. Burns talked of his contests, contests with the big interests above and the labor-unions who had elected him and paid him such salary as he received for serving them. His neighbors in Battersea and the Socialists were disappointed; disappointed because he did not electrify Parliament and the Council with his turgid eloquence of their wrongs. But they continued to believe in him, continued to elect him to the Council and to Parliament. And in later years England came to believe in this "intellectual combination of a terrier and a bull-dog," as Burns has been termed, just as London has come to believe in its Council, and the radical things the Council is doing and has done in the last twenty years. For the dreams which its early members dreamt are being realized. They were democratic dreams in the interest of all the people. They justify belief in our own municipal institutions and give assurance that the city is to be the chief agency in the movement for better conditions of life that seem to be agitating the whole world. For during the last score of years London has found itself. The centuries' long chaos of vestry government is a thing of the past. The County Council found the people of the metropolis badly housed. It has undertaken a comprehensive housing policy. It cleared slum areas and erected model dwellings which now house or will house 100,000 people. It opened up the parks to the widest use and offered to its people recreation spots in the form of small parks. It found the city in the hands of the private contractors. They combined against the community on all work, and gave such service as suited their convenience. It found its employees underpaid and overworked. It elevated their condition by fixing a standard fair wage to be paid. It began to do its own work without the contractor. This policy of fair wage and direct employment has since been extended to almost all the cities in the kingdom. The Council pays the trade-union rate of wages. It has shortened the hours of labor. But it is through the direct employment of labor that the greatest gain has been made. In order to carry out this policy a Works Department was organized. An immense workshop was opened where all sorts of city work is performed. The city now has from 3,000 to 4,000 skilled workmen on its pay-roll. It builds sewers, erects its own model dwellings, fire-engine houses, and police stations. The Council itself bids upon all work, and if its proposal is the lowest, it secures the job as would any other contractor. During six months in 1905 it completed work to the value of nearly $2,000,000. It carried through the clearance scheme by which the magnificent new street improvement known as King's Way was completed. I visited the immense workshop of the department. It lies along the Thames just opposite the Houses of Parliament. It was like any other factory

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in its equipment. But it seemed strange that a city should own such an enterprise, that it should do the thousands of jobs that are usually done by contractors. From this factory there were no dividends to be made. No scamping of work for the sake of big profits. No labor strikes or industrial wars. For the city looks after its workmen in a sincere way. The only motive is efficient work, at as low a cost as possible. For the manager always has before his eyes the Committee of the Council to whom he must account. There is no loafing in these shops, no needless employ-

is in the hands of a private company. But a beginning has been made by the County Council. It secured powers from Parliament to own and operate the street-railways which were then in private hands. It has since developed a comprehensive system. To the south of the Thames forty-six miles of track have been laid which converge on the river about the heart of the city. Forty-eight miles are also owned to the north of the Thames. These two systems are to be united through a subway which has been built under the new King's Way, which runs from Southampton Row to the Strand.

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when monopolist 'A' says to politician 'B,' 'You fool the city to sell what it can better operate itself and you will have a share of the swag.'"

The Council has also inaugurated a municipal steamboat line on the Thames. It put on a splendid service, and runs the boats in connection with the tramways. It forced Parliament to municipalize the water-supply, and within recent years fourteen of the newly created borough councils have taken over the electricity supply. The Council is agitating for a municipal milk supply, for public bakeries, for municipal employment agencies, and the serving of free lunches to school-children. It is working to reduce the price of gas in the metropolis. It protects its poor from short weights in the purchase of coal and other commodities. The extent to which inspection is carried on by the officials of the boroughs and County Council is amazing. They remove refuse and garbage, abate nuisances, watch over the public health in a multitude of ways; prevent food adulteration, inspect and register dairies, inspect factories and workshops, prevent the employment of minors under eighteen years of age for more than seventy-four hours a week. The County Council has power to prevent overcrowding and unsanitary dwelling conditions, to license slaughter-houses and offensive businesses. Its powers for the protection of health are very ample.

We are inclined to look upon these achievements of the English city as easily obtained. But, in fact, the struggle for self-government in England has been harder than our own. The London County Council has had to make its way against the obstruction of privilege at every turn. For years it has sought permission from Parliament to link up its tramway systems through the use of the Thames bridges and Embankment. But the House of Lords always interposed a veto. Distrustful of democracy, the House of Lords is even more fearful of its own privileges and its outlook from the Terraces of the Houses of Parliament.

The same reactionary interests prevented the municipalization of the water-supply up to 1905. Prior to that time it was in the hands of eight private water companies. Despite the fact that portions of the city were inadequately supplied, Parliament, jealous of its own interests, prevented every effort at municipalization. And when the system was finally taken over, Parliament declined to trust the County Council, but created in its stead a Water Board of sixty-six members, nominated by various local authorities and only indirectly responsible to the people. And when the Water Board came to purchase the companies, they were not permitted to acquire them at their physical value, but were forced to pay an immense award covering the capitalized value of the earnings of the plants. While the eight companies were estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of $120,000,000, Parliament imposed upon the community a method of valuation which involved a payment of $205,791,000, which sum was still $40,000,000 less than the companies claimed.

The English cities enjoy less home rule than do the cities of America. They have to go to Parliament for every little thing. And Parliament is very cautious in the things it permits the city to do. This is particularly true of London. For the things the County Council wants to do hurt the big interests in control of Parliament. Almost all of the 121 square miles upon which the city is built is owned by the Dukes of Westminster, of Bedford, of Portland, and a few other parliamentary landlords. They will not sell their lands but let them out on lease. And the tenant has to make the repairs, maintain the property, and pay all the taxes, too. Worst of all, when the lease expires, the landlord takes all of the improvements without paying for them. And the many activities of the County Council are likely to injure these landed gentlemen in some way or other. For they own the slums and the death-breeding tenements. The Council wanted to clear them out to make them more sanitary, to open up streets, and otherwise disturb the ducal landlords who were in control of Parliament. The same was true of the franchises of the big corporations. In consequence, when the Council came to Parliament for relief, the House of Lords interposed its veto; or when the powers were granted, the community was compelled to pay handsomely for the privilege of making the city a decent place in which to live.

The Council has now entered on the biggest struggle of all. It is aiming to break the land monopoly which afflicts London as it does all English cities. It has joined an

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agitation for the "taxation of land values," which is the English equivalent for the single-tax philosophy of Henry George. More than one hundred cities have united in demanding of their representatives in Parliament the right to retake for local purposes a portion of the unearned increment which results from the city's growth, and the present Liberal ministry is pledged to such a measure.

Through this means the County Council hopes to force the ducal dogs in the manger to improve their lands if they will not sell them. By taxation the Council hopes to force the owners to tear down the shacks and disease-breeding tenements, to let go their immense suburban holdings, and open them up to residence for the people of London. To-day the land is free from taxation.* By increasing the cost of holding it the Council believes it can force the land into use. Through this means, too, the burden of local taxes, now paid by the tenant, will be shifted in part to the landlord, and through the taxing away of its speculative value, unused land, both within and without the city, will be brought into occupancy.

Most of the great art of the world has been produced under the stimulus of democracy or the Christian religion. These were the great forces that beautified the Italian cities during their age of freedom and dotted Europe with cathedrals. And the new London that is coming into existence under the inspiration of the County Council is expressing its aspirations in a big artistic way. For the first time in the city's history, a comprehensive plan for the beautification of the city has been worked out. The County Council has dared to entertain the idea of a beautiful London. It has widened old streets, opened up parks, and erected artistic public buildings. Its new bridges across the Thames have, for the most part, justified the standard set by Waterloo Bridge, probably the finest arch bridge in the world. But its greatest achievement has been the KingsWay improvement. A broad thoroughfare has been cut through the meanest part of the city from Southampton Row to the Strand. The Council has saved the bits of ancient architecture, and so controlled the new as to make them all conform to an architectural whole. When completed, the improvement will be one of the finest roadways in the world. It has cost upward of $25,000,000. It involved the destruction of many of the most unsanitary tenements in London. To the east are the law courts, and to the south, flanking upon the Strand, are the fine old parish churches of Christopher Wren, to which has been added the new Gaiety Theatre, to whose beauty the Council contributed thousands of pounds. Along the entire length of 7,000 feet plane-trees have been planted. And this stupendous improvement has been so financed that in sixty years' time the resale of the land and the rents of the property will return its entire cost to the tax-payers. The roadway has been constructed as will all great roadways in the future when our cities own all of their utilities. Underneath the carriageway are subways for the street-cars. Beneath the broad pavements on either side of the roadway are twelve-foot conduits for gas, water, and electric mains and wires. Still farther down are immense district sewers. In many respects this is the greatest achievement of democracy in London. It was bold, courageous, and intelligent. But best of all, it was an exhibition of belief in the city as an entity, in municipal work as a thing which should be planned in a big, beautiful, artistic way.

London really stands for a new idea in the world. It is a community with a conscious purpose. Its purpose is far more than the building of streets and sewers, the maintaining of an efficient police and fire department, the care of the health and lives of the people. London is bent upon lifting its people from ignorance, squalor, disease, and poverty. It has reared 500 new schoolhouses under the new Public School Act, which it fostered. It has opened seventy libraries. It has founded 2,000 educational scholarships. It has opened fifty public baths and twelve polytechnics. There are now 300 beautiful squares, 106 Council parks and breathing-places, twelve royal parks, and 120 borough gardens. London is said to be the greenest large city in the world. The Council has also razed many slum areas, and is erecting model homes for 100,000 of its people. About the city broad areas of land have been purchased on which cottages are to be built for the better-to-do classes. London is going to be its own land-

*All the taxes are paid by the tenant. Land as such is not assessed at all. And if the property is not improved or is vacant it pays no taxes at all.

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lord. Not much has been done as yet, it is true, but a big start on the housing question has been made.

But the new democracy is not satisfied with the achievements it has made. It is not content with two rooms and a wash-bowl. For what has been done is but the apprentice work. The County Council has only laid its foundations. It has spent twenty years in justifying industrial democracy. Its work has just begun. It has laid out a programme of city building in which human life and happiness rather than business profits and dividends will be the ideal. Democracy has vindicated itself in the English city. It has found its fullest expression in the London County Council. The London of to-morrow is as full of hope as the London of to-day is full of misery.

BULSTRODE IN LOCO PARENTIS

By Marie Van Vorst

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

DURING the summer of a memorable year Mr. Bulstrode inhabited a palace. Some millionaires achieve them after much architectural tribulation; his was forced upon him. On this occasion no noble or generous impulse led him to occupy his friend's, the Duc de Montensier's, *hôtel*, for when De Montensier's project was placed before the American his love of beauty (he so put it to himself) wouldn't let him refuse. The charming rooms where no object was younger than Bulstrode's great grandfather; the tapestries, the colors of brocade and stuffs; the Vernets, Fragonards, and Chardins of the gallery, and the Nattiers—the enchanting women—almost made him for a moment lose sight of a living lady.

On the very first day he went through the house, coming out from the salon to a terrace and a vast garden in the heart of Paris, Mr. Bulstrode accepted Montensier's offer to put in his traps for a few months and turn Parisian.

James Thatcher Bulstrode, born in Providence, educated at Harvard, cosmopolitan thereafter, could no more turn Parisian than could his clothes. But generous hearts and sentiments like his lay claim to no country, but are cosmopolitan composite traits of "the first rate," the "good sort," the world over.

Directly opposite the white façade of Bulstrode's little palace was a French tenement, a *hôtel meublé*, the hostelry for beggars; for domestics without places; for poor professors; for actors with no stages but the last; for laborers with no labor; in short, for the riff-raff of the population, for those who no longer hold the dignity of profession or pay rent for a term. Sometimes Mr. Bulstrode would look out at the tenement, whose windows in this season were wide open; and the general aspect indicated that dislocated fortunes flourished. In one window, pirouetting or dancing in it, calling out of it, leaning perilously over the sill of it, was a child—as far as Bulstrode could decide, a creature of about six years of age. She was too small to see much of, but all he saw was activity, gesticulation, and perpetual motion. When the day was hot she fanned herself with a bit of paper. She called far out to the wine-merchant's wife, who sat with her family before the shop while her pretty children played in the gutter.

In Paris when the weather climbs to eighty, Parisians count themselves in the tropics and the people, who lived apparently out of doors altogether, wore a melted, disheartened air. But the De Montensier garden, full of roses and heliotrope, watered and refreshed by the fountains' delightful falling, was a retreat not to be surpassed by many suburbs. Mr. Bulstrode gave little dinners on the terrace; little suppers after the theatre, when rooms and garden were lighted with fairy lanterns, and his *chef* outdid his traditions to please his American master.

One day as Mr. Bulstrode sat smoking on

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

In the midst of this rabble little Simone was dancing —Page 602.

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the terrace with nothing more disturbing than the drip of the fountain and the remote murmur of Paris to break his reverie, Prosper, his confidential man, made a tentative appearance.

"Would m'sieu, *who is so good*, see a young lady?"

His master smiled as he rose, instinctively at the words "jeune demoiselle" throwing away his cigar.

"Pardon, m'sieu, I thought it might amuse m'sieu——" and Prosper stepped back.

Bulstrode had been intently thinking of the caravansary opposite him, and he now saw that part of the *hôtel meublé* had come across the street; he recognized it immediately for the smallest part. Before him stood the ridiculous and pathetic figure of a dirty little girl in rags, tatters, and furbelows, her legs clad in red silk stockings evidently intended for fuller, shapelier limbs; her feet slipped about in pattens. She had on a woman's bodice, a long flounced skirt pinned up to keep her from tripping. Her head was adorned by a torn straw hat, also contrived and created for the coquetry of maturity.

Bulstrode.

"Monsieur is so good," she began in a flute-like voice. "I have come to thank monsieur with all my heart."

Mr. Bulstrode looked toward Prosper for enlightenment, but that individual had cleverly disappeared.

"To thank me, my child? But for what?"

"Why, for the eggs and butter and sugar that monsieur was so good as to send me. I have made the cake. It is beautiful! Monsieur le cuisinier of this house baked it for me. It is perhaps a little flat—but that was because I got tired stirring. See—it says——" She had, so he now saw, a book under her arm; letting fall a fold of her cumbersome dress with both hands and opening a filthy cook-book, she laid it on the table, bending over it. "It says stir briskly half an hour." (Her rs rolled in her throat like tiny cannons in a rosy hollow.) "*Quelle idée!* It was *too* stupid! Half an hour! I just mixed it round once or twice and then—voila! it has white on the top and shall have a candle."

"So you've made a cake?" he said kindly. "I'm sure it's a good one."

She nodded brightly. "It is for that I came to thank monsieur and to ask if he would accept a piece of it."

Poor Bulstrode, with dreadful suspicion, looked to see part of the horror immediately offered for his degustation. "I don't, my dear, understand. Why should you thank *me*—what had I to do with it?"

Her gesture was delightful. "But for monsieur it would not exist; for butter, eggs, and flour. Monsieur Prosper, when he gave them, said it was of the kindness of '*Monsieur Balstro*'."

(Oh, Prosper! "I have corrupted *him*," his master thought. "He is as bad as I am!")

"Well, I'm very glad, indeed," and he said it heartily. "But what did you especially want to make it for—with the one candle? That means one year old. Who's birthday may it then be?"

"It is the birthday of maman." She shut the book and as she did so raised her great black eyes, which dirt and neglect could not spoil. There was in her appearance so little suggestion of maternal care

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that Bulstrode nearly incredulously asked, "Your mother? And what, then, does your mother do?"

"She's a fish," informed the child tranquilly. And Bulstrode, although startled, could believe it. It too perfectly accounted for the cold-blooded indifference to this offspring. Not even a mermaid could have been guilty of so little care for her child. Still, he repeated:

"A fish?"

"Oui, a devil-fish in the aquarium at Bostock's. Oh, qui c'est beau!" she clasped her little hands. "Maman wears a costume of red—quite a small, thin dress," she described eagerly. "And it is all spangles, like fire when she dives into the water. I have been; the waiter at the café downstairs took me. I screamed. I thought maman was drowned. But no—she comes up always!" The child threw her head back and lifted her eyes in ecstasy. "C'est magnifique!"

"What is your mother's name?"

"Mademoiselle Lascaze."

"And yours?"

"Simone."

"What do you do all day, Simone?"

"I wash and cook and sew and play—I have much to do—oh, much." She assumed an important air. "The bad air of the room makes maman ill, so she's out—'to breathe,' she says—and she locks me safely in. I play Bostock and dive like maman. And sometimes"—she lowered her voice, and looking back to see if they were alone—confided, "I cry."

"Ah!" sympathized Bulstrode.

"But yes," she insisted, "when maman forgets to come home, and the night is so black; then the seamstress next door knocks on the wall, and I knock back for company."

"I see," he understood gently, "for company."

He rang for Prosper. "You will conduct mademoiselle home, Prosper, and give her everything she needs for her kitchen always."

"Yes, monsieur; I knew that monsieur would——"

At sight of Prosper the mite gathered up her voluminous skirts and bade her new friend a cordial good-by.

From the corrupted Prosper Bulstrode extracted what he wished to know concerning the child.

"It is of a scandalousness, monsieur! Four nights of the seven the poor little object is alone. The mother appears to have money enough, she pays her rent regularly, and there is therefore nothing to do. She sometimes even fetches her companions home with her, and Simone, when she is not making sport for them, is tied to a chair to keep her from falling off in her sleep."

Bulstrode expressed himself strongly, violently for him, went to see a lawyer and a charitable French countess and found out that so long as the mother did not actually ill-treat the child she could not be replaced by any other guardian.

"Mon cher ami," said the spirituelle lady, "leave the fish to her deviltry, and her child in her care. We are *fin de race*, if you like, and in direct opposition to your American progressive schemes, but we have a tradition that the family is sacred, and that however bad it may be, a child is better off in its home than elsewhere. You will find it difficult to replace a mother by a *machine* or an *institution*, believe me."

And Bulstrode at the words felt a new sense of failure in philanthropics, and his benevolence seemed pure dilletantism. What was he likely to accomplish in the case of this child? Nothing more than the momentary pleasure a few toys and a few hours of play could secure. "And yet," as he mused he philosophically put it to himself, "isn't it, after all, about the sum total any of us get out of destiny?"

In New York he would have quite known how to proceed in order to help the child, but in the face of French law and strong family prejudice he came up against a stone wall.

"I'm no sort of a real benefactor," he remorsefully acceded, "and I don't believe I'm fit to be trusted alone with the poor."

Nevertheless he did not relinquish his idea entirely, and confided Simone to Prosper's sympathetic care and that of an emotional maid-servant, with the result that a cleaning woman penetrated by hook or crook into the room of "the fish" and treated it to more *aqua pura* than the piscatory individual had cognizance of outside of the aquarium.

Mr. Bulstrode in this particular charity was surprised to find how simple it sometimes is to do good. In this case no one had come to him with a petition or a de-

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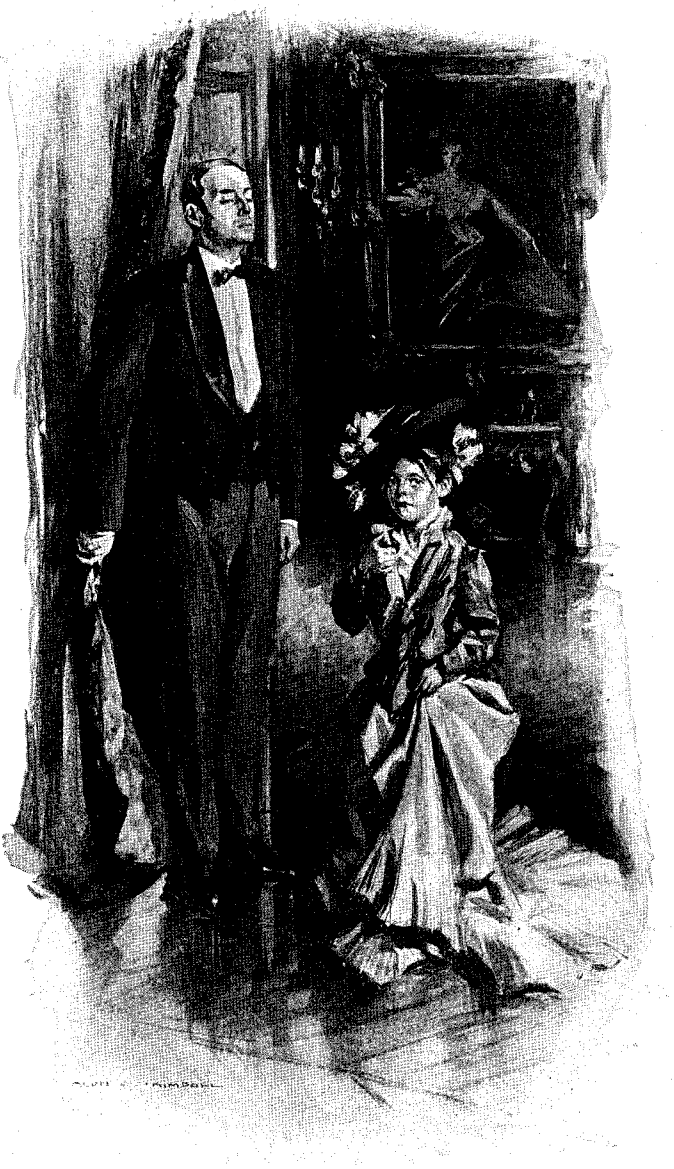

"Monsieur is so good," she began in a flute-like voice.—Page 597.

mand; on the contrary, a note of undeserved thanks had, with the strange little creature, been presented to him. It was so pleasantly easy to help a child! There were no *arrières pensées*—not that they would have troubled him, but there were none; there were no wire-pullings, no time infringements, no suggestion or criticism, no—he believed—expectations. Everything he could do was so annoyingly little! The charwoman cleaned, Simone had a complete wardrobe, the larder was full, and there remained nothing but toys to buy. The little thing was so womanly and capable—he had seen it and marvelled in their interviews at her age and accomplishments—her hands were

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so apt and almost creative, that toys seemed inadequate. She took her benefits charmingly; rushed over at the least provocation to pour out her gratitude, and Bulstrode, who hated thanks, liked these. Childhood, if it had been for sale on the Boulevard, even that he would have bought Simone if he could! As it was, he found himself pausing before a series of shops other than chemisiers', florists', and jewellers'—shops where diminutive objects were displayed—and one afternoon had been standing ridiculously long in front of a certain window on the Rue de Rivoli when he was accosted by an agreeable and familiar voice.

"Jimmy! It isn't! don't tell me it has come—and so soon—so cruelly soon!"

"What—has come soon?"

Bulstrode's intonation to his friend implied that nothing he had really greatly desired had come soon. Mrs. Falconer on her way to her motor stopped by his side.

"*Your second childhood*, my dear man. You know what shop you are before?"

Ships sailed there; dolls hung gaudily and smilingly aloft; giant particolored balls rounded out their harlequin sides; tiny dishes for pygmy festivals were piled with delicious carrots and artichokes on little white, blue-rimmed platters.

"Have you a moment to spare?" Bulstrode asked her.

"I have bought all my hats," she replied; "after that a woman's time hangs heavy on her hands."

"Ah!" he was as radiant as she had the genius for making him. "Come, then, in with me and help me choose *a doll*."

It was not the first purchase during the course of a long friendship which Mr. Bulstrode had made with this charming woman by his side, but for some reason he enjoyed it more than former errands. The bachelor and the childless woman were hard to please and their choice consumed an unconscionable time. As they lingered the amiable shopman pressed various toys on monsieur and madame "*pour les enfants*," and the lady, finally depositing her friend with his parcels at the door of his *hôtel*, realized as she drove away that she knew nothing of the child for whom the purchases had been made. On her way up the Champs Élysées she smiled softly. "It's what you *share*," she mused, "what you give of *yourself—with* yourself—*that's* charity! Jimmy gives himself. I wonder who his new love is?"

Bulstrode, in order to share what should be his "new love's" ecstasy at first sight of the miraculous toy, sent for Simone. The Rue de Rivoli doll, on a small chair designed for diminutive ladies of the eighteenth century or for the king's dwarfs, held out stiff but cordial arms and was naturally, to a child, the first and sole object of the drawing room.

"*Monsieur!*"

"For you, Simone."

"*Monsieur!*"

She said nothing else as she clasped her hands, and the color rushed into her face, but she felt the doll, touched reverently its feet, hair, dress, incontinently forgot Bulstrode, and quite suddenly, passionately, caught the image of life to her heart. Just over its blonde head, for it was nearly as large as herself, she met the gentleman's eyes.

"It's my child! I've prayed for it always, always! I've never had a doll, a *bébé*, m'sieu."

The tea-table with cakes and chocolate called them all too soon, and as Prosper served the fountains sang, the heat stole through the garden and called up agreeable odors of sod and roses, the late afternoon sky spread its expanse over the terrace of the *hôtel*, where, perfectly happy both of them, animated by as gentle and harmless pleasure as any two in Paris that day, the child of the people and an American gentleman chatted over their tea.

Bulstrode, being an original, erratic, and reckless giver of alms, quite by this time knew that, more than often, for him to give was, if not to regret, to have at least misgivings whether in the hands of some colder, less poetic person his money would not have accomplished more good. In the case of Simone he had as usual happily gone on with abandon, relegating any remorse to a future which he hoped would never arrive. That week, then, he was off. On a three days' jaunt with some people at Fontainebleau, out under the pale sky where the elastic earth sprang softly under his feet and the embowered forests were sifted through with gold, Mrs. Falconer thought to ask: "And the doll, Jimmy? Have you broken her yet?" and except in the moment when the lady's question brought the little girl, be-

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It was not the first purchase made with this charming woman by his side.—Page 600.

cause of the one who remembered, more tenderly into his mind, the fickle Bulstrode, with masculine entirety forgot his "new love."

The night of his return Paris was *en fête*, and in no sense impatient to reach his lonely house—for so it always at *fête* seasons stood out to him—he walked without haste from the Gare de Lyon up along the quais. Not fifty miles away he had left cool forests with tempting roads, alluring alleys. He had forgotten that it was the 14th of July

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and that at this late hour the *fête* would be in full swing, and as he strolled meditating along the Seine the spirit of the gay populace—good-humor, reckless pleasure, and the *joie de vivre*—poured itself out around him like cordial, like a generous gift from an overcharged horn of cheer. In his grey clothes, modish panama, a little white rose plucked by a dear hand from the trellis at Fontainebleau still in his buttonhole, Mr. Bulstrode scarcely remarked the crowds or heard the music as he passed outdoor dancing stands and was jostled by a dancing throng.

His own street, as he approached it, welcomed him with a strong odor of onions and fried potatoes; it had apparently turned itself out of doors and all of the houses seemed to have emptied themselves into the narrow alley. A hurdy-gurdy playing before the *hôtel meublé* tinkled and jangled in the centre of a crowd of merry-makers, and the metallic melody and wild ascending octaves were the first sounds Bulstrode consciously heard since he left Fontainebleau.

In the midst of this rabble little Simone was dancing like a mad child, hair, arms, and feet flying; her voice, thin and piercing, every now and then above the rattle of the hand-organ, cried out the lines of a popular song whose meaning on her lips was particularly horrifying. The wine-shop family encircled her, encoring her vociferously. As she paused for breath the light from over the shop-door shone on her excited little face.

"I tired! Mon Dieu que non! I could dance till morning. Play again, monsieur l'organiste. Play again."

Mr. Bulstrode, on the crowd's edge, watched her, and for once in his philanthropic history made no attempt to rescue. As Prosper let his master in he said:

"It's a shame, isn't it, monsieur? The people over there have let her run quite crazy. The poor little thing! Heaven knows where the mother is!"

Of which celestial knowledge Bulstrode had his doubts. It was close to twelve, and dismissing Prosper for the night, he took his cigar out on the terrace and to what solitude his garden might extend. Before long the noise of the music subsided, the people, tired out with hours of festivity, dispersed, and the alley settled into quiet. From the distance now and then came the soft, dull explosion of fireworks, the rumble and roar of Paris was a little accelerated; otherwise the silence about Bulstrode's garden grew and deepened as the night advanced.

It was rare for him to allow himself to be the object of his own personal consideration, or that indeed he at all thought of himself, and when he did the man he had long ignored had his revenge and made him pay up old scores.

He should not decidedly have come to France. His place was distinctly anywhere from three to four thousand miles away, and his summer should have consisted of evenings at the club, a round of house-parties; visits he must in consequence make—visits he would invent any excuse to escape; Newport, Saratoga, the races, etc. He had no right to the alien attractions of Europe, with the dreams a certain woman's propinquity engendered; no right unless he could be morally certain that he was the only one who dreamed. On the late afternoon of this very day he was to have walked for miles through the Fontainebleau woods with Mrs. Falconer, and as usual before the danger of this happiness he had fled. Pleading a sudden summons to Paris, he left Fontainebleau.

It was well past four o'clock when Bulstrode at last threw his cigar away and rose. He had been musing all night in his chair.

A sudden gust of noise blew down the quiet little street, the sound of loud singing and the shrill staccato of a woman's laugh. By the time the revellers had passed his house and the hubbub died away, Bulstrode, with an idea at length of going up to his room, walked across the salon and prepared to extinguish the electricity, but the sound of someone tapping without caught his ear, and going over to the window that gave on the street, he looked out. From end to end the alley was deserted except for the figure of a woman. As Mr. Bulstrode saw in the ruddy light of early morning she huddled against the threshold of the *hôtel meublé*—knocking persistently at the door. The tattered gauze of her dress, whose bold *decolletée* left her neck and shoulders bare, a garland of roses on the bandeaux of her black hair, she epitomized the carnival just come to its end—its exhaustion, its excess, spent at length, surfeited, knocking for entrance at last to rest. Bulstrode, as he remarked the sinuous figure that swayed as the woman stood, exclaimed to himself with illumina-

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"*Monsieur!*"—Page 600.

tion: "Why, she's the *fish*, of course! Simone's mother! And this is the state in which she goes to the miserable child!"

As, knocking at intervals, the object leaned there a few moments longer, evidently scarcely able to stand, his pity wakened and he slowly left the window, shut in its blinds, and crossed his antechamber, where the artificial light of electricity was met by the full sunshine of the breaking day streaming in through the open window of his terrace. Not entirely sure of his motive or to what excess of folly it might lead him, he nevertheless opened wide his front door, only to

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see that the woman on the opposite street had gone. She had been let in. With a glance of relief up and down the street where the *confetti* in disks of lilac and yellow and red lay in dirty piles or swam on the flushing gutters that sparkled in the light, Mr. Bulstrode shut to his door on the Parisian world and after a *nuit blanche* went upstairs to his rooms.

And there had intensely come to him during the period of his dressing the next morning after a tardy wakening the idea of taking the child, of—he was certain it could be done—buying the mother off. He would, in short, if he could, legally adopt the Parisian *gamine* for his own. It would give him a distinct interest, and life was empty for want of one; this, in a manner, however short of perfect, would supply the need of a loving living creature in his environment and would—his thrill at the idea proved to him how lonely he had been—give him companionship and a responsibility of a tender, personal sort. He could make a home at last for a child. Men are more paternal than they are credited with being, and Mr. Bulstrode directly foresaw delightful *causeries* in the future with—(he knew many women)—*with one woman* whose pretty taste, whose wit and humor, should counsel him in his new rôle. Mrs. Falconer would dress Simone—her hand should be wonderfully in it all. Mr. Bulstrode had let his fancy linger over the scheme. Certainly during the hour in which he spun his fanciful plan there was not one bar to its execution. Nor did there come to him any hint of its intrinsic sterility, or that it was possibly an excuse for the interweaving of another interest more closely with his life—no idea that he was simply strengthening an old bond, or by means of this little tug pushing a mighty vessel nearer port.

He almost happily mused until a nursery grew out of thin air, a child's little garments lay on a chair and festivities whose charm is of the most mysterious illuminated his reverie. Bulstrode even without the shudder of the climatician contemplated the rigors of his own country, for a rosy room grew out of his dream, fire-lit and fragrant with fir and holly, and in the centre shone The Tree, whose shiny globes and marvels were reflected till they danced in a child's eyes.

There had been an hour earlier the quick, brusque dash of a French thunderstorm, and the cooled air came refreshingly from the garden as Mr. Bulstrode stood out on the terrace before going into the noonday breakfast. Prosper, fetching his master's coffee at nine o'clock, had been informed that they were leaving Paris that day and received instructions as to the setting in order of the *hôtel* before returning it to its proprietor. Where his wanderings were to take him Mr. Bulstrode had not as yet made up his mind. It, after all, mattered so very little what a bachelor did with his leisure! It was the height of the season along the seacoast and a dozen places brilliantly beckoned; there were tri-weekly boats to the country, where he should most properly be.

"There is," he with recurrent leeway to his inclinations reflected, "always plenty of time to decide what one does not want to do!"

As he glanced at the little breakfast spread temptingly there for him on the terrace he was arrested by the sound of French voices in quick, agitated discussion, and looked up to see the unceremonious entrance of quite a little band of people who had in point of fact penetrated his seclusion. In a second of time a group was before him and he remembered afterward that certain figures in a twinkling assumed familiar shapes: the wine-shop keeper, his wife, one or two other patrons of the *hôtel;* but in the centre—he was sure of her!—pale and staring, stood little Simone, her big doll clasped in her arms.

Before the gentleman could ask their errand Madame Branchard, eager to tell it, pushed forward. Bulstrode afterward, when he thought of the scene, could always distinctly see her important red face, sleek, oily hair, and in spite of summer heat the crocheted shawl over her cotton gown.

"We decided at once to address to monsieur, who is so good"—(he was growing accustomed to the formula) "to monsieur who has been so like a father to the poor little thing. Not but that we are ready ourselves to do all we can for her—she is so sweet, so intelligent!"

"The sweet, intelligent child" appeared, as Bulstrode's pitying gaze, never leaving her, saw, to have shrunk overnight. In their midst she stood of a ridiculous smallness her big doll nearly hiding her and over its

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"She's the *fish*, of course!"—Page 603.

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blonde head Simone's eyes peered pathetically into, as it were, a vague and terrifying world. Bulstrode asked shortly in the face of the theatrical prelude:

"What is this all about? What have you come to tell me?"

"Ah, monsieur!" Madame Branchard's voice, particularly suited to retailing the tragedies of the streets, quavered. "There has been a *malheur*—it is too horrible—the mother!"

"Stop!" Mr. Bulstrode put out his hand. "Simone!"

The little thing dragged herself to him with a new timidity, as though she believed him in league with the world against her.

"Come," he encouraged, "come out here on the terrace, where you have so often played with your doll, and don't be frightened, *mon enfant;* everything will be all right."

When he had so settled her in the smallest of chairs he went back to the other bit of Paris street-life which had seethed in to him.

Madame Branchard, whom his manner had reduced to, for her, marvellous quiet and ease, approached impressively and lowered her voice as deeply as it would fall.

"Mademoiselle Lascaze, whom monsieur knows has been my tenant for months past, is dead—dead, monsieur!"

Bulstrode echoed, "Dead?" and his first thought was: "It was not she, then, whom I saw striving for entrance this morning. Ah, poor creature! Drowned?"

"Monsieur then knows?"

Knows—how should he know? He had thought of the aquarium and her often repeated feat.

"Monsieur is right, she is drowned; but it is not the aquarium—it is the Seine. It appears," the wine-merchant's wife went on, "that last night she made *la fête* in the streets. We over there lock up, well, at a decent hour, as monsieur will understand. Those who are in stay, those who are out—well, monsieur will understand——"

Yes, he understood. Would she go on?

"Mademoiselle Lascaze had evidently lost her key of entry—so it appears. We have this story from her comrades, a bad lot, like herself. She tried to get in about five o'clock—they left her knocking at the door. She must then have wandered the streets for an hour, for it was six when they met her again quite by chance by the Pont des Arts. They all had something to drink and started across the river, when the poor thing offered to give an exhibition of her circus feat, and before anyone could stop her had dived off the bridge into the Seine."

He had, then, seen her knocking there in the dawn, and if he had hastened a little—not held conventionally back——"

"It is all *en règle*," assured Madame Branchard. "As my husband will tell monsieur, he has been to the morgue to identify her."

The wine-merchant now at his cue, nodded impressively. "Mais oui, I assure monsieur she was quite natural—and she was une belle femme tout le même——"

His wife glanced at him scornfully. "She was a bad mother, and all the house will tell you so. Many times, monsieur, I have gone in with my pass-key and taken the poor little thing downstairs in my arms to give her all the supper she would have had, and many a time, on cold nights, when there was not a stick of fire in their room and the woman abroad—many a time I have had her sleep in our bed with us—my husband will tell monsieur."

The wine-merchant nodded assent. "She speaks the truth, monsieur."

Bulstrode found presence of mind to wonder. "I suppose Mademoiselle Lascaze left debts?"

The husband and wife exchanged glances.

"*En vérité*, monsieur," confessed Madame Branchard, "she has left a few, but they are small and not significant; a hundred francs will cover them. It is not for our pockets we are come to monsieur."

Here the sentimentality having been disposed of by the woman, the husband broke in:

"It is like this, Monsieur Balstro" (Bulstrode saw how intimately the *hôtel meublé* knew him): "In a few moments even the authorities will be here to take charge of the woman's effects and Simone will become the property of the state. She has no relatives, as monsieur will understand. Thinking, therefore, that monsieur, *who is so good*, might for some reason care to take an interest in the child's future——"

Branchard coughed and paused. Having given Mr. Bulstrode ample time to speak, to show some signs of life and of his usual quick benevolence, and being greeted with nothing other than quiet, meditative silence,

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the merchant shrugged and comprehensively relinquished suppositions and hopes in one large gesture.

"In which case" (evidently that of taking for granted that Mr. Bulstrode was less good than they had supposed), "in that case we shall put in a plea ourselves for Simone and adopt her."

Madame's voice, now in full and customary volume, expressed frankly *her* goodness. "*We* have five children and our means are modest, but"—and she put it sublimely—"*one is not a mother for nothing.*"

Her tirade, however, was quite lost on Bulstrode, who was occupied with his own projects of benevolence. Turning to this contingent of the *hôtel meublé* a back scarcely more imperturbable than his face had been, he went out of the room to the terrace, where Simone sat just as he had left her. She was, on her low chair, so tiny that in order more nearly than ever before to approach her little point of view, to come into her little sphere, Mr. Bulstrode knelt down on one knee.

"Don't look so frightened, my child. Nothing will harm you—I assure you of that; don't you"—he called her loyally to answer, "don't you believe me, Simone?"

The little thing drew in a struggling breath and whispered: "Oui, m'sieu."

"Good!" He was smiling at her and had taken her ice-cold, dirty, little hands. "You are fond of me, Simone—you like a little M'sieu Balstro'?"

"Oh," she caught at her frightened voice and more clearly whispered, "oh, oui, m'sieu!"

"Bien eneore!"

He wanted tactfully to break the ice which shock and terror had formed around the poor little heart, and yet not to prolong the moment.

"*Voyons*," he said to her lightly, as if he were only to bid her come and play in his garden, and not ask her to decide her destiny. "*Voyons*, how would you like to come and live with me? to have toys and pretty clothes and good things to eat—to be"—the bachelor put it bravely—"to be *my* little girl. How, Simone, would you like it?"

If further startled she was humanized by his warmth, which was melting her; her breast heaved, her lips trembled, and she asked: "*Et puis—maman?*"

Here Madame Branchard, in whom all feelings were subordinate to curiosity and motherhood, had approached until she stood directly behind the two on the terrace. Tears had sprung to her eyes and she sniffled and wiped them frankly away with her hand.

Bulstrode, singularly relieved by her appearance, turned and asked her, "What does she then know?"

"Nothing, m'sieur, nothing at all."

Simone got up on her feet and her big doll fell with a crash on the marble of the terrace and broke in a dozen pieces, but the castatrophe did not touch her.

"And maman?" she repeated. "Where is she? She did not come home last night?"

Mr. Bulstrode had descended to one knee in order to approach her, but Madame Branchard got down on both knees and tenderly put her arms around the child.

"Look, *ma petite*—your mother has gone away forever to a beautiful country, and she has left you here to be a good girl and do whatever this kind gentleman says. Will you go to be his little girl? He will give you everything in the world." She closed with this magnificent promise, whose breadth and wealth no child-mind could grasp. In order to give her more complete liberty in which to make her decision the wine-merchant's wife, after kissing her, set her free.

Simone made no audible reflection of wonder at her seeming desertion, no exhibition of distress, no melodramatic outburst of grief or surprise. She stood silent, absorbed, desolate, and ashamed, twisting in and out between her frail little fingers the fringe of Madame Branchard's black shawl.

"Or," brightly continued the good woman, "you can come home with me and play with Marie and Jeanette and have what we have. You can be my little girl, as you will—it is for you to decide—chez moi, or with this bon monsieur."

Was it fair of them—thus to lay on her six years the burden of her own destiny?

Simone raised her head; her cheeks had reddened a little at Madame Branchard's last words. She was unable to grasp the benefits that Mr. Bulstrode's magnificence offered, but she knew Marie and Jeanette—she knew the hands of Madame Branchard could tuck one in at night, and how warm and soft was the bosom on which she had already wept her little griefs. There

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were many beautiful things in the world, but Simone just then only wanted one. Madame Branchard was not *her* mother—but she was still *a* mother! Simone whispered so low that only the woman heard:

"I will go with you."

Prosper having embarked on a sea of indiscretion, went through the day consistently. With a love of the melodramatic in his Latin temperament he had admitted the *hôtel meublé sans cérémonie;* and late that afternoon he gave entrance to another group of quite a different order, and without formality ushered the lady and her friends to the terrace, where the solitary inhabitant of another man's house was taking a farewell beverage before leaving Paris.

"We have caught you in time, Jimmy!" Mrs. Falconer made a virtue of it. "If you are absconding with the Montensier treasures, then let me show Molly and the marquis at least what has been left behind."

His bags and boxes in the hall, his automobile at the door, and Mr. Bulstrode himself in travelling trim, it looked very much like a flight, indeed. Miss Molly and the marquis, it transpired, were able to explore for themselves and to find in the gallery and salons pictures and objects of interest to excuse a prolonged absence.

"They're engaged," Mrs. Falconer explained to her host. "Isn't it ridiculous? As you know, she hasn't a cent in the world, and his family are not in the secret, but Molly and De Presle Vaux *are*, and *I* am, and I brought them off in pity for a spin to Paris."

The apparition of this lady, whose mocking beauty had a fresh charm every time he saw her—her worldly wisdom and her keen reasonableness—made as he stood talking with her his past debauch in philanthropies seem especially grotesque. With a long breath of joy at the sight of her Bulstrode also realized how wonderfully separated from her the introduction of another life into his environment would have made him.

"Your garden is a waste," the lady criticised, "dusty and dull. I don't wonder you're getting away. Fontainebleau too was only a *faute de mieux*, and I have left it. One should get really far away at this season. It's the time when only the persons who are actually bred in its stones can stay in Paris—certainly the birds of passage may now, if ever, fly."

Mrs. Falconer looked across the terrace to where a little chair had been overturned, and on the floor by its side lay a broken doll.

"Jimmy!" she laughed in triumph at the sight. "You *have* broken your doll!"

Bulstrode said: "Yes, beyond repair, and I don't want another." Then in a few words, briefly, a little impatient, and still smarting under the child's defection, he gave her the story.

Listening, absorbed, her charming eyes on him or at one moment turned suspiciously away, the lady heard him to the end, and at the end said softly:

"Jimmy, my poor Jimmy! What have you this time nearly done! What would people have thought? Not that it matters in the least—it's what people *do* that counts—but oh, I tremble for your next folly!"

"It might"—he spoke with something like bitterness—"be less harmless and leave me less alone."

She had finished a glass of iced tea, put her goblet down on the tray and rose, coming over to where Mr. Bulstrode stood; she lightly laid her hand on his arm.

"You are, then, so very lonely? So lonely that you would be capable of doing this foolish thing? Oh, you would have found, as I have found, that it is those things which come into our lives, not those which we by force *take*, which mean all we want them to mean! This wasn't *your child!*" Mrs. Falconer's face softened as he had never seen it. "Nor yet is she the child of some woman you love. Believe me, it would have made you far lonelier if it so happened—if you should ever come to love—if you ever had loved——"

Bulstrode interrupted her abruptly:

"Yes, in that case I should no doubt be glad that Simone had gone back on me." He waited silent for a second, and then continued gently, "I *am* glad, very glad indeed!"

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WASHINGTON IN JACKSON'S TIME

WITH GLIMPSES OF HENRY CLAY

FROM THE DIARIES AND FAMILY LETTERS OF MRS. SAMUEL HARRISON SMITH (MARGARET BAYARD)

Edited by Gaillard Hunt from the collection of her grandson, J. Henley Smith

To J. H. Bayard Smith

[January, 1829.]

. . . We talked—my goodness, how we talked, so fast & so loud we could scarcely hear each other. "Tell us all about the gay world," said Mrs. Clifton. "We *poor* people know nothing of it but by rumour." So we told of all the gay & great folks & great parties, & marriages & deaths, funerals & festivals, we knew anything of, while we sat round the table & drank our tea. Scarcely could we get away from these attached friends. But the sun had set & we had other visits to pay. On our way back we stopped to see an old friend Mr. Ingham & his lady, who arrived a few days ago—& then proceeded to Mrs. Clay's, where I reproached myself for not being oftener, considering the present state of affairs. We were conducted up stairs, the door of the little drawing room opened. All was bright with splendid furniture, lamps & blazing fire, but no smiling faces like those we left in the little kitchen mingled their light with the surrounding objects. Mrs. C. was mournfully walking the room & as we entered, held up her finger, to impose silence, & pointed to the sopha. "He sleeps," whispered she. I felt a shock on turning my eyes as she spoke, on the sopha was stretched at full length Mr. Clay face & all, completely cover'd with a dark cloak, which looked like a black pall. We took our chairs, without speaking & sat silent. Our entrance however had awakened him & after a minute or two, he slowly rose & putting the cloak aside reclined in one corner with his feet stretched along the sopha. I had not seen him for three weeks & was shocked at the alteration in his looks. He was much thinner, very pale, his eyes sunk in his head & his countenance sad & melancholy—that countenance generally illumined with the fire of genius & animated by some ardent feeling. His voice was feeble & mournful. I cannot describe dear Bayard what melancholy feelings were excited in my breast. But I had come purposely to try & cheer my excellent friend Mrs. Clay, who I knew was sick & sad, so I resisted my melancholy tho' I could not help continually contrasting the little kitchen & its inmates, with this present scene. There gaiety had been spontaneous, here it was forced. Still I was, if [torn out], at least cheerful & said everything I could think of to amuse my *great friends*, with far less success however, than with my *poor friends*. Gentlemen came in & enquiries were made about the other sick members of the Cabinet. Mr. Rush, who has been alarmingly ill, for a week past, is not it is fear'd yet out of danger. The first symptoms of disease were altogether in the head. Mr. Southard, tho' just out of his room, after three weeks confinement, is appointed acting Secretary of the treasury. He is so feeble that I fear this added labour will produce a relapse. Mr. Clay has not been out for a week & is scarcely able to sit up. Last week Mr. Wirt had two attacks, to which they gave no name, a vertigo, followed by a loss of sense or motion. One attack, he remained three hours, insensible, the gentlemen all agreed, the only chance he had for prolonged life was his relinquishing his practice. During a week or more, Genl Porter, was almost blind from inflamation of the eyes & went to his office with two blisters on, one behind each ear. Mr. Adams always appears in fine spirits, but it is said, is so feeble as to be obliged to

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relinquish his long walks & to substitute rides on horseback—this, I give from hearsay, for I have not seen him. How strange it is, that every individual of the administration, should be ill. I really feel very anxious about Mr. Rush & Mr. Clay. You, from your connection with his sons, will feel most for Mr. R., & I need not caution you not to mention what I have said, lest you alarm them, as it is probable they are not informed of the worst symptoms. You will know, sooner than I shall, the result of election of Senator. From the last news, I fear Judge Southard will lose his election & Mr. Ewing be chosen.* I shall be sorry. I hoped we should keep this amiable family. The thought of losing so many old & agreeable acquaintances, not to say friends, makes me feel sad,—the time is rapidly approaching. Mrs. Clay's next drawing-room, closes this social scene, intercourse between these families & general society. She says, she shall not go out any more & immediately after next Wednesday, begin to pack up & make preparations for going home. The President in the course of ten days or two weeks is going to leave the President's House & remove to Commodore Porter's House, which he has rented. What a change, what a change will be here in our city. On no former occasion has there been anything like it.

Saturday morning. Susan & I, accompanied by Mrs. Barnet went last evening to Mrs. Lovel's, where we met a much larger company than we expected, but very agreeable. It is a right down snow storm to-day. After closing this letter I shall write a long one to your aunt Boyd. You know I love to write on a stormy day. If the weather does not prevent I expect a small chess party to meet here this evening. Do you not wish you were with us. Good morning dear Bayard. Now you have answered the others my turn comes & I shall look impatiently for a letter.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

[Washington],
January 12, 1829. Monday.

. . . Rank, honors, glory, are such unsubstantial empty things that they can never satisfy the desires that they create. You would not wonder at these reflections, if living as I do in the midst of a defeated & a triumphant party—in the midst of men who have expended health of body & peace of mind, a large portion of their lives, who have watched & worked, toiled & struggled, sacrificed friends & fortune, & domestic comfort, & gained what? Nothing, that I can perceive, but mortification & disappointment, the best part of their lives passed in pursuit of that which in possession was embittered & vexatious, & in the loss leaves nothing behind. Every one of the public men who will retire from office on the fourth of March will return to private life with blasted hopes, injured health, impaired or ruined fortunes, embittered tempers & probably a total inability to enjoy the remnant of their lives. Poor Judge Southard has been very ill, is still confined to his room & looks wretchedly. Mr. Rush totally secludes himself; nobody sees him. Mr. Clay still keeps in the mask of smiles. Genl. Porter less hackneyed & worn out worried or weakened looks & I suppose feels the best of all, but even he, hospitably as he lives & universally as he entertains, must injure his private property. Yet with these examples before their eyes, others eagerly seek for the same places, indulging the same high hopes, which will be followed by like disappointments & vexations. Such are the irresistible allurements of ambition! But, oh what a gloom is cast over the triumph of Genl. Jackson, by the death of a wife fondly & excessively loved! of a wife who, it is said, could control the violence of his temper, sooth the exacerbations of feelings always keenly sensitive & excessively irritable, who heal'd by her kindness wounds inflicted by his violence, & by her universal charity & benevolence conciliated public opinion. It is said that she not only made him a happier, but a better man. I fear not only the domestic circle, but the public will suffer from this restraining & benign influence being withdrawn. Affliction generally softens, but sometimes it sours the human heart,—should it have the latter effect the public councils & affairs will have reason to deplore this awful & sudden event. She died the day before the one on which the festival of triumph was to take place at Nashville,—feasting was turned into mourning, the festival into a funeral, the cannon & drums that were to proclaim the victory of

* Theodore Frelinghuysen was elected. On his retirement from the Navy Department in 1829 Judge Southard became Attorney-General of New Jersey.

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political party sounded only to proclaim the victory of death. To die was the common lot, but to die in such peculiar circumstance & at such a moment is an event rare as it is solemn & carries with it such a deep conviction of the impotency of honor & grandeur & power that the impression can not be easily effaced from a reflecting mind. On mine it has made a deep & I hope a salutary one. . . . Strange that a single woman possessed of goodness tho' destitute of talents, could thus influence the destiny of nations! A similar case will occur to your mind perhaps in recollecting the history of Greece. It was Themistocles (I believe) who said, My little son governs his mother, his mother governs me,—I govern Athens, Athens governs Greece, Greece governs the world. So, my boy governs the world! . . . One morning Mrs. McClain of Delaware, who you know is a great favorite of mine, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Cutts & Mrs. Holly sat a long time with me. Mrs. McC. is so entertaining & agreeable that time literally flies when I am with her. She & Mrs. Porter are extremely alike in character,—gay, frank & intelligent. But Mrs. P. has a warmer heart & no one can know without loving her. I have seen a great deal of her lately & propose passing this evening with her. Every other Monday (which I call her great Monday) she sends out hundreds of invitations, has the band of musick & opens four rooms. The intervening (or as I call it, her little Monday), she sees any friends who choose to go, but without particular invitations. We have been invited to all, but have declined going on the Great Mondays. I promise myself much pleasure this evening.

Last week we were asked for the 2d time to Mrs. Dickens* & as she said it was a small social party I & Susan went, but half, if not all Congress & their wives were there & the people almost a solid mass,—it was with difficulty I secured a comfortable seat in a corner of the room for Susan & myself. For the beginning of the evening we knew not a creature in the room,—they being the strangers & visitors in the city. About 9 o'clock Mr. & Mrs. McClain entered; she spied me, & as glad of a comfortable seat as myself, a vacant chair next me. We laughed & talked so merrily as to attract Mrs. Porter, who with difficulty broke away from the crowd of gentlemen that surrounded her & came to us. She made Susan get up & give her her chair, much to poor Sue's regret who (a most terrible thing to her) had to stand. With the Secretary and Senator's ladies, our corner became the most attractive spot in the room, next to the Pianno, where the Miss Fultons (from New York) were playing & singing in high style —Italian in perfection, Madam Garcia over again. But charming as the musick was, it could not interrupt our conversation. Several gentlemen gathered round the great ladies & the rest of the evening I passed very pleasantly. I knew not who gave most delight Mrs. P. or Mrs. McC. I should call them both Rattles if they were not some thing so much better,—they are charming women. Mrs. P. had asked me to find her a poor girl, who would be willing to go to New York with her as a servant. Last week I was called to visit a family, in the extremity of want & sickness,—6 children, 4 of whom were girls. Their necessities were so far beyond my ability to relieve, that it occurred to me to recommend one of the girls to Mrs. P. & to make known to her the situation of the family. It was dark when I went & bitterly cold. Mrs. P. was going in the evening to Baron Krudener's* Ball, but the moment I described the condition of this family, she called her servant, had bread, candles, &c. put up, tied a handkerchief over her head, put on an old plaid cloak, jumped into our carriage & went with me to see them. The next day when I went to see them, I found on her return home she had sent them a blanket, meat, meal, & other articles. Who that looked at her that evening, gaily dressed, charmed & charming, flattered & caressed, would have imagined her as she had been an hour before, wrapped in an old cloak, seated by the bed-side of a dying woman in a cold, miserable room, surrounded by half naked & starved children? But could they have witnessed the contrast, how would delight & admiration have been converted into love & esteem, or rather the one added to the other. Can you wonder at my loving this woman? Truly, I would rather General Jackson should not come, than that such a woman should go away. There is no one in the city so popular. The New

* Wife of Asbury Dickens.

* Russian minister. 1827 to 1836.

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York papers have celebrated her & say she throws Mrs. Clay completely in the shade.

To Mrs. Boyd

Febr. 16, 1829.

. . . I have been a great deal in Mr. Clay's & Southard's family, both ill,—so ill, I do not think either has long to live. Yet, they think not so, & attend to business, tho' they decline all company at home & never go out. I never liked Mr. Clay so well as I do this winter, the coldness & hauteur of his manner has vanished & a softness & tenderness & sadness characterize his manner (to me at least), for I know not how it is in general society—that is extremely attaching & affecting,—at the same time, perfect good humour; no bitterness mingles its gall in the cup of disappointment & I often hear him, when only two or three friends are present, speak of Genl. Jackson & the present state of affairs in a good humour'd sprightly way. He has a cause of domestic affliction in the conduct & situation of his son* a thousand times more affecting than disappointed ambition. We all went to the *last* drawing room,—we did it to show our respect. My heart was heavy, very heavy, that word *Last!* Immense crowds filled the room, crowds of the triumphant party. I could not bear it as well as Mrs. Clay. I staid close to her, knowing she was so sick she could scarcely stand & that both she & Mr. C. for three previous weeks had been made very wretched by their domestic grief,—indeed for two weeks Mr. C. had not been able to sleep without anodynes. I stood behind her & watched the company. She received all with smiling politeness & Mr. C. *looked* gay & was so courteous & gracious, & agreeable, that every one remarked it & remarked he was determined we should regret him. My heart filled to overflowing, as I watched this acting, & to conceal tears which I could not repress, took a seat in a corner by the fire, behind a solid mass of people. Mr. C. saw me, & coming up enquired if Mr. Smith had come. I answered in the negative. "But *you* are," said he taking my hand & looking sadly affectionate. "This is kind, very kind in you, Mrs. Smith." I returned the pressure of his hand, & without reflection said, "If you could see my heart, you would then think so." "Why what ails your heart?" said he, with a look of earnest interrogatory. "Can it be otherwise than sad," I answered, looking at Mrs. Clay, "when I think what a good friend I am about to lose?" For a moment he held my hand pressed in his without speaking, his eyes filled with tears & with an effort he said, "We must not think of this, or talk of such things *now*," & relinquishing my hand, drew out his handkerchief, turned away his head & wiped his eyes, then pushed into the crowd & talked & smiled, as if his heart was light & easy. Alas, I knew, what perhaps no other among these hundreds knew, that anguish, heart-rending anguish, was concealed beneath that smiling, cheerful countenance, & that the animation & spirits which charmed an admiring circle were wholly artificial. Judge Southard has all manner of disappointments to sustain, as well as repeated severe attacks of disease & pain. He had until within a week of the election, every reason to believe he would be chosen Senator, but his friends betrayed him, & one friend, old, tried & who was under great obligations. Oh, ingratitude is sharper than a serpent's teeth. He had just recovered a little strength, when owing to Mr. Rush's extreme illness, he was appointed Secr. of the Treasury pro tem.; scarcely able to discharge his own business the addition was too much for him, & a few nights ago, sitting late & hard at work he was seized with what his Physician called spasms in his stomach,—for six hours he suffered agony, which even opium could not allay, until taken in great quantities. Yesterday, when I saw him, he was sitting up surrounded with papers, his eyes sunk to the very back of his head, the sockets black & hollow, while the eye burnt with unnatural brightness. "Oh do not kill yourself," said I, as I held his burning hand, "put away those papers. You are too ill to attend to business." "I must," replied he, "if I die at my post," & there I verily believe he will die,—he looks awfully. He had his heart set on the exploring voyage & had the preparations for it in such forwardness, that he thought it impossible Congress would prevent it, by refusing the necessary appropriation. But it is said, they will. Hard things are said of him on the floor, motives attributed, which I do not believe ever actuated him. Oh how I pity these public men,

* His eldest son was insane and confined in an asylum.

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& as I look at Mr. Clay particularly, how often have I repeated the apostrophe of Cardinal Wolsey, "Oh had I served my God, half so devotedly as I have served my King, I should not now in my old age, thus have been left," etc. Mr. Rush & afterwards Mrs. Rush have been very ill, & are exceedingly depressed,—they have not gone out, or received company this winter. Mr. Wirt, too, has been ill, but is now better. . . . Phillip Barbour was here the day after the General's arrival & warm Jacksonian as he is, I told him his success would cost me too much grief to allow me to participate in the gratulations of the political party to which my husband belonged. "I shall cry more than I shall laugh on the 4th of March," said I. Mrs. Porter is the only one of the administration party, who has been in spirits this winter. It is partly constitutional with her &, I suspect, part policy. It is impossible when one sees her so attentive & even cordial with the Jackson party not to suspect she has some hopes of propitiating them. Yet it may be genuine good humour & good spirits. She is a charming woman, & what is still better, she is a good woman. I have seen a great deal of her, indeed, we are on the terms of old friends & relatives. We have been asked at least once every week to a party there, last week to two,—one a gay company, the other serious, religious folks to meet her Brother Mr. Breckenridge. Oh, what a zealous, saint-like man he is! *he* is indeed a burning & shining light, but he is burning fast away, flesh & blood can not sustain such exhausting & consuming labours. How I wish I could sit under his ministry. How cold & lifeless our Pastor seems, compared to him. Speaking of Mr. Campbell, among other things, all however kind & Christian, he made use of those expressive words, "I wish he was more steeped in the spirit." I had some delightful communion with this apostolic man. Surely he is in all things like the beloved desciple, so full of love. Such a christian would I desire to be, and until I am, until this divine love takes full possession of my soul, I shall never be as happy as I feel I have the capacity of being. It is good to see the world, as I see it. Oh Maria, its splendid out side, its gaiety & glitter, amuse but do not deceive me. How can they, with such striking proofs before me, of the bitterness & heartlessness within. And yet I am amused, and very much interested in the characters & scenes around me, but it is the interest & amusement one finds at the theatre. I look upon life as a stage, & on men & women as mere actors. One drama is just finished, the curtain has dropped, the actors have left the stage & I have followed them behind the scenes, where their masks & dresses are thrown off & I see them as they are, disappointed, exhausted, worn out, retiring with broken fortunes & broken constitutions & hearts rankling with barbed arrows.

Another drama is preparing, new characters, in all the freshness & vigour of unexhausted strength, with the exhileration of hopes undaunted by fear, of spirits intoxicated with success, with the aspirations of towering ambition are coming on the selfsame stage. Will public favour cheer their closing, as it inspires the opening scene? Time must show, but most probably, they in their turn will drink the cup of honor to the bottom & find its dregs nauseous & bitter. I hoped this cold morning to have been alone, but one set of ladies have just gone & here stops another carriage. I wish I could be alone one morning. . . .

To Mrs. Boyd, Pine Street, New York

[Spring of 1829.]

. . . Mr. Clay, has this winter, been such an object of interest to me, for to me *intellectual power*, is more fascinating & interesting, than any other human endowment. And never in any individual have I met with so much, as in him. Yes, he has a *natural*, power & force of mind, beyond any I have ever witnessed. In Mr. Jefferson, Madison, Crawford, & other great men I have known, much of their intellectual strength, was derived from education & favoring circumstances, a combination of which carried them forward in the career of greatness & raised them to the elevation they attained. Not so Mr. Clay. Whatever he is, is all his own, inherent power, bestowed by nature & not derivative from cultivation or fortune. He has an elasticity & buoyancy of spirit, that no pressure of external circumstances, can confine or keep down. Nay, occasional depressions seem to give new vigour to this elastic power. For instance his late defeat. So far from disheartening, it has been positively exhilerating in its effects. He began to weary of the measures pursued in the last

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campaign, it closed, to be sure, in his defeat, but its termination freed him from weights & shackles, which had connections or duties, & like the Lyon, breaking the net, in which he had been entangled, he shakes from him all petty encumbrances & rises in all the majesty of intellectual power & invigorated resolution. He is a very great man. I have seen him, this winter, *as a man*, not a politician or stateman, but studied him, undisguised from any of the trappings of official form & conventional respect. Certainly, one of the most interesting days I have ever passed, was last Sunday. He & Mrs. Clay passed it with us. We had no other company to dinner, & I am certain he enjoyed being thus alone with a family he had known for 18 years, & feeling the triumph of personal regard, over the respect paid to office. He knew that for the last 8 years Mr. Smith had been his political opponent, & felt pleased with finding himself treated with the cordiality of friendship, in such circumstances. Whether it was this, or any other cause, I know not, but whatever the cause might be, the effect was to produce an openness, communicativeness, an affectionateness & warmth & kindness which were irresistibly captivating. We lingered long round the dinner table. He & Mr. S. conversed on past times & characters, long since passed from the scene of action. In the afternoon & evening, Genl. McComb, Mr. Ward, Mr. Lyon (another domesticated beau) & several other gentlemen came in & until past 10 oclock at night the conversation flowed in an unbroken stream & if committed to writing would prove interesting to those yet unborn, for the topics were national, subjects suited for history. Mr. Clay was the chief speaker. He was animated by his heart as well as genius. Reclining on the sopha, from which he occasionally in the warmth of argument, would rise or stretch out his arm, his attitude as well as countenance would have made a fine picture. But enough of one individual. I will only add, if his health is restored, we will see him more efficiently active than ever. Elizabeth says you wish for a description of the Inauguration, & for some account of the new Cabinet,* of the President & his

Harriet Martineau.

* Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State; Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, Secretary of War; John Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; John H. Berrien, of Georgia, Attorney-General.

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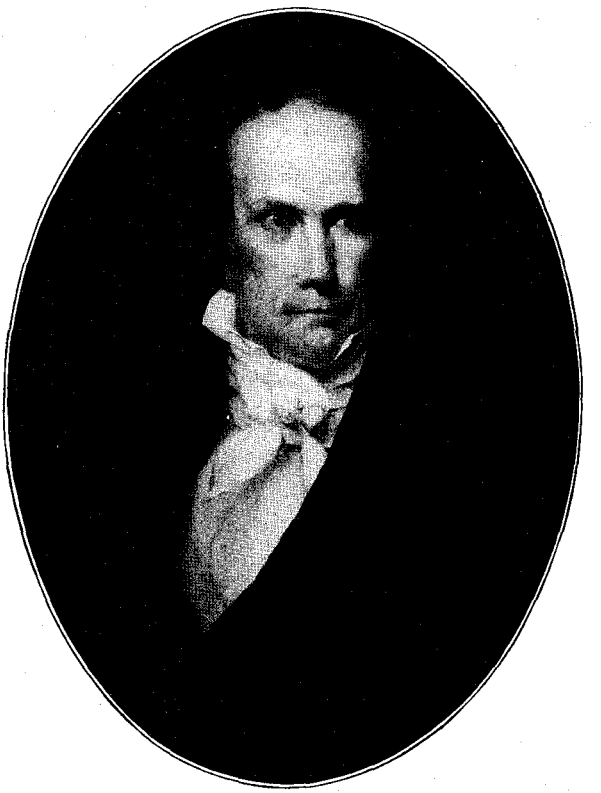
family. On these topics I have but little to say. Bayard will transmit to Sister Jane & she to you, my last long letter to him, containing a full account of that *grand spectacle*, for such it was, without the aid of splendid forms or costumes. Of the Cabinet, I can only say the President's enemies are delighted & his friends grieved. It is supposed wholly inefficient, & even Van Buren, others, we know absolutely nothing, the people know nothing, & of course can feel little confidence. As for the *new Lady*,* Elizabeth enquires of. After a thousand rumours & much tittle-tattle & gosip & prophesyings & apprehensions, public opinion ever just & impartial, seems to have triumphed over personal feelings & intrigues & finally doomed her to continue in her pristine lowly



Henry Clay, Secretary of State, 1825–1829.
From the portrait by Edward Dalton Marchant, in the State Department, Washington.

altho' a profound politician is not supposed to be an able statesman, or to possess qualifications for the place assigned him. Yet on him, all rests. Mr. Ingham, is the only member with whom we are personally acquainted,—him we have known long & well. He is a good man, of unimpeachable & unbending integrity. But no one imagines him possessed of that comprehensiveness & grasp of mind, requisite for the duties of his new office. He will be faithful, this, no one doubts. Whether he will be capable, experience only can show. Of the condition. A stand, a *noble* stand, I may say, since it is a stand taken against power & favoritism, has been made by the ladies of Washington, & not even the President's wishes, in favour of his dearest, personal friend, can influence them to violate the respect due to virtue, by visiting one, who has left her strait & narrow path. With the exception of two or three timid & rather

* The famous Peggy O'Neil, daughter of a tavern-keeper in Washington, widow of a paymaster in the navy, and now bride of the Secretary of War, a fine appearing woman, whose reputation had been unfortunately for her made in Washington. Van Buren was the only man who stood by her. She was finally driven out and her husband left the Cabinet.

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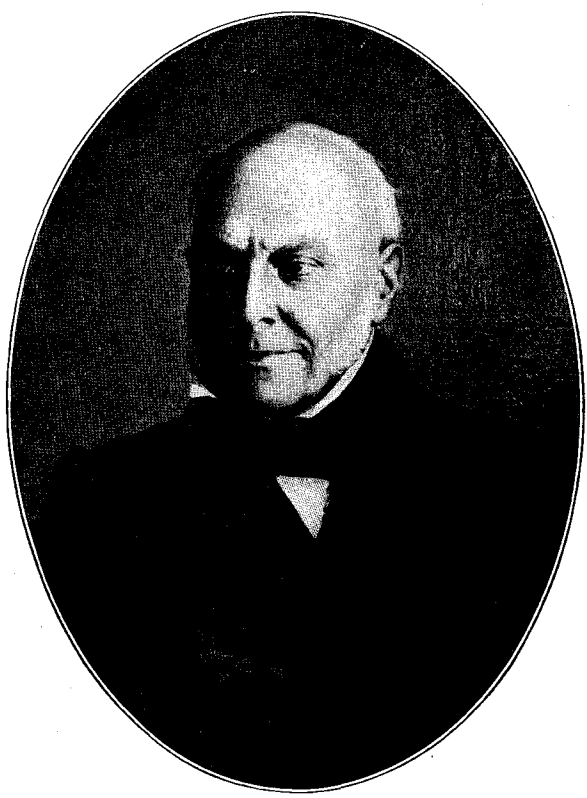
insignificant personages, who trembled for their husband's offices, not a lady has visited her, & so far from being inducted into the President's house, she is, I am told scarcely noticed by the females of his family. On the Inauguration day, when they went in company with the Vice-President's lady, the lady of the Secretary of the Treasury & those of two distinguished Jacksonian Sena-



John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, 1817–1825.
From the portrait by Jean Baptiste Adolphe Gibert, in the State Department, Washington.

tors, Hayne & Livingston,* this New Lady never approached the party, either in the Senate chamber, at the President's house, where by the President's express request, they went to receive the company, nor at night at the Inaugural Ball. On these three public occasions she was left alone, & kept at a respectful distance from these virtuous & distinguished women, with the sole exception of a seat at the supper-table, where, however, notwithstanding her proximity, she was not spoken to by them. These are facts you may rely on, not rumours—facts, greatly to the honor of our sex. When you see Miss Morris, she will give you details, which it would not be proper to commit to writing. She & I have become very social & intimate & have seen each other often. I hope she will call on you & talk over Washington affairs. Dear Mrs. Porter, her departure cost me some bitter tears. And so did good Mrs. Clay's. Mrs. Ingham professes a desire to be very social with me, "the oldest friend," as she says her husband has in the city, but a friend of 18 years is a thing I shall never *make* now, it is too late in the day. We visited the President & his family a few days since, in the big house. Mr. Smith introduced us & asked for the General. Our names were sent in & he joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

* Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, anything but a Jacksonian when the nullification issue came up, and Edward Livingston, then a Representative from Louisiana, soon to be a Senator, then Secretary of State, and finally minister to France.

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I shall like him if ever I know him, I am sure,—so simple, frank, friendly. He looks bowed with grief as well as age & that idea excited my sympathy, his pew in church is behind ours, his manner is humble & reverent & most attentive.

Mrs. Sandford * & I interchanged several visits & she passed an evening with us, but she did not interest me. For your sake, dear Maria, I will visit Mrs. Hamilton, tho' I have resisted many inducements to make

Dr. William Thornton.

After a water-color by himself in the possession of J. Henley Smith, Washington.

Mrs. William Thornton.

After a water-color by Dr. Thornton in the possession of J. Henley Smith, Washington.

new acquaintances. I have too many already. But I shall drop most of them when I return into the country, then I shall regain my freedom, & do as I like. The last six weeks have been far less gay, but much more interesting than the first part of the season. We went less out & had less company at home. Mr. W.'s daily visits, Mr. Wood's & Mr. Lyon's, almost as frequent, & the new books they brought us, fitted up our evenings far more pleasantly than commonplace visitants. Mr. Wood, who is goodness personified, remains, he is our fellow citizen, & we look for his smiling benevolent countenance, daily as the evening returns. Mrs. Thornton has been very ill & I have been a great deal with her. Dear Mrs. Bradley has gone, & she went rejoicing to a better world. Capt. Tingey too. Our first kind friend & acquaintance. Mrs. Clay is as much lost to me as if separated by death, and Mrs. Porter. For ten days I was taken up with sick & dying, & departing friends. The last two weeks have been melancholy weeks to me. Judge Southard continues too ill to move, his little daughter is ill too, their furniture is all sold, & it is melancholy to visit them, but it is a duty I often perform. Mr. Wirt's family go in a few weeks. Mr. Rush, it is said, is to be sent to England by the Canal-company, with a good salary, & the family are in good spirits. Mrs. Calhoun goes home, not to return again, at least for 4 years. Mrs. Ingham will not be back until autumn. All our citizens are trembling for fear of losing offices. Mrs. Seaton is very ill. Gales & Seaton, I fear ruined. In fact, never did I witness such a gloomy time in Washington. I hope things will brighten. My paper is full.

* Wife of Nathan Sanford, of Albany, Senator from New York.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

March 11, Sunday [1829].

. . . Thursday morning. I left the rest of this sheet for an account of the inau-

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guration. It was not a thing of detail, of a succession of small incidents. No, it was one grand whole, an imposing and majestic spectacle & to a reflective mind one of moral sublimity. Thousands & thousands of people, without distinction of rank, collected in an immense mass round the Capitol, silent, orderly & tranquil, with their eyes fixed on the front of that edifice, waiting the appearance of the President in the portico. The door from the Rotunda opens, preceded by the marshals, surrounded by the Judges of the Supreme Court, the old man with his grey locks, that crown of glory, advances, bows to the people, who greet him with a shout that rends the air, the Cannons, from the heights around, from Alexandria & Fort Warburton, proclaim the oath he has taken & all the hills reverberate the sound. It was grand—it was sublime! An almost breathless silence, succeeded & the multitude was still—listening to catch the sound of his voice, tho' it was so low, as to be heard only by those nearest to him. After reading his speech, the oath was administered to him by the Chief Justice. The Marshal presented the Bible. The President took it from his hands, pressed his lips to it, laid it reverently down, then bowed again to the people—Yes, to the people in all their majesty. And had the spectacle closed here, even Europeans must have acknowledged, that a free people, collected in their might, silent & tranquil, restrained solely by a moral power, without a shadow around of military force, was majesty, rising to sublimity, & far surpassing the majesty of Kings & Princes, surrounded with armies & glittering in gold. But I will not anticipate, but will give you an account of the inauguration in more detail. The whole of the preceding day, immense crowds were coming into the city from all parts, lodgings could not be obtained, & the newcomers had to go to George Town, which soon overflowed & others had to go to Alexandria. I was told the Avenue & adjoining streets were so crowded on Tuesday afternoon that it was difficult to pass.

A national salute was fired early in the morning, & ushered in the 4th of March. By ten oclock the Avenue was crowded with carriages of every description, from the splendid Barronet & coach, down to waggons & carts, filled with women & children, some in finery & some in rags, for it was the peoples President, & all would see him; the men all walked. Julia, Anna Maria & I, (the other girls would not adventure) accompanied by Mr. Wood, set off before 11, & followed the living stream that was pouring along to the Capitol. The terraces, the Balconies, the Porticos, seemed as we approached already filled. We rode round the whole square, taking a view of the animated scene. Then leaving the carriage outside of the palisades, we entered the enclosed grounds, where we were soon joined by John Cranet & another gentleman, which offered each of us a protector. We walked round the terrace several times, every turn meeting new groups of ladies & gentlemen whom we knew. All with smiling faces. The day was warm & delightful, from the South Terrace we had a view of Pennsylvania & Louisiana Avenues, crowded with people hurrying towards the Capitol. It was a most exhilirating scene! Most of the ladies preferred being inside of the Capitol & the eastern portico, damp & cold as it was, had been filled from 9 in the morning by ladies who wished to be near the General when he spoke. Every room was filled & the windows crowded. But as so confined a situation allowed no general view, we would not coop ourselves up, & certainly enjoyed a much finer view of the spectacle, both in its whole & in its details, than those within the walls. We stood on the South steps of the terrace; when the appointed hour came saw the General & his company advancing up the avenue, slow, very slow, so impeded was his march by the crowds thronging around him. Even from a distance, he could be discerned from those who accompanied him, for he only was uncovered, (the Servant in presence of his Sovereign, the People). The south side of the Capitol hill was literally alive with the multitude, who stood ready to receive the hero & the multitude who attended him. "There, there, that is he," exclaimed different voices. "Which?" asked others. "He with the white head," was the reply. "Ah," exclaimed others, "there is the old man & his gray hair, there is the old veteran, there is Jackson." At last he enters the gate at the foot of the hill & turns to the road that leads round to the front of the Capitol. In a moment every one who until then had stood like statues gazing on the scene below them, rushed onward, to right, to left, to be ready to receive

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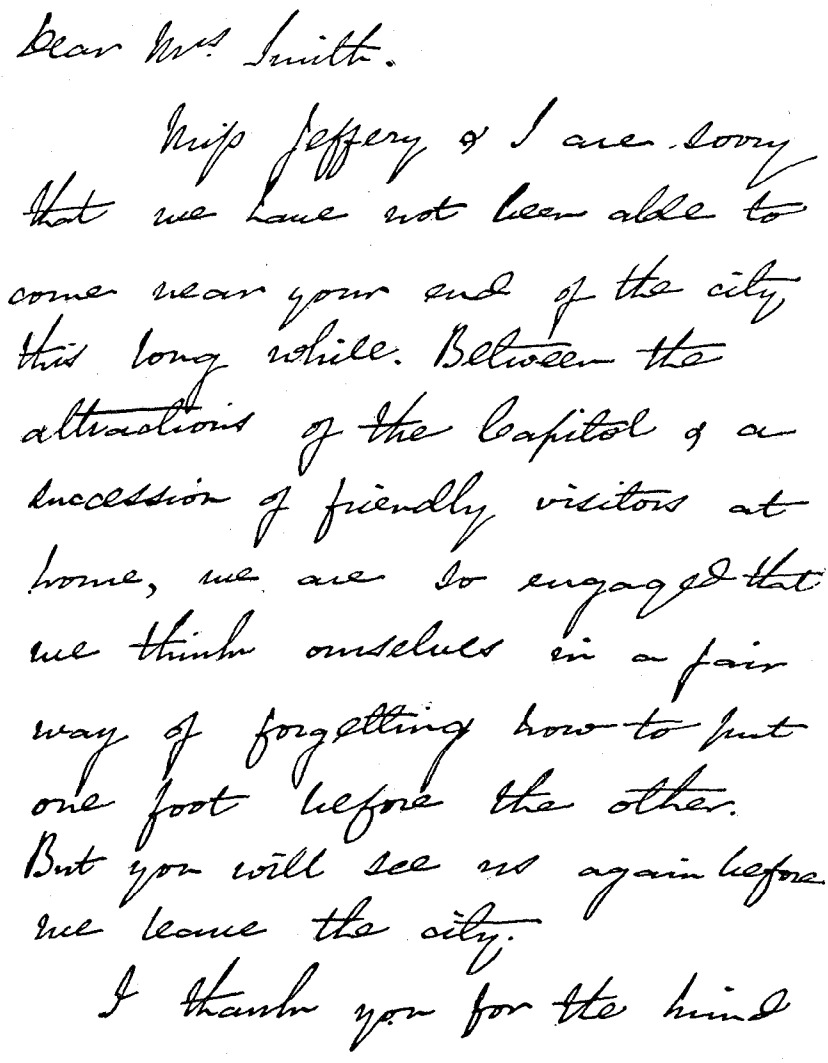

Fac-simile of letter from Miss

him in the front. Our party, of course, were more deliberate, we waited until the multitude had rushed past us & then left the terrace & walked round to the furthest side of the square, where there were no carriages to impede us, & entered it by the gate fronting the Capitol. Here was a clear space, & stationing ourselves on the central gravel walk we stood, so as to have a clear, full view of the whole scene. The Capitol in all its grandeur & beauty. The Portico & grand steps leading to it, were filled with ladies. Scarlet, purple, blue, yellow, white draperies & waving plumes of every kind & colour, among the white marble pillars, had a fine effect. In the centre of the portico was a table covered with scarlet, behind it the closed door leading into the rotunda, below the Capitol & all around, a mass of living beings, not a ragged mob, but well dressed & well behaved respectable & worthy citizens. Mr. Frank Key, whose arm I had, & an old & frequent witness of great spectacles, often exclaimed, as well as myself, a mere novice, "It is beautiful, it is sublime!" The sun had been obscured through the morning by a mist, or haziness. But the concussion in the air, produced by the dis-

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method by which you have testified your regard for me. You must feel as strongly as myself how impossible it is for me to appropriate what you say; but the kindness of your feelings is an independent affair; & I thank you for it.

Miss Jeffery joins me in kind regards to you & all. Believe me, dear Madam,

truly your obliged

Harriet Martineau.

Martineau to Mrs. Smith.

charge of the cannon, dispersed it & the sun shone forth in all his brightness. At the moment the General entered the Portico & advanced to the table, the shout that rent the air, still resounds in my ears. When the speech was over, & the President made his parting bow, the barrier that had separated the people from him was broken down, & they rushed up the steps all eager to shake hands with him. It was with difficulty he made his way through the Capitol & down the hill to the gateway that opens on the avenue. Here for a moment he was stopped. The living mass was impenetrable. After a while a passage was opened & he mounted his horse which had been provided for his return (for he had walked to the Capitol) then such a cortege as followed him! Country men, farmers, gentlemen, mounted & dismounted, boys, women & children, black & white. Carriages, wagons & carts, all pursuing him to the President's house,—this I only heard of for our party went out at the opposite side of the square & went to Col. Benton's lodgings, to visit Mrs. Benton & Mrs. Gilmore. Here was a perfect levee, at least a hundred ladies & gentlemen, all happy & rejoicing,—wine & cake was

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handed in profusion. We sat with this company & stopped on the summit of the hill until the avenue was comparatively clear, tho' at any other time we should have thought it terribly crowded. Streams of people on foot & of carriages of all kinds, still pouring towards the President's house. We went Home, found your papa & sisters at the Bank,* standing at the upper windows, where they had been seen by the President, who took off his hat to them, which they insisted was better than all we had seen. From the Bank to the President's house for a long while, the crowd rendered a passage for us impossible. Some went into the Cashier's parlour, where we found a number of ladies & gentlemen & had cake & wine in abundance. In about an hour, the pavement was clear enough for us to walk. Your father, Mr. Wood, Mr. Ward, Mr. Lyon, with us, we set off to the President's House, but on a nearer approach found an entrance impossible, the yard & avenue was compact with living matter. The day was delightful, the scene animating, so we walked backward & forward at every turn meeting some new acquaintance & stopping to talk & shake hands. Among others we met Zavr Dickinson with Mr. Frelinghuysen & Dr. Elmendorf, & Mr. Saml. Bradford. We continued promenading here, until near three, returned home unable to stand & threw ourselves on the sopha. Some one came & informed us the crowd before the President's house, was so far lessen'd, that they thought we might enter. This time we effected our purpose. But what a scene did we witness! The *Majesty of the People* had disappeared, & a rabble, a mob, of boys, negros, women, children, scrambling, fighting, romping. What a pity, what a pity! No arrangements had been made, no police officers placed on duty & the whole house had been inundated by the rabble mob. We came too late. The President, after having been *literally* nearly pressed to death & almost suffocated & torn to pieces by the people in their eagerness to shake hands with Old Hickory, had retreated through the back way or south front & had escaped to his lodgings at Gadsby's. Cut glass & china to the amount of several thousand dollars had been broken in the struggle to get the refreshments, punch & other articles had been carried out in tubs & buckets, but had it been in hogsheads it would have been insufficient, ice-creams, & cake & lemonade, for 20,000 people, for it is said that number were there, tho' I think the estimate exaggerated. Ladies fainted, men were seen with bloody noses & such a scene of confusion took place as is impossible to describe, —those who got in could not get out by the door again, but had to scramble out of windows. At one time, the President who had retreated & retreated until he was pressed against the wall, could only be secured by a number of gentlemen forming round him & making a kind of barrier of their own bodies, & the pressure was so great that Col. Bomford who was one at one time, said he was afraid they should have been pushed down, or on the President. It was then the windows were thrown open, & the torrent found an outlet, which otherwise might have proved fatal.

This concourse had not been anticipated & therefore not provided against. Ladies & gentlemen, only had been expected at this Levee, not the people en masse. But it was the People's day, & the People's President & the People would rule. God grant that one day or other, the People, do not put down all rule & rulers. I fear, enlightened Freemen as they are, they will be found, as they have been found in all ages & countries where they get the Power in their hands, that of all tyrants, they are the most ferocious, cruel & despotic. The noisy & disorderly rabble in the President's House brought to my mind descriptions I had read, of the mobs in the Tuilleries & at Versailles. I expect to hear the carpets & furniture are ruined; the streets were muddy, & these guests all went thither on foot.

The rest of the day, overcome with fatigue I lay upon the sopha. The girls went to see Mrs. Clay & Mrs. Southard. Mrs. Rush was at Mrs. C.'s—Mrs. Clay's furniture all sold, the entry full of hay, straw, & packages, & in her little back room, scarcely a chair to sit on & she worn out with fatigue. "This being turned out, is a sad, troublesome thing, is it not?" said Mrs. Rush. "Coming in, is troublesome enough, but *then*, one does not mind the trouble."

After tea, Mr. Ward, Mr. Wood, Mr. Lyon, & Warren Scott, came in & staid until past 11 oclock. Mr. S. & I talked of Brunswick friends & of old times. Col.

* Branch Bank of the United States, corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, of which Mr. Smith was President.

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Bomford has been here, just now & given me an account of the Ball, which he says was elegant, splendid & in perfect order. The President & his family were not there. The Vice President & lady & the members of the new cabinet were. Mrs. Bomford was in her grand costume,—scarlet velvet richly trimmed with gold embroidery, the large Ruby, set in diamonds, for which Col. Bomford has refused five thousand dollars, & which I believe you have seen, she wore in her turban. Mr. Baldwin,* notwithstanding his disappointment, for he confidently expected a place in the Cabinet, was, Col. B. says, excessively merry. During all this bustle in the city, Mr. Adams was quietly fixed at Meridian Hill, to which place he & his family had removed some days before. . . .

Everybody is in a state of agitation,—gloomy or glad. A *universal removal* in the departments is apprehended, & many are quaking & trembling, where *all* depend on their places.

The city, so crowded & bustling, by tomorrow will be silent & deserted, for people are crowding away as eagerly as they crowded here. Mrs. Porter goes on Saturday, Mrs. Clay on Monday, Mrs. Wirt & Southard in the course of the week. We are asked to a party at Mrs. Wirt's tonight, but shall not go.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

August 29, 1831, SIDNEY.

. . . What does Lyttleton *now* think of Genl. Jackson? The papers do not exaggerate, nay do not detail one half of his imbecilities. He is completely under the government of Mrs. Eaton, one of the most ambitious, violent, malignant, yet silly women you ever heard of. You will soon see the recall of the dutch minister announced. Madm Huygen's spirited conduct in refusing to visit Mrs. E. is undoubtedly the cause. The new Cabinet if they do not yield to the President's will on the point, will, it is supposed, soon be dismissed. Several of them in order to avoid this dilemma, are determined not to keep house or bring on their families. Therefore, not keeping house, they will not give parties & may thus avoid the disgrace of entertaining the favorite. It was hoped, on her husband's going out of office, she would have left the city, *but she will not*. She hopes for a complete triumph & is not satisfied with having the Cabinet broken up & a virtuous & intelligent minister recalled, & many of our best citizens frowned upon by the President. Our society is in a sad state. Intrigues & parasites in favour, divisions & animosity existing. As for ourselves, we keep our of the turmoil, seldom speak & never take any part in this troublesome & shameful state of things. Yet no one can deny, that the P.'s weakness originates in an amiable cause, — his devoted & ardent friendship for Genl. Eaton. . . .

* Henry Baldwin, of Pennsylvania. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court in 1830.

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Christmas, 1832.

. . . The ambition some felt for its honors exists no longer, & this was one of the strongest stimulants to activity & exertion I ever felt. But a life in Washington cures one of ambition for honors & distinctions, by exhibiting them in all their vanity, instability, & transitoriness, & unveiling at the same time all the pains & some vexations appertaining to them. I wonder if Mr. Clay realizes these things & can learn to be content with the portion he possesses. Were we to have a peep into his bosom what a lesson we should learn. And Mr. Calhoun,* will his high soarings end in disappointment & humiliation or be drowned in blood? However he may now err, he is one of the noblest & most generous spirits I have ever met with. I am certain *he* is deceived himself, & believes he is now fulfilling the duty of a *true patriot*. What a happy nation we were! Alas, & may we not write, *we are?* The impending political storm, as you may easily suppose is almost the exclusive object of interest & conversation. . . .

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Wednesday, 12th, 1835, January.

. . . They all paid long visits, & this morning, just this minute, Miss Martineau.† At so early an hour I expected no one & was so engaged in this letter, that I scarcely

* He was in the middle of his efforts to apply the nullification theory.

† Harriet Martineau came over in the summer of 1834, when she was thirty-two years of age and in the zenith of her fame.

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raised my head, when the door opened & two plain looking ladies (one of the ladies, was Miss Jeffries, her friend & companion) walked in. They had walked & I had not attended to the ringing of the door bell, not expecting visitors at this hour. "I have come early," said she, "to make sure of finding you at home, & because it is my only disengaged time. I yesterday planned a quiet sitting of two hours with you, but I found it impossible." She is a woman you would love, so plain, unaffected & quiet in her manners & appearance, yet animated in conversation. She brought me a letter of introduction from Mrs. Eckart, & sent it with her card, the day after her arrival, otherwise I do not know whether I should have called on her, under our present plan of domesticity, & the feelings thereby induced, for when one lives out of company one shrinks from it. Accompanied by the girls I called on her, sent in my name. There were three or four other ladies in the room, but her advancing to receive us, was a sufficient indication that she was Miss Martineau. She was sitting in a corner of the sopha, which supported the arm & hand, which held the speaking-tube to her ear, she handed it to me saying, "Do you know the use of this?" I answered affirmatively by an inclination of my head & putting the tube to my lips, soon forgot I held it, & conversed as easily as if not through this, it must be confessed, awkward medium. As I had always understood she was of the Liberal if not radical party, the advocate of the poor & of the working-class, I did not anticipate the reception she has met with from our dignitaries & fashionables. But the English minister was the first to wait on her, introduced her into the Senate, to the President, &c., &c., which at once made her *Ton*. She has literally been overwhelmed with company. I have been told that the day after her arrival near 600 persons called, (an exaggeration I suppose) but the number was immense. Poor I had been planning to show her the same kind of friendly, plain attentions I had done Mrs. Brenton & Miss Sedgwick, & offered to call with the carriage & accompany her to Congress, to make her calls of ceremony, &c., &c. When I found these calls had been dispensed with, & the President's family & Secretaries ladies had first called on her, I told her I did not give nor go to large parties, but should be glad to see her in a social & domestic manner. This I repeated this morning & told her when the hurry of her gay engagements was over, I would ask a quiet day. "Name what day you please after this week, & it shall be reserved for you," replied she. Yesterday she dined at the President's, & in the evening went to a large party. To-day she dines at Sir Charles Vaughan's * & in the evening a party at Mrs. Butler's† (the attorney general) two large evening parties to which she had promised to go, violent headaches, induced by the crowds of company during the whole day, obliged her to send an appology. Her health is very delicate. During the last year she has been laboriously employed, to such a degree as to impair her health. Absolute relaxation & change of scene were prescribed, & she thought she could obtain both these remedies by making the tour of U. S. But if followed by such crowds, her aim will be defeated. From her manners & appearance no one would believe it possible she could be so distinguished, celebrated, followed. The drollest part of the whole is, that these crowds, at least in Washington, go to see the lion & nothing else. I have not met with an individual, except Mrs. Seaton & her mother, who have read any of her works, or knew for what she is celebrated. Our most fashionable, exclusive Mrs. Tayloe, said she intended to call, & asked what were the novels she had written & if they were pretty? The gentlemen laugh at a woman's writing on political economy. Not one of them has the least idea of the nature of her works. I tried to explain them to Mr. Frelinghuysen, Clay, Southard & others. But enough of Miss Martineau for the present. If she interests you, tell me so & I will give you what further details. But perhaps like your Bayard you may think it all ridiculous. . . .

To Mrs. Kirkpatrick

Febr. 4th, 1835.

. . . Friday 5th. And now for Miss Martineau, since you desire to hear a little more about her, particularly of the day she passed here. But I really must give you a previous scene which amused me extremely & will not be without some diversion for

* The British minister.

† Benjamin F. Butler, of New York.

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you. The day previous to our little dinner party, I sent for Henry Orr, whom I had always employed when I had company & who is the most experienced & fashionable waiter in the city. He is almost white, his manners gentle, serious & respectful, to an uncommon degree & his whole appearance quite gentlemanly. "Henry," said I, when he came, "I am going to have a small dinner party, but though small, I wish it to be peculiarly nice, everything of the best & most fashionable. I wish you to attend, & as it is many years since I have dined in company, you must tell me what dishes will be best. Boulli, I suppose, is not out of fashion?" "No, indeed, Ma'am! A Boulli at the foot of the table is indispensable, no dinner without it." "And at the head?" "After the soup, Ma'am, fish, boil'd fish, & after the Fish, canvas-backs, the Boulli to be removed, & Pheasants." "Stop, stop Henry," cried I, "not so many removes if you please!" "Why, ma'am, you said your company was to be a dozen, & I am only telling you what is absolutely necessary. Yesterday at Mr. Woodbury's there was only 18 in company & there were 30 dishes of meat." "But Henry I am not a Secretary's lady. I want a small, genteel dinner." "Indeed, ma'am, that is all I am telling you, for side dishes you will have a very small ham, a small Turkey, on each side of them partridges, mutton chops, or sweetbreads, a macaroni pie, an oyster pie——" —"That will do, that will do, Henry. Now for vegetables." "Well, ma'am, stew'd celery, spinage, salsify, cauliflower." "Indeed, Henry, you must substitute potatoes, beets, &c." "Why, ma'am, they will not be genteel, but to be sure if you say so, it must be so. Mrs. Forsyth the other day, *would* have a plum-pudding, she will keep to old fashions." "What, Henry, plum-pudding out of fashion?" "La, yes, Ma'am, all kinds of puddings & pies." "Why, what then must I have at the head & foot of the table?" "Forms of ice-cream at the head, & a pyramid of anything, grapes, oranges, or anything handsome at the foot." "And the other dishes?" "Jellies, custards, blancmange, cakes, sweetmeats, & sugar-plums." "No nuts, raisons, figs, &c., &c.?" "Oh no, no, ma'am, they are quite vulgar." "Well, well, Henry. My dessert is, I find, all right, & your dinner I suppose with the exception of one or two things. You may order me the pies, partridges & pheasants from the French cook, & Priscilla can do the rest." "Indeed, ma'am, you had best" ——"No more, Henry," interrupted I, "I am not Mrs. Woodbury." "Why to be sure, ma'am, her's was a particular dinner on account of that great English lady's dining with her." "Did Miss M. dine there?" "La, yes, ma'am, & I was quite delighted to see the attention Mr. Clay paid her, for indeed ma'am I consider Mr. Clay the greatest & best man now living, & sure I should know, for I served him long enough. Oh he is kindness through & through & it was but proper, ma'am, that the greatest man, should show attention to the greatest lady. He sat by her at dinner & talked all the time just to her, neither of them eat much. I took particular notice what she eat, so I might know another time what to hand her, for she dines everywhere, ma'am, & I see her taste was very simple. She eat nothing but a little Turkey & a mite of ham, nothing else, ma'am, & Mr. Clay hardly as much, they were so engaged in conversation. I listened whenever I was near & heard them talking about the national debt. Mr. Clay told her our debt was paid off & she told him she hoped their debt would soon be paid off too, & they consulted a great deal about it." "Why is Miss M. such a great woman, Henry?" "Why, they tells me, ma'am, she is the greatest writer in England & her books doing monstrous deal of good." "Well, Henry, it is for this Lady, my dinner is to be, but it is a family dinner, not a ceremonious one. She is to spend the day just in a social friendly way with me." "Why, ma'am, that is just as it should be, as you are a writer too. But indeed, ma'am, if not another besides her was invited, you ought to have a grand dinner. I should like you, ma'am, to do your best. It is a great respect ma'am she shows you & a great kindness you show her, & I dare say, ma'am she'll put you in one of her books, so you should do your very best." But I carried my point in only having 8 dishes of meat, tho' I could not convince Henry, it was more genteel than a grander dinner. He came the next day, & leaving him & the girls as his assistants (for Anna absolutely locked me out of the dining room) I sat as quietly in the front parlour, as if no company was expected. Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Coolidge (Ellen Randolph that was) James Bayard

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& B. K.* were the only additional guests to Miss M. & Miss Jeffrey her companion. About 3, B. K. came. I only was in the parlour, the girls were dressing, presently Ann came down, & told me Miss M. & Miss J. were up stairs in my room. "And you left them there alone?" exclaimed I. "To be sure," answered Ann, with her usual nonchalance. "I have never been introduced to them & they asked me to show them to a chamber." "And you let them go in alone!!" "To be sure." I hastened up stairs & found them combing their hair. They had taken off their bonnets & large capes. "You see," said Miss M. "we have complied with your request & come sociably to pass the day with you. We have been walking all the morning, our lodgings were too distant to return, so we have done as those who have no carriages do in England, when they go to pass a social day." I offered her combs, brushes, etc. But showing me the enormous pockets in her french dress, said they were provided with all that was necessary, & pulled out nice little silk shoes, silk stockings, a scarf for her neck, little lace mits, a gold chain & some other jewellry, & soon without changing her dress was prettily equipped for dinner or evening company. We were all as perfectly at our ease as if old friends. Miss M.'s toilette was soonest completed & sitting down by me on the sopha, & handing me the tube, we had a nice social chat before we went down stairs. I introduced Mr. Smith, my nephews, & son &c. Mr. S. took a seat on the sopha by her, & I on a chair on her other side, to be near to introduce others. It was quite amusing to see Mr. S. He took the tube & at first applied its wrong cup to his lips, but in the warmth of conversation perpetually forgot it, & as he always gesticulates a great deal with his hands he was waving about the cup, quite forgetful of its use, except when I said, as I continually had to do, "Put it to your lips." But Miss M. has admirable tact & filled up the gaps of his part of the conversation, made by the waving of the tube, by her intuitive perception & talked as fluently of Lord Brougham, Lord Durham & other political personages, of whom Mr. S. enquired as if she had heard every word. A little after 4, Mrs. Randolph & Mrs. Coolidge came. I was glad Mrs. R. was so handsomely dressed (in general she disregards her toilette) & looked so dignified & well, for I wished Miss M. to see the daughter of Jefferson to advantage. Mrs. C. looked lovely & elegant. I gave Mrs. R. a seat next Miss M. But she said but little & afterwards told us, the very touch of the Tube, put all her ideas to flight. She went to the contrary extreme of Mr. S., & kept the cup pressed so tightly on her lips, that she could scarcely open them. Mrs. Coolidge managed better, & conversed with perfect ease & great fluency until dinner, which was not served until five oclock, when the curtains being drawn & shutters closed, the candles on the table were lit & made everything look better. Miss M. sat next me, Mrs. R. below her, Miss Jeffries led in by B. K. sat between him & Mr. S., & was, they say, extremely entertaining. J. Bayard sat all the time by Mrs. C., the old friend of his sisters & seemed delighted with her. Dinner went off *very well*. I conversed a great deal with Miss M., as Mrs. R. would not. Our conversation was very interesting & carried on in a tone that all the rest of the company could hear. One fact was new & strange. Speaking of the use of ardent spirits by the poor, she said its high price precluded its use, there were now few gin-shops. Opium had been substituted by the poor for gin, & apothecaries boys kept constantly busy, making up penny & ha-penny worths of opium. It was taken not in sufficient quantities to exhilerate, but only to stupefy & satisfy the cravings of hunger. What a wretched state of society does this imply! Her conversation is rich in most interesting illustrations of manners, facts & opinions & what she said at dinner, if written down would fill 4 or 5 such pages. While at table, a note from Mr. Clay was handed me, so handsomely written & so full of compliments for Miss M. & regrets from being prevented joining our party in the evening, that I handed it to her & she then burst forth in an eloquent eulogium of him. It was near 7 when we returned to the parlour, which was brilliantly lighted, (as I think light a great promoter of social pleasure). Mr. King was lounging in the rocking chair, quite at his ease. He knew Miss M. & instantly sat down on one side of her, I on the other. Mr. King* engaged her in details about the English affairs & great men.

* Bayard Kirkpatrick, her nephew.

* Probably John Pendleton King, Senator from Georgia.

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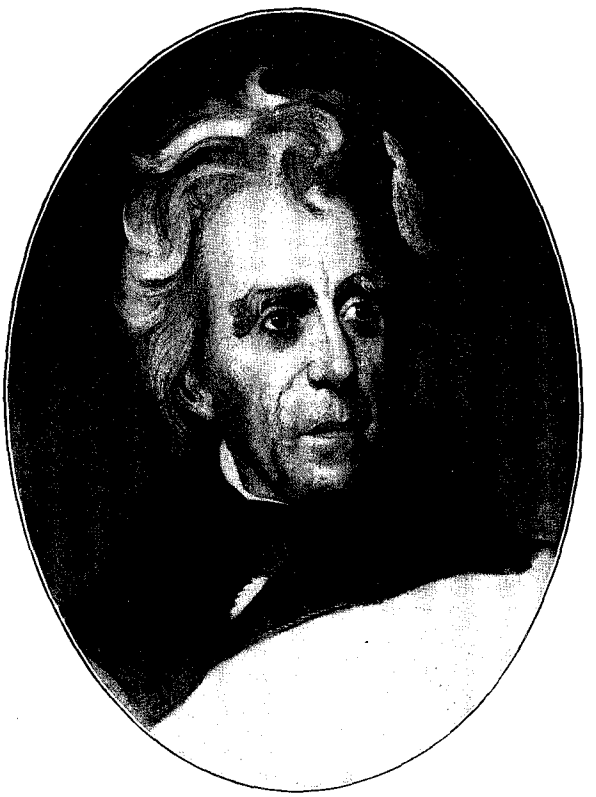
She was copious & interesting in her details. I wish I could relate a hundredth part of what she said, but it is impossible. She pronounced Lord Durham (Mr. Lambton, that was) to be the greatest man now in England. "He will soon be our premier, he will be the savior of England!" said she with enthusiasm. He is her greatest & most intimate personal, as well as political friend. All the other distinguished men passed in review. It was a rich treat to hear her. Her words flow in a continual stream, her voice pleasing, her manners quiet & lady-like, her face full of intelligence, benevolence & animation. She always leans back in the corner of the sopha, seemingly unconscious of the presence of any one except the person she is talking with. Mr. & Mrs. Frelinghuysen & Mrs. Burgess (a most lovely young widow) Mrs. Thornton, Mrs. Bomford & her family, Mr. & Mrs. Calhoun & her 3 young ladies, the Southards, Mr. Palfrey, the unitarian clergyman (ours was asked but did not come) & about a dozen gentlemen, made up the evening party. Mr. Frelinghuysen & Mr. Calhoun both sat & conversed a great deal with Miss M., & most of the company by turns sat a while by her. Mr. Calhoun is one of her greatest admirers, his Mess gave her a dinner, Mrs. Bomford was unexpectedly pleased because unexpectedly she felt herself at ease with Miss M. She is so simple, plain, good natured & unaffected, that I wonder every one does not feel at ease. Ease & animation pervaded the whole of the company, we had some delightful singing from the young ladies, Scotch songs to perfection. It was 11 oclock before the party broke up. Every one gratified at an opportunity of meeting Miss M., in such a quiet, social manner. The next day, by appointment, I accompanied Miss M. & Miss J. to Kalorama. Anna Maria went with us. In a carriage



Andrew Jackson.
From the painting by Sully (1825), in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.

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she needs not her tube, but hears distinctly without it. In a carriage, too, sitting so close one feels so confidential. We rode about from 12 until past three & our conversation would fill several sheets. I enquired about her early life, her motives for embracing literature as a pursuit, the formation of her mind, habits & opinions, all of which she freely gave me the history, & an interesting history it is. "Do tell me," said I, "if praise & celebrity, like everything else do not lose their relish?" "I never," said she, "had much relish for general praise; the approbation of those I love & esteem or respect, I highly value. But newspaper praise or censure, are perfectly indifferent to me. The most valued advantage I have gained is the facility which it gives me to gain access to every person, place or thing I desire, this is truly a great advantage." Speaking of the lionizing of celebrated people, "Well," said she, laughing, "I have escaped that, to my knowledge, I have never been made a show of, or run after as a lion." Of course, I did not undeceive her. I asked her how I should understand an expression she several times used, "Since I have been employed by government." She said, two of the subjects she had illustrated in her stories, had been by the request of Lord Brougham & Lord Durham, who supplied her with the materials, or principles, viz, the Poor-Laws, on Taxation. She was employed by them to write on these two subjects, on which account she & her mother had removed to London, as the transmission of Pamphlets by the mail, became too burthensome, frequently requiring her to send a wheel-barrow to the Post Office. For the last two years she & her mother have resided in London, have a small house adjoining the Park, which is as quiet & pleasant as in the country. Here she had daily intercourse with the members of the Cabinet & leaders of the whig party, particularly the above-named gentlemen. She never makes visits & receives them only at 2 specified hours every day, but while Parliament is sitting, dines out (at night, remember) every day. Once, while at Lord Durham's in the country, at table, a gentleman sitting next her observed, "There is one subject, Miss M., I think your genius admirably calculated to illustrate." "What is that," said she, with eagerness, glad to be instructed. "The Poor Laws" replied he. "Why" exclaimed Lord D., "in what corner of England have you been living, that you do not know, this is the very subject on which she has most ably written." "I did, I candidly own," said Miss M., when she told me this, "I did feel completely mortified." My paper will hold no more. I will soon write again, but as I cannot write all this over & it may amuse Maria, I wish you would send it to her. Oh how tired my head & hands are! The girls are equally so of holding their tongues.

To Mrs. Boyd

Christmas day, 1835.

. . . Poor Mr. Clay, was laughing & talking & joking with some friends when his papers & letters were brought to him; he naturally first opened the letter from home. A friend who was with him, says he started up & then fell, as if shot, & his first words were "Every tie to life is broken!"* He continued that day in almost a state of distraction, but has, I am told, become more composed, though in the deepest affliction. Ann was his pride, as well as his joy & of all his children, his greatest comfort. She was my favorite, so frank, gay, & warm hearted. Her husband was very very rich. Their plantation joined Mr. Clay's & afforded a daily intercourse. Of five daughters, she was the last, & now she is gone, & poor Mrs. Clay, in her declining age is left alone & bereaved of the support & comfort which daughters & only daughters can afford. I now, cannot realize that you or I can ever be so bereaved, we are so far advanced towards our journey's end. . . .

* The story was that he fainted. Ann Brown Clay was his favorite child. Her husband was James Erwine, of New Orleans

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THE ADMIRABLE OUTLAW

By M'Cready Sykes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

MY English friend thought it was a hold-up. So no doubt did the passengers jolting drowsily in the stage-coach. Two men rode quickly up to the open windows; the stage stopped, and they glanced inside. They were well browned and carried excellent Winchester rifles.

"He ain't there. Thank ye, gentlemen; an' you, Miss"—this last to the school ma'am, who was the least surprised of any.

"I don't suppose you've seen no foot-passenger up the road—nor on the bench, perhaps? Wa'al, that's about all."

My Englishman and I had been riding some two hundred yards behind the stage. It was a slow, lumpy road down the canyon. Farther up, on the bench, we had fallen in converse with Luther, the stage-driver. There the road was wide, and we could ride alongside; Luther spun for us many painful yarns, involving much of battle, murder and sudden death, of catamounts and rattlesnakes, of vast lakes and mighty deserts. Luther was on the whole the most varied and picturesque liar I have ever known, and he delighted the heart of my English globe-trotting friend. We promised ourselves a pleasant evening in Luther's company when we should reach North Star, and we had relinquished our place along the stage regretfully, and only when the road had become too narrow.

Morley had been drifting at leisurely pace around the world, and I had fallen in with him at Portland, fresh from two weeks on the Pacific. Then with vast delight he had come inland with me and had knocked about the mining camps in the mountains back of North Star. We were coming back to town, and our horses had overtaken the stage. Morley was grieving that we had only seven miles to go.

"A week in the mining camps," he had complained, "and no adventures; just fancy! But when I'm home I'll appropriate some of Luther's. Still, I rather hoped for an adventure of our own; that's the worst of the 'disappearing frontier.'"

So he rather welcomed the browned strangers with their rifles, and we all fell into conversation when we drew up by the coach.

"Prisoner broke jail—that's all; he come this way." Frank Simers, the big sheriff, felt a certain shame at confessing the escape, and his deputy coughed apologetically.

"An' the slickest cuss in this country," added the sheriff. "A low, dog-goned bank robber. Started a shootin' on the sidewalk an' sicked the cashier onto his pal, and then ran inside and cleaned out eight hundred dollars in gold, an' carried it away, too. 'Twan't much to get caught for, but they want him in Wyoming when we get through with him. Broke away this afternoon, an' Tom Husack here seen him headin' for the bench. Wa'al, so'long. We'll have him by nightfall."

Luther released the brake, took up his reins, and cried "Giddap!" Then he reflected, and holding back his four horses, said that it reminded him of a man that once tried to shoot him in Nevada—"a one-eyed man, so he shot on the bias, ye might say."

But Morley had quickly lost his liking for adventures at second hand. "Can't we help you in the search?" he said to the sheriff.

There is no hunt that stirs the blood of your Briton as does the noble sport of hunting Man. Morley had mourned at not killing a tiger; he was keen on this new scent.

"Sure, sure," said the sheriff, not displeased at the evident enthusiasm of his ally. "We can drive him in quick, all goin' together. He's afoot."

The stage lumbered down the canyon, and the four of us turned back toward the summit. Clearly there would be no connection with the Overland for us that night.

Simers explained that being mounted, and thus lifted above the sky-line, we were so far forth at a disadvantage, and would be seen by the robber long before we could see him. "He'll crouch along the sage-brush, an' work up into the pines, an' make shift to do his

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travelling by night. So the more of this bench we can cover by nightfall, the better chanct we'll have. Once he gets out o' the sage-brush an' into the sheep-grass, we can see him if he lies flat agin a stone."

So we thrashed over the bench all that afternoon, till we were choking with the universal smell of the dusty sage-brush; we started up jack-rabbits innumerable, and saw the gophers scudding to their holes. We came upon a sheep-herder, working his band of sheep down from the mountains, but could find no clue. At twilight we were together again.

"But I say," cried Morley, suddenly inspired, as we were sitting around on the grass for a brief pause, "we've no idea what the fellow looks like, you know. Haven't you a photograph, or something?"

Sheriff Frank uncoiled himself. "Now don't you worry about that, pardner. Ef you see a man wanderin' about here on the bench, unattached like, and not havin' no tag, nor no hoss, why, it's *him*. But it might be as I *hev* got a photograph, now—jest in case I had to do any mailin'. Look in Tom's coat over on that there pile, in the inside pocket. Ye can take it along. I'll be back in a minute."

While the sheriff was gone to replenish the supply of water, we found the coat and the photograph, and examined the picture minutely. It was not a bad face—on the contrary, it struck me as decidedly a good one, with a pleasing expression of frank good-nature, and almost a masterful look about the mouth and eyes.

The man in the picture had a pleasantly recalcitrant tuft of hair, that stood up defiantly in the middle of his forehead. We had finished our examination, and Morley had put the picture in his own pocket for future reference, when the sheriff rejoined us. "Now, my lord, you just keep the picter, an' you'll know your man when you see him."

Behind his back, Sheriff Frank had already begun to speak of Morley as "the Jook." To his face, he compromised on "my lord."

"We'll get him, boys—never fear. But I won't hear the last of this from Governor Yandee. My, but Yandee'll give it to me strong. If the feller wa'n't really gone, I'd think now 'twas a joke of the Governor's. He's always playin' them practical jokes o' his."

Frank's deputy nodded assent, intimating that Governor Yandee was "almost *too* ondignified for a governor of the state"; but Frank's commission ran in the name of the Chief Executive, and he upheld him.

"No, Tom, he ain't ondignified, Tom; he's jest high-spirited. But I'll never hear the end of this."

Morley said that he had in his pocket letters of introduction to Governor Yandee, and that he was anticipating with much delight meeting so pleasant an acquaintance.

"Yes sirree, a fine, whole-souled feller is Bob Yandee," cried the sheriff, "and when you see him ye just give him Frank Simers' regards—assumin' that we've catched this cuss of a bank-robber. Nice feller, Bob."

But that the outlaw would not be captured never seemed to enter the sanguine imagination of the sheriff. And this was not altogether groundless optimism, for the news of the escape would travel fast, and it is not easy to slip unobserved through a country where every new arrival or passer-by excites interest and comment, and affords discussion for a whole evening in half a dozen camps.

We hobbled our horses and turned them loose in the short, dry grass. Simers and Deputy Tom had brought a trifle of provisions, anticipating that the search might after all last over the day. The stars swung about, looming large in the rarefied air even of thirty-five hundred feet of altitude; and far down the canyon the desolate howling of the coyotes was all that broke the stillness.

Morley enjoyed it hugely, and was more communicative than his wont about his own wanderings. The sheriff and Tom Husack, born with the *Wanderlust* that is the Westerner's birthright, had much to tell of many men in many lands, and quickly established with the Englishman the *camaraderie* of them that wander about the earth. The deputy was soon plain Tom for us all; in another half hour we were all calling the sheriff Frank, and assuredly the Englishman would have gotten back to first principles and his first name had his new friends happened to know it. He took his friendly cross-examination like a little man, giving good-naturedly the details of his ancestry, his father's occupations and avocations, and his grandfather's, his religious and political views and the motives that had impelled him to travel around the world. He recognized

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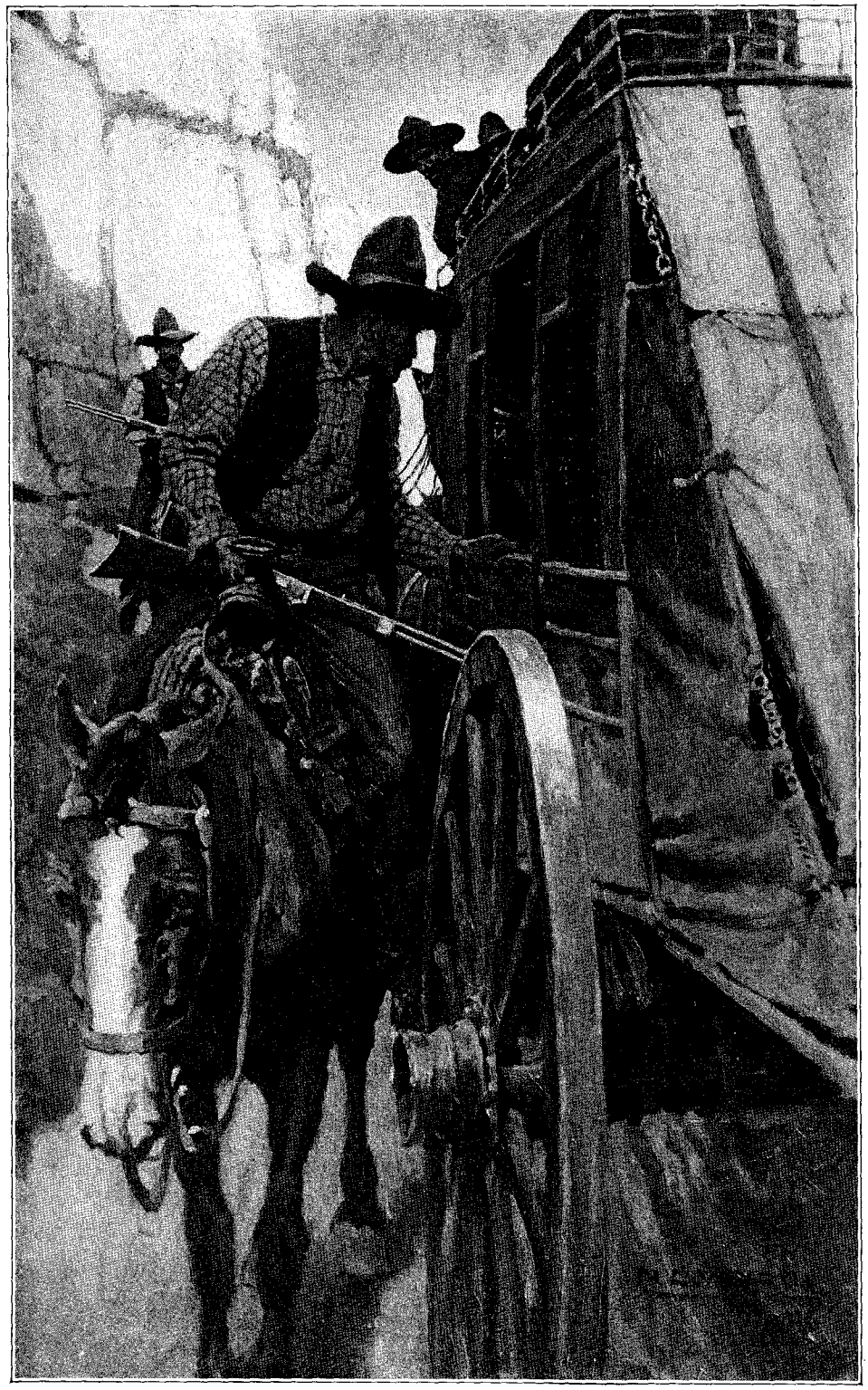

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

My English friend thought it was a hold-up.—Page 627.

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clearly that his questioners were inspired by no idle curiosity, but welcomed him as a friend and took a friend's interest in his affairs. The problem of the future of Canada, and of the Anglo-American alliance, being happily solved, we fell asleep one by one to the howling of the distant coyotes and the occasional scrambling of the hobbled horses as they searched about for fresher bits of grass.

At dawn we separated pursuant to our plan of overnight, Morley and I keeping not too far from the canyon, from whose billowing sides we could command the trail along the stream. The sides of the canyon died away, and after an hour's riding we found ourselves on fairly level ground. The horses picked their way easily through the chapparal; we rode, silently for the most part, in and out among the great pines when the creek led us in their direction. Our man-hunt was becoming very mild.

Morley, riding a little in the lead, stopped suddenly, dismounted and crouched down, rifle in hand. I followed, and obeying his silent signal, we walked softly through the bushes to the edge of the stream. My Englishman pointed to his quarry.

Standing in the shallow stream, stark naked in the morning sun, a man was performing his matutinal ablutions. It was about eight o'clock, and the water was evidently very cold, for the bather instinctively expanded his chest under the inspiring sting of the water which he was splashing upon it. In a moment he turned and faced us. It was the original of our photograph. Morley gave a soft whistle that bespoke an amplitude of inward delight.

For my part, I distinctly wished that we had the sheriff and his deputy with us. Desperadoes are not ordinarily captured while bathing *en plein air*. Besides, I was nervously conscious, as indeed our photograph had forewarned us, that our man was not exactly the ordinary desperado. Perhaps we might prevail by strategy, and keep in with the man till we could set the duly constituted authorities in motion. It was while I was thinking all this, and a great deal more, that Morley's voice rang cheerfully out:

"Oh, I say: hands up, there."

I had read that phrase, many times, and often heard it quoted. Somehow it failed to strike me at the time as incongruous; yet of course to compel a man standing in the water without a stitch of clothing to throw up his hands seems in a way superfluous. Certain it is that the man instantly threw up his hands, and held them up, as high as they would go.

"Now, my good fellow, I'm going through your clothes," was Morley's next comment, and keeping his rifle pretty steadily pointed at the captive he stepped a few yards along the bank to where the man's clothes lay. The prisoner made a step toward the bank, but Morley turned sharply upon him, keeping him covered with his rifle. "I'd stand still if I were you, and hands up, you know."

The warning was effective, and the Englishman went carefully through the pockets of the man's clothes, extracting five or six silver dollars, a box of tobacco, a pipe, two knives, and to his great joy, a long and gruesome six-shooter, of the kind that Mr. Colt, or his successors in business, make with such beautiful precision. Morley slipped the gun in his own pocket, and rejoined me.

"Confound it," he whispered, "do you know, they never told us the fellow's name. How can you arrest a man without naming him? Stupid of us never to have asked the sheriff for his name."

I weakly suggested something about our needing a warrant. Morley was almost scornful. "Why, he's an escaped prisoner. One doesn't need a warrant. One can take him wherever one finds him. We'll give him an *alias*."

He pointed his rifle at the captive and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You there, *alias* John Doe, I arrest you in the name of the King—no, I mean in the name of President Roosevelt, or the name of the Governor of this State, and I call on you to lay down your arms and submit."

Our captive gave a wild yell, and shook his fist at the tranquil Briton—"You—arrest me—in the name of—the President—and the Governor of the State—why, you—you—well of all"—but words became inadequate, and the man shook his fist impotently.

"Now, my man, we won't have any of that. Come on shore here and put on some of your clothes for decency's sake. You don't need much. When you've done that, you march along in front of us, and if you cut or run, I'll put a bullet through you as sure as I live. You can make any statement you want, but

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Arranged the line of march so that there should be no possibility of escape.—Page 633.

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you don't have to, and I warn you that anything you say can be used against you. I think there's something of that sort in Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, and I understand it's in all your constitutions here; so you see I'm looking after your rights. Here are your clothes. Wait a bit, let me take another look at them."

Morley attacked the coat this time, and drew forth a couple of newspaper clippings, a pencil and a paper folded like a legal document. The latter was endorsed "Memorandum on the requisition of the Governor of Wyoming for the extradition of George Selvey, *alias* Peter Dowling, accused of bank robbery."

Morley handed me the paper with a look of triumph. "I wasn't worrying about the fellow's name, but this may come in if we should meet anyone and the man should attempt to escape.

"So you've been collecting the documents of your case, Selvey," he said, turning again to the prisoner. "Well, Selvey, *alias* Dowling, get some clothes on, and we'll go along."

I confess that I was not entirely satisfied with the situation. It was all very well to go through the form of arresting our man, but conveying him to the jail at North Star was a very different matter. If he were to resist, I certainly had no relish for using our rifles, and after all, these were our only points of superiority. It is one thing for two men to overpower a third; it is a very different thing for them to carry him against his will ten miles through the mountains.

On the other hand, from his point of view, why should he resist? We were armed, and he was not; and perhaps he would never guess that we had no mind for subduing him with bullets. Certainly Morley had given no indication of any qualms of that sort. The Englishman was apparently too intent on bagging his game to look on the taking other than as the capture of a cold-blooded criminal who should at no cost be allowed to escape.

In the meantime the prisoner was putting on his clothes. When he was fully dressed, it seemed to me that it was with great difficulty that he was keeping himself under control; once or twice he began speaking angrily but checked himself by an evident effort of will; plainly he was a good actor. He was apparently trying to throw us off our guard. I think we both felt relieved that his Colt was safely in Morley's pocket.

This apparently studied repression of rage at his captors had mostly come about while he was dressing. When he was through he said to Morley very quietly and in a tone that was almost friendly:

"There seems to be some mistake here. You spoke to me a few minutes ago as Selvey. I am not Selvey, and as you don't seem to know who I am, I don't know what more I can say than that you have made an absurd mistake and that the sooner you leave the better. George Selvey is safe in jail at North Star, and if you want him you had better go there."

"That's the very worst thing you could have said," observed Morley judicially. "Twenty-four hours ago you were in jail, Selvey, and in another six hours you'll be there again. By the way, we happen to have your photograph here; I was going to get you to sign it as a souvenir, but I won't ask you to make evidence against yourself."

Morley drew from his pocket the picture the sheriff had given us, and displayed it to our captive with great triumph.

The outlaw was evidently disconcerted at this unwelcome evidence.

"Yes," he said, a little sullenly, "that's my photograph. Where you got it beats me, though I don't know as I much care. But you've got no right to take me. I'll just trouble you for the things you've been taking out of my clothes, and then I'll go my way and you'll go yours."

"You're quite right, Selvey," returned our amateur sheriff imperturbably, "and your way happens to be ours. You forget that you're under arrest. But I say, now, if you'll be decent about it, and go quietly along, and—if you'll tell us how you broke the jail and where you've been, why we'll make it decent and easy for you, and you can ride my horse part of the way. It doesn't really make any difference though, you know, whether you do or not, because we've got the guns, and the horses, and you can't get away, you know. And don't talk unless you want to, but anything you say can be used against you, as I told you before."

The fugitive, impressed by the double threatening of Morley's serious face and of his impassive rifle, laughed rather good-naturedly, and stepped obediently in front. The sheriff had told us that the bank robber

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was no ordinary thief, but a smooth and polished villain who would, we inferred, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. So it was with some misgiving that I observed that the man was adopting a distinctly conciliatory tone. Morley observed this too, and arranged the line of march so that there should be no possibility of escape. We bound the prisoner's arms behind him, not without a slight scuffle, and ordered him to march fifteen paces in front. I had indulged in much wonderment as to whether our captive would submit when it came to the pinch, or would put Morley's shooting abilities to the test. But the preliminary struggle over the tying of his hands dissipated all these doubts; and in fact a single look at the Englishman's stern face, and his quick movement for his rifle at a threatening gesture of the robber's, was quite convincing. Morley would have used his rifle without compunction, doubtless shooting promptly upon any attempt at escape, and our captive evidently realized this. My mental inquiries as to what we were going to do with our prisoner were, it appeared, purely academic. Morley was solving the problem with such prompt and masterful efficiency that I felt ashamed of having doubted our own power. It was all in the day's work for Morley, and with the glorious doggedness of his people he would himself have been shot to death rather than let the outlaw escape. Morley consciously represented for the moment the police force of the commonwealth; he had not seriously sought the painful post; but he was a guest of the community, and had been suddenly called into his host's service; not for the world would he have violated the laws of hospitality, nor the obligations of a courteous guest. The prisoner realized the situation, after the little affair with his hands, and made no further effort to escape.

In fact, once reconciled to the inevitable, the escaped robber took his capture good-naturedly, and regaled us much on our journey to North Star. After a time Morley let him walk alongside instead of marching in front; but he was careful not to let his good-nature run away with him, so the man's hands remained bound. In this fashion we made leisurely progress across the bench and down along the foothills. In the distant plain we caught for a moment the band of heavy smoke that marked the railway that connects North Star with the main line. We should have been speeding by there the night before on our way to catch the Overland; but the day's delay had not been unwelcome, and it was something to remember all one's life to have captured a bandit, charming a companion as the bandit might be. It happens not infrequently that swindlers lavish upon their chosen craft a wealth of ingenuity that if applied to an honest calling would earn them a comfortable living; and Selvey, for all that he was a bank robber, and a mean one at that, displayed such a lively and good-natured interest in the country whose hospitality he had abused, such a familiarity with all the outlying regions, such a knowledge of conditions, that it seemed pathetic that he should not have turned his inquiring and assimilative mind to better uses. Morley tried to lead him gently into his own field, hoping to pick up some good yarns of crime; I think the honest Englishman was led by conflicting impulses; one, a host's polite solicitude to turn the conversation to subjects in which his guest was thoroughly at home; the other, an overweening care lest a prisoner should be entrapped into making a confession. I believe Morley would have had fears for the continued existence of the republic if a captive in the custody of the law had been led by the sanctity of hospitality, imprisonment though the hospitality might be, into giving evidence against himself.

But our man rattled on, spinning many tales of violence in days gone by, but none of his own. He told us of the long conflict between the sheepmen and the cattlemen, of Tom Horn in Wyoming, his various murders, and of how he had been led to confess; of Diamond Field Jack, his conviction and sentence to death, how the Governor had pardoned him and the storm that the pardon raised, and how afterward Jack had drifted to Nevada, married there, struck it rich in a mine and was now a mighty nabob. He told us of Hangman's Gulch, through which we had come the day before, and of the great days of '63, when the lights of the mining camps were blazing in the Basin all night long, and of how Jenny Lind had sung in the little wooden shack they call the opera house in Placer City in the days of forty years ago when Placer City had been a great and thriving metropolis.

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It seemed a pity to have to give our charming friend over to the clutches of the law. Personally, I should not have grieved altogether at an escape; but Morley was of the British sternness all compact; he was not displeased that our prisoner should fare as easily and comfortably as might be, nor that we should all join in friendly converse by the way; but after all, Morley was really, as I have said before, for the time the Police Force of the Commonwealth, and he would guard his captive though the heavens should fall. He kept his rifle across his saddle, and never let Selvey come within interfering distance. There would be no jail delivery that day.

We came into North Star about half an hour before noon, striking out of the sage-brush and on the road just before. The jail lies on the outskirts of the town, or what indeed had once been its outskirts, but was now rapidly being absorbed in the town's encroachment upon the sage-brush waste. In the streets of North Star, Morley again arranged his calvacade in order, and we entered in state. The bank robber really lent a dignity to the procession, as he walked in advance, his arms pinioned behind his back. There were but few in the streets; we were away from the business quarter. But as we approached the jail, the news of our coming seemed to spread, and a casual throng, mostly of women and children, followed along the sidewalk.

Before we turned in at the driveway at the county buildings, Morley ordered the party in close formation, putting the prisoner between our horses. In this fashion we halted before the jail steps.

"We'll turn him over, and then go to the hotel and have a bit of a wash and brush-up. Then we can hunt up the Governor this afternoon, and I'll give him my letters. I hope he won't be too hard on the sheriff for letting this fellow escape."

We did not have to wait long. Officials came piling out of the jail and from the Court House across the square. Ancient clerks appeared, attendants, stenographers, turnkeys, and finally Sheriff Frank himself.

"Well, well, boys, I got back afore ye. We got our man at nine o'clock this mornin'. We fired and signalled, but you was too fur off."

"What's that? Oh, I say now," cried Morley, turning inquiringly, amazement depicted on his face. "Are there *two* of them? We've got your man—got him by your photograph, and a pleasant enough prisoner he's been, and that's a fact."

The Englishman pulled his horse aside, and disclosed to the astonished throng of officials our charming prisoner, dusty with his long walk, his clothes torn by the chapparal and sage-brush, his hands ignominiously bound behind him.

"Mr. Sheriff," said Morley, slowly and impressively, "in the name of President Roosevelt and the United States Constitution, I deliver into your hands George Selvey, *alias* Peter Dowling, and—and—" Morley hesitated a moment, till a phrase of judicial import came to his relief—"and may the Lord have mercy on his soul. God save the United States!"

There had been a murmur of surprise in the crowd at the apparition of the prisoner—then a titter from an aged clerk with a pen behind his ear; the titter had spread and become a vague ripple of wonderment; some of the officials had fled back into the jail; men jabbed their neighbors; the crowd fell a little away from the centre, and we all turned inquiringly to the sheriff. Morley's face was stern with the pride of duty well performed; the Police Force of the Commonwealth was again in the hands of its legitimate custodian, and the Englishman turned to the sheriff for his discharge. The sheriff's face was a fiery red, but I fancied I saw a twinkle in his eye.

"Boys," he said, "ye meant well; ye meant well. Ye must have got my coat instead of Tom's. Now boys, get out o' North Star jest as fast as ye know how—as fast as ye know how, boys. You've got the Governor of the State. I told him he'd get into trouble with that way o' his, goin' off by himself in the mountains; but he will do it. There's somebody that'll never hear the end o' this; but whether its him or me, I ain't quite clear."

And that was why Mr. Robert Morley never presented his letters of introduction to the Governor. But we found the Overland an excellent train.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the most deeply rooted of human passions is the desire of every man to say his say whensoever he feels himself bursting with something that he must utter. He wants a hearing; and he is willing to submit to many things if he may only thereby gain the privilege of the platform. It is this deep-rooted desire which is probably responsible for the popularity of the Open Letter, a most ingenious device for enabling anybody to say anything to anybody else. If Mr. White wishes to communicate his adverse opinion to Mr. Black (whom he does not know) he can indite an Open Letter to Mr. Black, and perhaps some paper will print it. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. Black may be thin-skinned enough to answer it. But this is more than Mr. White really expected; it is even more than he really desired; all he wanted was a chance to express his own views and to place himself for a brief moment in the spot-light of publicity.

An Open Letter to Authors and Editors

Although the Open Letter has come into popularity lately, it is not a new device. The letters of Junius were really Open Letters, even though they were not so entitled. And although the Open Letter is generally addressed only to a single person it is sometimes addressed to a group. If Mr. Brown has reason to dislike Mr. Green's management of the Weissnichtwo and Ultima Thule Railroad, he can address an Open Letter to the stockholders of the W. & U. T. R. R. asking them to turn Mr. Green out of the presidency. An Open Letter to any one person is pretty sure to reach him, either through the "kindness of friends" or through the enterprise of clipping bureaus. But to address an Open Letter to a group is like firing with a shotgun: the best you can do is to bang away and take your chances, knowing in advance that some of your moving targets are certain to be out of range.

And yet an Open Letter may afford the only means of reaching even a few of the collective body whom you desire to reach. Supposing, for example, that a certain Gentle Reader wished to make a suggestion to authors and editors, how could he get their attention? How could he make sure that even a fair proportion of them had the privilege of listening to his words of wisdom? Authors are now in number as the sands of the sea; and even if this Gentle Reader knew all their names, he has not the wherewithal to pay the postage on a circular letter addressed to them severally.

This, then, is an Open Letter to Authors and Editors, calling their attention to a crying need and asking them to remedy an unsatisfactory condition. It is not addressed to all Authors, but only to those who may hereafter gather into volumes articles and tales from the magazines. It is not addressed to all Editors, but only to those who are responsible for the publication of collections of essays, of stories, and of poems. It is a request that these contributions to periodical literature shall each of them be dated with the year of its writing. When this Gentle Reader takes up a volume of essays recently issued and finds a reference to "the last century," he would like to be able to turn to the date of the particular essay containing this reference to discover whether it was originally written before or after the last day of December, 1900. When he is reading Matthew Arnold's discussion of Celtic influences he would like to know whether this article was written before or after Renan's discussion of the same subject. But Matthew Arnold did not date his articles nor did Renan. The latter's "Essais de Morale et de Critique" is now in its fifth edition; and only by a correction here and there in a foot-note can we guess that the first edition was published before 1860.

Even more important is it that every separate contribution should be dated in any scholarly edition of a classic, ancient or modern. When we are reading the works of any one of the New England poets, for example, it is interesting to see at once that a certain lyric was written before the Civil War or afterwards. In an edition of Poe's "Tales," the date on his grewsome "The Pit and the Pendulum" has a certain importance, if we happen also to be familiar with "The Iron Shroud" of William Mudford; and which was written first, "The Cask of Amontillado" or the "Grande Bretèche"? Balzac, it may be noted, often dated his novels, as M. Paul Bourget is now careful to do. It is satisfactory to find the date at the end of every one of Merimée's ironic tales; and it would be pleasant to find at the end of the several

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papers in the "Paris Sketch-Book" the year when they were written. Letters are always dated and they are always arranged in chronological sequence. Why should not all an author's essays and lyrics be so dated and so arranged? What are they but Open Letters to the Gentle Reader?

Some Missing "Educational Values"

WE aspire to truth nowadays without caring whether it moulds us externally or not. The Greeks had discovered a method of making education fashion the receptacle into harmony with its contents, and, by the aid of the great games and religious festivals, keep on fashioning it, year after year, kneading the man — young, middle-aged, old — by continually applied touches until he conformed to an ideal that satisfies the plastic sense as no other people has ever succeeded in satisfying it.

It is the habit to say that such a result was tolerably easy to the Greeks because their life was so much simpler than ours; because their acquirements were so much more limited and their knowledge was so much less extended. We know nowadays a great deal more than we can act up to and we feel a great deal more than we can express. The contrast with the ancient life is great. Still, it need not be exaggerated. The old Greeks did not start with a perfectly clean slate. There had been other civilizations, life-problems had been agitated, and were become in their time quite complicated enough. But while we moderns are torn in two by the feeling, on one side, that it is incumbent on man to learn everything that he possibly can about everything, and the doubt, on the other, whether the sources of knowledge that make the highest human type be not really very few, the Greeks did not trouble themselves so much but decided at once for the few essentials with a firmness that puts our vacillations to the blush.

The best minds occupied with our schools are particularly alive to the necessity of establishing some sort of ranking among modern studies, so that those may be put first that are capable of giving, along with the desired practical preparation for worldly success, that discipline to the whole nature that forms the better type of man. There are therefore new systems of teaching constantly arising, and each founded on some different idea of "educational values." How to simplify, and yet to heighten and deepen, education for the general life, while at the same time so much attention must be given to some highly specialized technical equipment or other in order that the individual may hold his own in our fierce modern rivalry, is a question extremely complex. Much as we pride ourselves on our educational machinery, there is nothing like a solution of it even in sight. And well may some people ask themselves of what use are more and more accurate conceptions of the universe to men and women who are not gaining correspondingly in internal balance, in wisdom, or in a light, sure way of using all their powers to the best advantage and with the least waste!

The three "educational values" which the Greeks pitched upon as most surely making for that end, to us, at first thought, seem almost infantile. They were the practice of music, the practice of right diction, and the practice of noble and appropriate gesture and posture. All faith in the importance of the latter scheme of training has (it need not be said) gone from us utterly. We cannot be brought even to give it a serious thought. What do we care for the fact that a Bedouin chief, ignorant and fanatical and probably brutal, will look and move like a member of a higher species by the side of a great and really good German man of science or an English-speaking philanthropist? A Greek would have thought it humiliating; not we. We think a great deal of gymnastics and athletic sports nowadays, to be sure; but only because of the aid that they are to health. And that which, of recent years, has come into some vogue among us under the name of physical culture we leave to the tough mercies of faddists, ladies of mature years who desire to reduce their waist measurements, and "drawing-room entertainers" in search of effective attitudes. And yet, is it too much to predict that sooner or later our present education will be compelled (with modifications, of course) to return to the ancient Greek idea of the ethical ends to be served by a free, genial control of all the muscles, by physical harmony?

As to one of the other two means of training by which the Greeks set so great store, we are too close to the matter to have the right perspective now; but we shall see in time that the endeavor to raise the musical drama to the ethical function of the old Greek stage was one of the very greatest achievements of the nineteenth century.

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THE FIELD OF ART

MURAL PAINTING IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE 1898

IN The Field of Art, January, 1899, a brief list was given of the more important mural paintings executed in this country by American artists since Mr. La Farge's in Trinity Church, Boston, not including those destroyed, as William Morris Hunt's large panels in the State Capitol at Albany, and those of the Chicago Exposition of 1893. Among the few suggestions made in the introductory remarks preceding this list was one emphasizing the necessity of a real feeling for mural decoration—of "nobility of color and the great gift of flatness"—to supplement the painter's usual technical training; and, in connection with this, the advisability of including in this training the designing of frames, or borders, for his pictorial panels or friezes, and also of his having a somewhat complete control of his whole interior, or, at least, of the wall on which he works.

So greatly has this mural art expanded within the last eight years that a similar list of painters and paintings would now fill the whole four pages to which The Field of Art is rigorously confined. It cannot be said that in this development every great principle has been finally settled; on the contrary, among the painters themselves, the diversity of opinions is as wide as ever, and even a few of those once generally accepted seem now to be wide open to controversy.

Not unlike the discussion of technical methods is that over the allegorical *vs.* the rest of the field, historical, realistic, commercial, didactic, and that *very* old assertion that "the mission of art is to record" something or other. Even the generally considered first requirement of decorative art, "that it should decorate," is, it is thought, frequently lost sight of. Mr. Joseph Lauber says: "The cry has been raised that too much of our work in the past has been allegorical; that we had a history which ought to be depicted on our walls. That allegory was rot, anyway, etc., etc. There is no objection to a historical painting on the walls provided it can be made to fulfil the first condition, namely, to decorate; to have that balance in composition, scale, and color that will make it *a part of the building*. Otherwise it should be an easel picture." Mr. Low says: "It behooves us all in these cases, if we wish to make the decoration of public monuments general, to avoid the obvious and the commonplace. It is evident that to be duly governed by the architectural style in which a room is conceived we cannot all go back to our meagre history; for one, I own I am almost as tired of the 'early settlers' as I am of 'Justice,' 'Science,' and 'Art'; but there is a rich field in the myths and history which we have inherited in common with all the modern world. The business of the artist is of course to treat his subject in as modern a manner as he pleases, so as to preserve the inherent human interest which has not changed since the birth of time, when these legends were grafted on natural human roots." Mr. Childe Hassam writes: "I should like to see more pure decoration; the figures and landscape idyllic in all that the term implies. The historical subject is the thing that is usually done—all very well, too, I admit—but I should like to see other things done." Mr. Du Mond regrets that "the beauty which should prevail in mural decoration is usually a minor feature compared with the illustrative, symbolic, academic or story-telling side." Mr. Daingerfield writes that, in his opinion, "in mural decoration, wherever placed, the theme should never be the merely illustrative but, *per contra*, should be of the loftiest significance, speaking rather through the spirit of the theme than by any objective realization."

On the other side, Mr. Turner, while in complete unity with his fellow-practitioners in their claim that in the execution of the mural work of this country, the native artists are entitled to first consideration, a claim which has recently received the powerful support of Mr. La Farge and Mr. St. Gaudens, and while admitting that the choice of theme is largely a matter of personal temperament, is inclined to the opinion that the figurative and allegorical can scarcely be considered the language of our day, that something more direct and practical, more nearly adapted to the limitations and requirements of the people, is required. This, he thinks, applies particularly to the decoration of public build-

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ings, and in them, perhaps, more especially to the more public portions, as the corridors, etc. He cites instances from his own experience in which his historical mural paintings have awakened an interest in the spectators which has incited them to seek further information and has thus distinctly contributed to a popular enlightenment. Mere pictorial abstractions, he thinks, would have left them indifferent, and to this extent, at least, been profitless. Charles M. Shean writes in a recent article: "It is a safe and reasonable forecast that the future great art of this republic, as far as it is expressed in painting, will find its complete and full development on the walls of our public buildings, and that of necessity, and from the nature of our institutions, and because of the conditions under which it must be executed, it will be primarily a recording art." Another article, on "Mural Painting: An Art for the People and a Record of the Nation's Development," after describing Mr. Cox's lunettes, says: "The whole series is undeniably decorative, but it has no more relation to the State Capitol of Iowa than it has to ancient Rome."

The tendency to greater variety and independence, than which nothing would be more natural under the circumstances, takes various forms, the least important of which is, perhaps, that which seeks new and local themes, peculiarities of our modern civilization, of our historical development, etc. More interesting are the newer artistic conceptions of the old themes or the finding of new ones, unperceived by the ancients, as the rendering of the long frieze-like decorative arrangement of landscape without human or architectural incident, as in some works by Messrs. Crowninshield, Van Ingen, and others. A very good example of this modern decoration (which is a natural outcome of that modern conception of the landscape unknown to the ancients), may be seen in the café of the Hotel Manhattan in this city, by Mr. Crowninshield. Long panoramic arrangements of towered cities and the busy haunts of men, such as Mr. Metcalf's view of Havana and its harbor in the St. James Building, are also excellent material for mural decoration. In the realm of the purely imaginative and decorative, where, it might be concluded, everything has been done, new and very worthy conceptions are by no means unknown, as in Mr. Mowbray's very distinguished long frieze of "The Transmission of the Laws," in the Appellate Court, and in the rendering of the floating figures in Mr. Alexander's "Apotheosis of Pittsburg" for the Carnegie Institute of that city. In the latter, the focus of the composition is not placed in the centre of the long series of panels (65 × 16 feet), but near one end, to the left, and in the long reaches of the air on the right, broken by cloud and vapor, the numerous figures drift, all upright, with no foreshortenings and with very little swirl of draperies, but with a very evident continuous motion. Paul of Verona, or Tintoretto, apparently never thought of *that* scheme, nor Masaccio, first of the moderns. Moreover, in this filling of the space, there are extensive areas in which there are no figures at all, and in which there is not felt to be any necessity for them. This theory of composition seems also to be modern; the painter nowadays does not always consider himself obliged to stuff up every hole in his groupings, with two poodle-dogs playing, or with a piece of drapery, or a jug, dropped carelessly and with the greatest deliberation in the empty space. The triangular brown shadow in the left-hand lower corner of the landscape is now quite obsolete.

In the very old field of religious painting, the most important example placed in this city since Mr. La Farge's in the Church of the Ascension is that by Mr. Lathrop in St. Bartholomew's. In this work (30 × 28), on which the artist spent three years, he made a very serious effort to find "a solution of the problem of a modern religious picture." Most of the attempts in this direction, he says, "have been based either on strict adherence to ecclesiastical precedents, or have been archæological studies, or efforts to cut loose altogether from traditional treatment and render sacred subjects in a modern fashion, . . . the first being usually galvanized resurrections of old formulas, the second lifeless treatises, historical or scientific in character, and the third class marred by eccentricities or by deficiencies in religious sentiment." A correct estimate, he thinks, cannot be reached either on technical or on sentimental grounds alone, but must be based on both considerations. His great painting, suitably framed and placed between the gilded organ pipes on either side, over the marble altar, is a vision in which the figures slowly disengage themselves as in a vision from the misty white light and reveal themselves, the central tall figure of the Saviour and the surrounding hosts of flying, adoring

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angels, glimmering, unearthly, more suggestive of a vision than of a painting.

The following list includes a number of the more important mural works executed in this country by American artists since 1898. The names marked with an asterisk are of those artists who have furnished complete lists of their larger works in this period. Several of those given in the list of January, 1899, as Messrs. Armstrong, Beck, McEwen, Shirlaw, Sprague, Pearce, and Thayer, have not carried out any strictly mural painting of late years, or have worked mostly in stained glass.

In addition to these there have been numerous monumental series of mural decorations proposed which have never been carried out, as that for the great Philadelphia City Hall, a few years ago, in the competition for which the empty honor of the first prize was won by Mr. Decamp, and the second by Mr. Turner. WILLIAM WALTON.

EDWIN A. ABBEY.
Decoration of the State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.; mural paintings under the dome, in the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court Room, etc.

*JOHN W. ALEXANDER.
Decorations of grand entrance Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa.: frieze of "Fire," entrance floor, on three walls: large painting on wall above, facing entrance: "Apotheosis of Pittsburg"; same story, five panels on each side-wall: "Energy of Pittsburg," landscapes, view of city, rivers, etc.; third floor, five panels on each of three walls, allegorical subjects.
Fourteen lunettes in corridor of State Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa.: "Evolution of the State," from the primitive wilderness to modern civilization.

*OTTO H. BACHER.
Panel: "Spring," Hotel Gramertan, New York.
Ceiling, Colonial Theatre, Boston (in collaboration with Robert Blum and H. T. Schladermundt).

*E. H. BLASHFIELD
Panel, court-room, Appellate Court, New York: "The Powers of the Law."
Ceiling, music-room, house of Robert I. Gammell, Providence, R. I.
Two panels: "Florentine Festival" and "Music," ceiling of music-room, house of Adolf Lewisohn, New York.
Ceiling, three lunettes, eight medallions, Board Room of Prudential Life Insurance Building, Newark, N. J.
Lunette: "The Uses of Wealth," lobby, Citizens' Bank, Cleveland Ohio.
Five panels, ceiling of library of G. W. Childs Drexel, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lunette, Bank of Pittsburg: "Pittsburg Offering Her Steel and Iron to the Commerce and Manufactures of the World."
Panel: "Washington Laying his Commission as Commander-in-Chief at the Feet of Columbia," Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md.
Panel: "The Edict of Toleration of Lord Baltimore," Baltimore Court-house.
Lunette: "The Triumph of Minnesota," Senate Chamber, Minnesota State Capitol, St Paul.
Lunette: "The Discoverers and Civilizers Led to the Sources of the Mississippi," Minnesota State Capitol, Senate Chamber.
Panel: "Westward," Iowa State Capitol, Des Moines.
Semi-dome, Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia, Pa (Choir of Angels).
(In progress) Completion of the choir of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia.
(In progress) Four pendentives of the rotunda of the Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.
(In progress) Panel for the new College of the City of New York.

ROBERT F BLUM (deceased).
Decorations of proscenium of New Amsterdam Theatre, New York (in collaboration with A. B. Wenzell).
Painting on ceiling of music-room, residence of Mr. Borden, New York.

*KENYON COX.
Frieze in Appellate Court, New York: "The Reign of Law."
Panel on elevator door, Hotel Manhattan: "Peace and Plenty."
Lunette, lobby of Citizens' Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio: "The Sources of Wealth."
Lunette over grand staircase, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul: "The East—Contemplation, Letters, Law."
Eight lunettes, rotunda, Iowa State Capitol: "The Progress of Civilization."
(In progress) Panel for Essex County Court-house (Supreme Court Room), Newark, N. J.
Ceiling in private apartment, New York City.

*FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.
Frieze, landscape, café, Hotel Manhattan, New York. (Second section.)
Panels, landscape with figures, café, Simpson & Crawford store, New York.

*ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.
Decorations of the Lady Chapel of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York—panels on either side window above altar: "Gabriel" and "Michael, archangels; south wall: "The Epiphany"; north wall: "The Magnificat"; west wall: "The Church Militant and Triumphant."
Decorations in private houses.

JOSEPH DECAMP.
Decoration of Hotel Touraine, Boston, including two ceilings with figures.

*EDWIN WILLARD DEMING.
Panel: "Braddock's Defeat," Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, Wis., 1900.
Panel: "Discovery of Wisconsin," Wisconsin Historical Society, 1902.
Frieze: "Moose Hunt," dining-room, house of Mrs. H. Osterheld, Yonkers, N. Y., 1902.
Panels: "Elk, Antelope, Mountain Sheep," dining-room, house of J. J. White, Jr, New York, 1903.
"Moose Panel," dining-room, house of Frank Ford, New York, 1905.
Panel: "An Indian Orpheus," nursery in house of Frank Ford, New York, 1905.
Five panels: Three Indian, Moose and Elk, country home of Ernest Thompson Seton, Cos Cob, Conn., 1905–06.
(In progress) Frieze: "Indians Moving," country home of Mr Seton, Cos Cob.
(In progress) mantel panel, animals, dining-room, house of Dr. Harlow Brooks, New York.
(In progress) Panel: "The First Treaty between the Dutch and the Indians, in New York," Morris High School, New York.
(In progress) Panel: "Gouverneur Morris Addressing the Convention for Framing the Constitution" Morris High School, New York.

*WM. DE LEFTWICH DODGE.
Frieze around café and both entrances, Café Martin, New York, 1901.
Decorations entrance, six lunettes and curtain, Majestic Theatre, Boston, 1902.
Six decorative paintings, Keith's Theatre, Philadelphia, 1902.
Frieze, for Tiffany & Co., lobby King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Canada, 1903.
Seven decorative paintings, color scheme of theatre, Empire Theatre, New York, 1903.
Four paintings, lobby Hotel Astor, New York, 1904.
Frieze, lobby, color scheme, Hotel Devon, New York, 1905.
Mural painting: "Commerce," gilding and painting, color scheme, Union Exchange Bank, New York, 1905.
Two ceilings, reception-room and music-room, residence of Mr Webb Horton, Middletown, N. Y., 1906.
Decorative painting, east wall of café, Hotel Algonquin, New York, 1906.
Four decorative panels, entrance Court-house, Syracuse, N. Y., 1906.
Decorative panel: "Art," private office Hertz & Tallent, 1906.
(In progress) Mosaic for ceilings and panels, Chambers and Centre Streets vestibules, Hall of Records, New York.

*FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.
Panel, entrance to Central Park Studios.
Decoration of a hallway, private residence.
Decoration of private residences, etc.

LAWRENCE C. EARLE.
Decoration of Chicago National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill. Series of sixteen paintings (in collaboration with Edward Potthast).

*CHILDE HASSAM.
Panels for library, house of C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore.
Panels for living-room, house of C. E. S. Wood, Portland, Ore.

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ALBERT HERTER.
Ceiling for Park Bank, New York City.
Decorations for public building in Pittsburg, Pa.

*JOHN LA FARGE.
"The Codman Madonna," Chapel of the Cathedral, Portland, Me., 1903.
Lunette: "The Moral and Divine Law," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Lunette: "The Relation of the Individual to the State," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Lunette: "The Recording of Precedents," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Lunette: "The Adjustment of Conflicting Interests," Supreme Court Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul, 1904-05.
Four lunettes: "The Lawgivers, Numa, Lycurgus, Confucius, Mahomet," corridor of Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md., 1906
(In progress) Two lunettes: "The Lawgivers, Justinian, Moses," corridor of Baltimore Court-house.

*FRANCIS LATHROP
Painting in chancel, St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.
Frieze of medallion portraits, new building of Hispanic Society of America, New York.

*JOSEPH LAUBER.
Sixteen figure panels: "The Qualities of an Upright Judge," court-room, Appellate Court, New York.
Large altar decoration, Trinity Church, Ossining, N. Y.
Decorations in churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Providence, R. I.
Decorative panels in private houses, New York.
Glass mosaics, exhibited at Chicago Exposition, 1893.

*WILL H. LOW
Four lunettes: "Garden Fête, Château d'Anet, Time of Henri II.," in residence of Mr. Anthony N. Brady, Albany, N. Y.
Panel in Court-room "B," Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.: "Innocence Fears not the Law."
Panels over mantel in private residence.

*WILLIAM ANDREW MACKAY.
A Pompeian loggia in residence at Warren, R. I. Painted in imitation of the antique.
Paintings in residence of Andrew Carnegie, New York, and Union Club, New York, in decorations of Elmer E. Garnsey.
Colossal figures, arch over Speaker's desk, House of Representatives, St. Paul, Minn., in decorations of Elmer E. Garnsey.
Ceiling of breakfast-room, residence of Herman Vaughan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*GEO. W. MAYNARD.
Panels in new Committee Rooms, west front Capitol, Washington, D. C.
Panel, allegoric decoration, court-room, Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.

WILLARD L. METCALF
Frieze, entrance hall, Appellate Court, New York: "Justice."
Frieze: "Port of Havana," St. James Building, New York.

FRANK D. MILLET
Decorative painting in Minnesota State Capitol: "The Treaty of the Traverse des Sioux," Governor's Room.

*H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY
Ceiling of salon in the residence of Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Hyde Park, N. Y.
Frieze on north wall of entrance hall of the Appellate Court, New York: "The Transmission of the Law."
Ceiling and walls of Board Room of Prudential Life Insurance Building, Newark, N. J. (in collaboration with E. H. Blashfield). Five lunettes and eight medallions.
Ceiling and walls of library of University Club, New York (including plaster work and treatment of room).
Ceiling and walls of main library, entrance hall, etc., of the J. Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. (Just completed.)

EDWARD POTTHAST
Decoration of Chicago National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.: Series of sixteen paintings (in collaboration with Lawrence C. Earle).

*HOWARD PYLE.
Seven panels, decorations of a private residence: "The Genius of Art," "The Genius of Literature," "The Genius of Music," "The Genius of Drama," three landscape panels.
Panel: "The Battle of Nashville," Governor's Room, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul.
Panel "The Landing of Carteret," Board of Freeholders' Room, Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.

FLORIAN PEIXOTTO.
Decorative painting: "The Battle of the Fallen Timbers." Court-house, Fort Wayne, Ind.

*VIOLET OAKLEY.
Chancel decorations, Church of All Angels, New York.
Frieze in Governor's reception-room, new Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa.: "The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual."

ROBERT REID
Paintings in staircase hall, Massachusetts State House, Boston: "James Otis Arguing against the Writs of Assistance," "The Boston Tea Party," "Paul Revere's Ride."

JOHN S. SARGENT.
"The Dogma of the Redemption," painting in Sargent Hall, Boston Public Library.

*ROBERT V. V. SEWELL.
Series of large lunette panels: "The Story of Psyche," Palm Room, St. Regis Hotel, New York.
Triptych, vestibule of Studio Building, Sixty-seventh Street, New York: "Ars Religiosa."
Panels, same building: "Poetas," "Pictura," and "Musica."
Series of panels, same building: "The Months."

*CHARLES M. SHEAN.
Four spandrels in corridor of Hotel Manhattan: Landscapes and flowers.
Panels: Ornament and fruits, in new dining-room of Hotel Manhattan.
Series of views of German cities and ornamental panels in Dutch Kneipe of Hotel Martinique.

EDWARD SIMMONS.
Decorative painting, great hall, Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul.
Decorative painting: "Concord Bridge," Memorial Hall, Boston State House.
Decorative painting: "Return of the Colors, 1865," Memorial Hall, Boston State House.
Four panels, balcony Players Club, New York.

*SIDNEY STARR.
Ceiling in Corridor of the Muses, Congressional Library, Washington, D. C. (in collaboration with Mr. Simmons).
Decorations in private houses.

*CHARLES Y. TURNER
Four lunettes, Hotel Martinique, New York: Condensed history of Island of Martinique, 1898.
Walls of entrance lobby, Hotel Raleigh, Washington, D. C.: "Sailing of Raleigh Expedition," 1899-1900.
Nine panels in Rathskeller, Hotel Raleigh, Washington, D. C., 1899-1900.
Two spandrels: "Equity," "Law," over entrance, Appellate Court, New York, 1899.
Two panels: "Four Seasons," "The Days," Hotel Manhattan, New York, 1900-01.
Five panels: "Barter with Indians for Land in Southern Maryland, 1634," Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md., 1901-02.
Five panels: "The Burning of the 'Peggy Stewart,' Annapolis, Md., 1774." Baltimore Court-house, Baltimore, Md., 1903.
Two panels: "The Opening of the Erie Canal, October 26-November 4, 1825. 1. Entering the Mohawk Valley; 2. Marriage of the Waters," De Witt Clinton High School, New York, 1905.
Four pendentives to dome, St. Andrew's M. E. Church, New York. 1906
Panel: "Landing of the Milfordites, April, 1666," Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J., 1906

W. B. VAN INGEN
Series of panels for United States Mint, Philadelphia: "Coinage" (decorative rendering, children). Mosaic.
Sixteen panels, Senate Chamber, State-house, Trenton, N. J.: "Causes of the Independence and Prosperity of the State."
Frieze for Edison Electric Illuminating Co., N. Y.: "Electrical Development from Earliest Times."
Two panels in house of Mr. John O. Gilmore, Philadelphia.
(In progress) Fourteen panels for Capitol, Harrisburg, Pa., Early Settlers of the State, Methods of Worship, etc.

*HENRY OLIVER WALKER
Central panel, court-room, Appellate Court, New York: "Wisdom Attended by Learning, Experience, Humility and Love, and by Faith, Patience, Doubt and Inspiration."
Panels, Memorial Hall, Massachusetts State House, Boston: "The Pilgrims on the Mayflower" and "John Eliot Preaching to the Indians."
Lunette: "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," Minnesota State Capitol, St. Paul.
Decorative paintings in private houses.
(In progress) Decorative painting for Essex County Court-house, Newark, N. J.

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